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REQUIRED READING FOR JANUARY.

DRINKS.

BY C. FRED. POLLOCK, M. D., F. R. S. E., F. R. C. S. E.

Water is classed as a food, but undergoes no digestion. It is absorbed as it is taken, and is thrown off unchanged; but its presence is absolutely necessary in the economy, where it plays an important part. More than half of our bulk is water; and we are constantly losing large quantities and demanding new supplies. It is the great solvent or vehicle of the solid food, and is requisite for all the secretions and fluids of the body. From two to four pints are taken by each of us daily, partly as drink and partly in food; and the one rule is that it be taken pure. It must come from unpolluted sources, through untainted pipes, into clean dishes. No one can be too pedantically careful in securing a supply of fresh water, unsoiled by hurtful gases and germs in the air, or by organic impurities in the soil. Well water contaminated by soakage through the ground from leaking drains and cess-pools forms a perennial source of disease and death; and neglect to look after this in time is feebly fought against by boiling and filtering after some mischief is done.

The purest water is rain-water at a distance from towns, or distilled water; but these are insipid for drinking and not nearly so agreeable as spring or well water, which has become charged with salts and gases in its passage through the soil. River water is apt to be much spoiled by the presence of decomposing organic material allowed to pass into it and by the refuse of works or towns upon the banks; and the best supplies of water on a large scale for drinking are got from lakes among granite mountains with their attendant insoluble soil. Hard water, which contains much lime, though disagreeable to wash with, is not necessarily deleterious in its effects when drunk, except upon special constitutions. It is a mistake to limit the amount of water taken at any time to satisfy natural thirst.

Though water is the only drink which man requires, all nations seem instinctively to use beverages of some kind. Leaving out of account altogether such drinks as oatmeal and water, barley water, sugar and water, and skim milk, which are simply foods—and very good foods—and also aerated waters flavored with lemon, or ginger, or something

of that sort, which are practically plain water, there are two beverages which are of pre-eminent importance; viz., alcohol and tea. Their wide-spread, in fact nearly universal, use would seem to indicate that they supply a want and satisfy a human need; and great caution must be exercised in case assertions are made beyond the warrant of experience and scientific proof. The medical aspect of the subject—the employment of them in disease—does not concern us here; we have only to consider their use in health. And, further, the abuse of them need not be spoken of except incidentally, for even the most habitual drunkard and the most dyspeptic tea-drinker will be the first to condemn their own conduct. The inevitable sickness after taking a table spoonful of salt has no bearing upon the usefulness of a pinch of salt at dinner. Intemperate discussion weakens the effect of the powerful moral arguments for total abstinence from alcohol, derived from the frightful social misery often so terribly brought about by over indulgence.

Alcohol is not a liquid strength, which can be poured down the throat. It is merely a spur to the strength within us. Children should not taste it. When the proportion of alcohol in the blood is considerable, action is increased, and tells both outwardly and inwardly: outwardly because the impaired combustion leads to accumulation of fat and therefore to corpulence; inwardly because there is partial conversion of the muscles, including the muscle of the heart, into fat, producing weakness of the limbs and circulation, with shortening of the life.

When taken along with over abundant food, it produces other disturbances. A high diet contains much meat and a considerable amount of alcohol; a low diet is chiefly vegetarian without alcohol. One characteristic of a highly fed race seems to be mental capacity or brain power; but unfortunately high feeding brings the risk of gout and many troubles and does not ensure brain, and this peculiarity is handed down to the children with other bodily weaknesses and infirmities.

Let us see what strong drinks, like brandy, whisky, or gin, do to the food. Throughout the whole course, in mouth,

stomach, and intestine, they retard the solvent action of the different digestive ferments. But, while this is very marked in the case of the saliva, it is only slight in the case of the gastric juice.

The stronger wines hinder the action of saliva upon starch much more than spirits, and this is due to their acidity; acid fruits and vinegar in pickles and salads have the same effect. A similar inhibitory result is produced in the stomach, and when present in the proportion of 30 per cent, say a little more than half a pint of sherry at dinner, they stop peptic digestion altogether. If a pint of the lighter kinds of wine, such as claret, hock, or champagne, be used at dinner, it produces decided retarding; but sparkling wines are less hindering than still ones, probably because, like effervescing waters or brisk beer, the escaping gas helps to stir up the food in the stomach.

Malt liquors act just like wines on digestion; and, as they are used freely, if used at all, the amount in the stomach at a meal must often be in the proportion of 50 per cent. Aerated waters act in the same way from the presence of carbonic acid, unless they contain some alkali, as in soda, potash, and Seltzer waters, when the acid is neutralized.

When absorbed, alcohol accelerates the circulation and dilates the blood-vessels, as is seen in the flush of the face. The brain with other internal organs thus gets more blood, and so thought may be easier and action more ready; but this is merely temporary, and, when the amount is larger, a narcotic and paralyzing effect begins to be noticed. The person becomes a child, and then a beast. Persistent excess means certain disease; the liver, kidneys, and brain are wrecked; and there may be an untimely death. Intemperance is a dear pleasure; the price is misery. While there are endless causes for the beginning of the habit, bad cooking, bad company, bad air, petty worry, grief, heavy shame, cold and want, there is but one end, and that is disease. Total abstinence increases the chances of a long life. A man who becomes confirmedly intemperate at twenty, shortens his life by thirty years, and he who starts on that course at thirty, shortens his life by twenty-two years; but it must not be forgotten, when judging the statistics which yield such evidence, that strong, healthy people, who are in any case likely to live long, may not feel the need of stimulants, and are therefore apt to be among the abstainers.

Alcoholic drinks do most harm when taken on an empty stomach, and least when with food. They are usually employed at dinner and between the last meal and bed-time, and this is in accordance with one physiological effect, the production of lethargy and sleep. They are bad when more work has to be done, impairing the capacity for prolonged exertion.

Tea, like alcohol, has a marked inhibitory effect on digestion. When in the mouth, the tannin, which is present in it, greatly retards the action of saliva on starch, and it is impossible to have tea without tannin, for this exists in the leaves in two states, three-fourths being in a free state and the remaining quarter being fixed and undissolved in the fully exhausted leaves. The free tannin is one of the most soluble substances known, dissolving like snow in hot water, so that by no amount of shortening of the time of infusion can you drink tea without tannin. Long infusion renders the taste "stronger", because a bitter principle in the leaves is thus extracted. Some people take tea along with their mouthfuls of food; others eat first and drink their tea at the end of the meal, and by the latter method

the retarding action upon salivary digestion is avoided. The addition of a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to the teapot completely removes the hindering effect in the mouth.

In the stomach it has a powerful retarding result; and, as the amount drunk is almost always large, this action upon albumen, as in meat, is very great. This has been attributed to the tannin; but direct experiment lends no support to this view, which is entirely theoretical. Tannin no doubt makes gelatinous skin into hard leather; but meat is albuminous, and the walls of the stomach are not the same as a dead hide. As a matter of fact, meat fiber does not harden in tea of medium strength, but, on the contrary, swells up in such tea when acid—and that is the condition of tea in the stomach—just as it does in simple acidulated water. The effect of tannin is therefore to be distinguished from the effect of tea, of which it is not the inhibitory agent among the acid secretion of the stomach. Now this hindrance to peptic digestion is not counterbalanced by any flow of extra gastric juice or greater muscular contractions of the organ, and it has been suggested that perhaps after all, the retarding is a good thing, that our foods are so carefully selected and prepared that we can easily extract all the nourishing particles from them, but that to do so too rapidly would be to allow them to pass through the organism at an extravagant rate, producing sudden changes in the blood and causing congestions of different parts. Certainly healthy persons take this beverage freely without harm in spite of its being a clog on digestion.

Tea is a stimulant increasing the vital power for the time and thus creating feelings of greater strength, comfort, vigor of body, and activity of mind. It is exhilarating, and its effects pass away without leaving depression. It is one of the best material comforters among our luxuries. It soothes general irritability and a sense of hunger and exhaustion after labor. The deadening effects of extreme cold are counteracted by a cup of tea as by nothing else, as travelers on the snow-covered steppes of Russia have found by long experience. It arrests waste, diminishing the elimination of the matters which indicate tissue change, and in this respect it can to a small extent supply a deficiency of food; but to employ it in place of proper food, as is done every day by crowds among the poorer classes, is simply ruinous. A student's brain is saved from exhaustion by a drink of tea; but this is merely postponing the time when food must be taken to repair the waste. Children should have none. It is best taken in the morning and a considerable time before going to bed, because it tends to wakefulness.

Coffee corresponds in its action in every way with tea, only, as a stronger infusion is generally used, the effect is more marked. Its stimulating power on the heart and nervous system makes it invigorating, restorative, and sustaining. As it disposes to wakefulness, it counteracts a feeling of drowsiness and heaviness after dinner. It is often mixed with chicory, which is harmless, resembling coffee in flavor without, however, being so sustaining; but, as this is cheaper, it is sometimes used to adulterate coffee instead of being openly employed.

Cocoa acts like coffee, but a weaker infusion is generally used. In fact the common strength seems to be only about 2 per cent, and this has no appreciable effect upon digestion. There is a considerable amount of fatty matter in it, and therefore it is so far nutritious. It is too rich for some stomachs; but, mixed with flour or starch and sugar to form chocolate, it is an admirable food.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Some very good Americans, while walking about for the first time in a well-ordered European city, such as Berlin, Paris, Vienna, Dresden, have not been able to suppress a certain doubt as to the institutions of their own country, whether they are indeed founded on the safe basis of reason and right. If government in those famous cities is not *by* the people, it appears to be *for* the people. Thoughtful and wise care seems to be taken of the people's comfort, health, and pleasure. If the stranger strolls into the minor courts of the city, he remarks that the administration of justice seems to be prompt and inexpensive, while the prisoners are treated with a degree of decency and consideration not always to be observed in our police courts at home.

Think what is implied in the habit which prevails in many continental cities of sitting, reading, conversing, eating, out-of-doors, on the sidewalks, in balconies close to the street, at front bay-windows opening upon little lawns and flower-plots; these never molested by the hand or foot of passing boy. Thousands of people almost live out-of-doors in those cities during the summer months. Before such pleasant customs could establish themselves in a populous capital, *some* power must have waged victorious warfare against dirt and disorder in most of their obvious forms. Systematic sweeping above ground and scientific drainage below must have prepared the way. Some of the noted garden-restaurants of Berlin are open to the sidewalk without intervening fence. Care has everywhere been taken to remove unsightly objects, so that there is no sign, even from the back windows, of that chaos of sheds, fences, and untidy yards which are visible in some of the least bad quarters of New York and Chicago.

There is another side to the picture, of course. The same power which keeps those cities clean fills Europe with soldiers. Nevertheless, the cities are *kept* clean as well as orderly and pleasant. Our present business is with municipal government, and it is fair, therefore, to consider their municipal system apart from their general politics, and it is of the greatest importance for us to know why the institutions of America, which work so admirably in many ways, fail just here where failure is so obvious and so painful.

Visible dirt and external disorder are by no means the worst evils which depress the patriotic American when he regards the cities of his country, which are so boastful of their rapid growth and increasing wealth. A London clergyman crossed the Atlantic last year for the purpose of getting useful hints as to the management of paupers and criminals. This clergyman, who is an expert in that peculiar province, was grievously disappointed here. He declares in his report that, in the majority of our city institutions, such as prisons, poor-houses, and asylums, the most rudimentary and elementary conditions of welfare are flagrantly violated. He found, as he says, classification neglected, officials uncontrolled, buildings ill-planned, ventilation bad, nursing unskillful and insufficient. He missed everywhere the controlling, responsible, intelligent head. He found wardens, keepers, nurses, unwatched; no efficient person or power to see that paupers were not starved, the prisoner not oppressed, and the sick not unskillfully treated. Strange to say, he observed some of the worst instances of ignorance and neglect in Boston, once reputed to be our

best governed city. His description of the Marcella-Street Home is perfectly harrowing. He says that he found in that institution a state of things of such varied atrocity as he had never elsewhere seen approached. Ophthalmia prevailed in every part of it, while the simplest precautions to prevent its spread were not practised. The children had no means whatever of taking proper exercise or of playing.

"During the girls' dinner," he remarks, "a child suffering from a hideous cancer of the nose acted as assistant to the solitary officer who was present. No; I have never seen any thing anywhere so heart-breaking as that Marcella-Street Home. I wonder whether the nine members of the Board of Directors, who are supposed to supervise ten institutions containing three thousand souls, have yet found time to mend these scandals? I often think of those poor bairns, apparently uncared for, none knowing their woes, dragging out their wretched lives within half an hour's drive of the State House of the city of culture."

And mark: it was only the public institutions of American cities that exhibited this appalling want of knowledge, forethought, and oversight. Asylums maintained by private organizations and voluntary gifts, this intelligent visitor reports to be generally well-conducted. With many of them he was thoroughly satisfied and greatly delighted. He confesses, too, that in his own free country, from which we copied our defective municipal system, there is the same tendency to jobbery and neglect, to inefficiency and spoliation, which are such a shame to us on this side of the Atlantic. But he appears to think that our municipal ills are capable of remedy by the spasmodic, voluntary effort of patriotic individuals.

"I have known," he says, "here in London, the face of a neighborhood changed out of all knowing by the calm and consistent action of one layman of wealth and education, who fought his way to membership of its public bodies and appealed to the people to support his efforts on their behalf. He has confronted jobs and jobbers, resisted official iniquity, introduced improved methods, in a word, purified and dignified the work of local government. It has taken ten years to do this, but it will never be undone."

How does he know that? If the municipal system of London remains unchanged, the work of that patriotic citizen will most assuredly be undone. Like causes will continue to produce like effects. The passage quoted reveals to us the natural and ordinary working of a municipal system which originated in primitive times for the government of primitive villages, and is now completely outgrown. Have not we, too, had our patriotic individuals, who have nobly striven, and with some momentary success, to cleanse a corner of the Augean stable? We have had such in considerable numbers; but the work is far beyond the strength of the greatest and strongest man. Nothing will suffice but a radical improvement of our municipal system of government—the next great task to be performed by the American people.

It need not be difficult. We hear much at present of what are called labor questions, and much that we hear consists of complaints against the employers of labor. But in this matter of municipal government we, the people, are our-

selves employers. What we have to do is to treat our servants, the mayors and their assistants, as we desire ourselves to be treated when we are employed. Our problem is to select, to hire, to compensate, and to retain competent men of business to manage and superintend the business of our cities. It is not that we seek for city governments increase of power; for the remotest constable has behind him the power and resources of the United States. We simply want city *business* done with intelligence and economy. It is a question of work and wages, such as our men of business are accustomed to deal with every day, and we could ask nothing better than that the people, in their capacity as masters, should practice the good sense, the foresight, and the humanity, which distinguish a large number of private employers and not a few corporations.

The people claim to be sovereign. Let us be sovereigns, then. One of the European sovereigns above alluded to can get any man to serve him because he is willing to pay any man's price. He can make it worth any man's while to enter the public service. If money alone can not do it, he has a treasury of honor also, of which he keeps the key. For every post of difficulty he has the widest possible range of choice; he has the pick of a whole kingdom.

How stands the case with us, the sovereign people? Here is a city, say of the average size of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants, all the honest portion of whom are intensely busy, subject to vigilant competition in business, under all the strain which the steam-engine and telegraph have brought to bear upon modern life. The city is deep in debt; it is dirty and ill-drained. Whether its prisons, poor-houses, and asylums are well- or ill-managed, no one knows, for no one goes to see. We, the people, want a man for mayor, a man of business, but also a *man* and a patriot, with the pride of a patriot, and the natural interest which a full-formed man feels in the place of his birth and abode. We make a list of fifty such men, known to be competent, and we ask each of them in turn to be candidate for the place of mayor or alderman of a ward. Every reader of this page knows that most of those competent men would regard the proposal with something like derision. Some would say in reply, I can not spare one hour a day from my business. Others, What could a man accomplish in a year? Others, I should be delighted; but I can not possibly afford the expense. Others, I know nothing of the matter, and I am too old to learn a new trade. Nor could we fairly deny the truth and reasonableness of their objections.

Our municipal system was arranged when most competent men could command the little leisure which public duty then required, and Dr. Franklin, in the Convention of 1787, based his plan of government upon that fact. He said he could not doubt that it would always be possible to find in the United States men of leisure and public spirit to perform the simple duties which a rational republican government would impose. It was far even from his philosophic mind to conceive the changes that have been wrought in a single century, in every branch of human affairs. During his life-time, and particularly during his closing years, there was a considerable class, in almost every center of population, which had time at its disposal, and was also covetous of the distinction which public office then conferred. At present, men of energy and force find that their work increases with their increasing means, and we can no longer claim that public life offers any distinction which able men desire. Such may find it their interest to *send* men to legislatures or boards of aldermen; but if they go themselves, they do not usually get farther than the lobby.

Let us then make municipal offices again *desirable*. There are three motives which could induce a competent man to take charge of the business of a large city. One of these would be the opportunity of rendering important service to his fellow-citizens; another, the chance of an interesting career, in which he could give free exercise to his talents; another, a fair opportunity to increase his estate. Let us, in our capacity as employers, unite these inducements. Let us afford to ability its chance to shine, to benevolence the opportunity of doing good, and to business energy legitimate gain. In other words, let us lengthen the term of service, and give to the mayor about as much pecuniary advantage as he would acquire in successful business of his own. A successful man in a city gains per annum (leaving out exceptional cases) a certain sum, the amount of which is sufficiently known to its inhabitants. That amount would serve as a guide in fixing the public salaries of the place. In the case of the mayor of a thriving city, the salary must be so liberal as to make it worth while to abandon a pursuit in which success has already been won. The term of service, if the other conditions were correct, and proper safeguards devised, could be very long, even many years.

But this is only my individual impression, and whenever I mention it in conversation it finds few and dubious supporters. We need not regard the opposition of men who make a business of politics, for they are the natural enemies of every thing which tends to make government economical and efficient. As well might we ask the czar what he thinks of democracy, as to ask a politician what he thinks of a truly rational, business-like, and democratic civil service; one that would appoint for fitness only, and retain during fitness always. But this suggestion, which I modestly offer, of a long term of years for the mayor of the city, meets objection from practical business men out of politics. It is, at least, worth considering, and probably few would object to a considerably longer term than the one now most usual in the United States. New York elects a mayor for two years. It would require two years for an able man to get the knowledge and the aid he would require in performing his duty.

I suggest also a board of aldermen numerous enough to be subdivided into efficient committees, and that these aldermen should be reasonably compensated for their time and labor.

I have elsewhere urged that the members of city legislatures, who impose taxes on their fellow-citizens, and who control the expenditure of the public money, should be taxpayers themselves, and thus share the burdens which they impose. This seems to be as politic as it is just—good for poor man and good for rich man. What do we find in our aldermanic chambers? As a rule, we find men who have had no experience in extensive business of any kind. We find men destitute of property themselves, expending at their will the property of the community. It is an arrangement unnatural and wrong. They know it themselves, and those of them who are capable of a blush sometimes feel it acutely. What preposterous scenes are exhibited in the city halls of this nation, when the aldermen sit in their chamber and submit to what is styled a "public hearing", which calls together the intelligent and responsible men of the city! Aldermen have been a subject of jest for many ages; but if the aldermen of old were deficient in the upper part of their persons, they at least had something imposing to show lower down. Our present aldermen do not exhibit so much as the traditional expanse of waistcoat. In many cities, they are the last persons who would naturally be se-

lected by an intelligent community for the discharge of public duty.

If the whole board can not be tax payers, then let the wards be of small extent and each ward elect two aldermen, one of whom shall be a tax payer upon property in the city of whose revenues he is to be a custodian. It is not necessary to dwell here upon details, which will have to be carefully elaborated by the legislatures of the several states. The main points are to elect a mayor for a considerable term, to give him ample powers, sufficient restraint, sole responsibility for the execution of the laws, and to surround him with a numerous body of his fellow-citizens, to vote all appropriations, competent to advise and co operate with him.

It has become apparent to all who observe the working of politics, on both sides of the Atlantic, that the legitimate expenses of elections, if not of nominations also, should be paid from the public treasury. Most assuredly, the readers of Mr. W. M. Ivins' pamphlet on "Machine Politics" can not doubt it. The expenses of an election in a large city are of necessity very great, and they are now met chiefly by assessments upon the candidates. In New York this system results in the purchase of offices by their incumbents. Mr. Ivins tells us that judges have sat upon the bench in New York, who have paid twenty thousand dollars for their seats, the purchase being disguised under the form of party assessment.

Offices of emolument, such as sheriff and registrar, frequently cost the incumbents so large a sum as to consume the greater part of such revenues as a hundred thousand dollars a year. Every one knows what is the natural effect of such a usage. Lucrative offices must fall to the lot of men either very rich or very corrupt.

The pretext for these extravagant assessments is the great expense necessarily attending an election. A story is told of Mayor Hewitt, which I have reason to believe is substantially true. A man who makes a business of politics offered to guarantee his election to Congress for fifteen thousand dollars. The district being strongly Democratic, the candidate thought such an expenditure excessive, and he undertook the business himself. The result proved that the offer of the political contractor was reasonable enough, as it cost the candidate more than the sum named to secure his election, although, to the best of his knowledge and belief,

not a dollar was spent for an improper purpose. No appropriation is made for many of the most unavoidable expenses of an election. We shall never have the true republican government until this system of political assessments is destroyed.

Mayor Hewitt's present work in the city of New York naturally attracts the attention of the whole country. We see there a man advanced in years, and half an invalid, slowly making head against the manifold evils which have been accumulating in the city ever since 1829, when Andrew Jackson debauched and degraded all politics by acting upon the maxim that to the victors belong the spoils.

Mr. Hewitt is striving bravely to accomplish a portion of his mighty task during the inadequate term of two years, which the present law assigns him. If we could take ten years off his back and add them to his term, and continue to give him the power to appoint without asking the aldermen to confirm, New York would be the model city of the universe. We dare not flatter ourselves that this glorious experiment will continue, for the present situation in New York results from a chapter of accidents. Here is a man rich enough to pay assessments previous to his election, amounting to twenty-four thousand dollars, which happens to be the exact amount of his two years' salary; so that he is rendering gratuitous service; and this rich man, thus willing and able to fulfil laborious duties for nothing, happens to be a great citizen and a good man. Surely, the city of New York can not hope to enjoy such an extraordinary series of happy accidents every two years. Nor is it best to impose upon a single individual so heavy and complicated a charge. It is too much for one man; it would be too much for the greatest man that ever lived.

Imagine Mayor Hewitt surrounded by a city legislature consisting of a hundred of the best, the wisest, the ablest citizens that New York contains: heads of great firms, masters of great schools, natural chiefs of the people, men who have proved their capacity for public life by a fair success in private enterprise, and all of them contributing of their substance every year to the fund which they first sanction and then expend! Imagine this, and you have in your mind's eye the basis of an efficient and sufficient city government. Is not this possible? It ought not even to be difficult.

LITERATURES OF THE FAR EAST.

BY JUSTIN A. SMITH, D.D.

IV.

AN ANCIENT LITERARY EPOCH.

After making the necessary allowance for the obscurity of prehistoric chronology, and differences, sometimes amounting to centuries, in the dates preferred by those who have given most attention to these subjects, it still may be possible to say that the prehistoric nations—using this phrase in the sense already explained—appear to have reached that stage in civilization which gives birth to literature, so nearly at the same time as to constitute a primitive literary epoch. To the five hundred years, B. C. 2000-1500, may probably be assigned the Aryan Rig-Veda, the Iranian Gathas—oldest portions of the Zend-Avesta—the most ancient Accadian literature yet found, with that no less ancient Egyptian literature which has most of the strictly literary form and spirit. To these may be added so much of primitive Hebrew litera-

ture as we have in the five books of Moses. Assuming that these several branches of the great "dispersion" set out upon their career of development in nationality and civilization, each in its own habitat, at the same original point of attainment, they might be expected to advance in the march of improvement with similar speed, although with differences growing out of conditions determined by the time elapsing before a final abode was found, the manner of life these led, and the character of those inspirations by which development was encouraged or stimulated.

One point of resemblance in what remains of the intellectual life of these several peoples, becomes noticeable so soon as the study of their literatures begins. This is the prevailing religious tone of these literatures; of course, with one exception—that of the Hebrews—in the mythological sense. It is to be presumed that those remarkable events with which

the career of man in this world began, involving so large an element of the supernatural, with direct manifestations of a divine presence among men and divine interposition in human affairs, left impressions in the memory and imagination of primitive races such as we in our colder conception of the same events may perhaps scarcely even understand. Besides this, the phenomena and forces of nature, while as yet unexplained by science, and not yet become commonplace through familiarity, were more wonderful and more suggestive of ideas of associated divinity than they are found to be at present. In some sense, too, the primitive period in the life of man on earth may be regarded as a period of human childhood, even for those who in many things exhibit powers of conception and execution which are matter of surprise and admiration to later ages; and childhood is the age of wonder, of fancy, and of easy belief. From all these causes it results that the world's oldest literature is religious; religious to a marked degree in its tone, even where the subject of it is more or less secular. How large a part the gods play in the poems of Homer need only be mentioned; the Egyptian Pentaur¹, whom Ebers makes a contemporary of Moses, even in celebrating the victory of King Rameses² II. over the Kheta, or Hittites, at Kadesh, though he writes to honor the king, nevertheless, in the crisis of the battle, brings the god Ammon to the rescue of the distressed monarch and his army, and makes it after all, the peculiar glory of Rameses that his father Ammon so remembered him in the hour of his need. The Gathas and the oldest Veda are hymns to the gods; while upon the Accadian tablets one finds mythological legends, penitential psalms, hymns in praise of the deities, as constituting by far the greater part.

It is also to be noticed as what may be thought of as entirely natural, that primitive literature is to such a large extent poetical. So far as concerns what may be spoken of as religious in such literature, any thing didactic, or even historical, could by no means be looked for in a time so primitive. Even where the literature is legendary, reciting myths founded upon traditions of events whose real nature had faded away into dreams and fancies, with only the rudest outline of reality,—even in these cases, one could hardly expect the inspiration of the writer to prompt only prosaic narratives, or to be content with any thing less than such poetic form as might then be attainable. In point of fact, the earliest literary function in any people is that of the bard, in whom the literary instinct first discloses itself, and whose song is the prelude to that larger and nobler utterance which shall, from age to age, express the whole intellectual life of a people.

It was to be expected, perhaps, that the kind of literary productions here referred to, should assume its noblest form among the primitive Aryans. The region where they made their home, whether upon the northern or the southern slopes of the Himalayas, their occupation, for a long time at least, pastoral and agricultural, their comparative isolation,—these and other causes might well induce in them a communion with nature in its most exalting influences, and a concentration of imagination and of faith, which should inspire in the bards a loftier strain than was heard either by the Euphrates or by the Nile. The nature-religion of the Aryans was wonderfully vivid in its assignment of personality to natural objects of the more majestic kind and to the more striking natural phenomena.

No space is allowed us for illustrating this in detail; some attempt in that direction must, however, be made. Perhaps the truest representative of the Aryan pantheon, and the deity whose worship most truly suggests the tendencies of

Aryan faith, is Indra, the god of the atmosphere and the storm, and who in the Vedic religion comes nearer, it is thought by some, than any other to the Christian conception of God. We find in Keary's "Outlines of Primitive Belief" a hymn to Indra, translated from the Rig-Veda, by Grassmann³. Keary says justly of this hymn that it "breathes the spirit of the Hebrew psalm," and that Indra as seen in it is to the Aryans very much what Jehovah was to Israel. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Indra and the poet himself:

INDRA SPEAKS.

I come with might before thee, stepping first,
And behind me move all the heavenly powers.

THE POET SPEAKS.

If thou, O Indra, wilt my lot bestow,
A hero's part dost thou perform with me.

To thee the holy drink, I offer first;
Thy portion here is laid, thy Sôma bread.
Be, while I righteous am, to me a friend;
So shall we slay of foemen many a one.

Ye who desire blessings, bring your hymn
To Indra; for the true is always true.
"There is no Indra," many say, "who ever
Has seen him! Why should we his praise proclaim?"

INDRA SPEAKS.

I am here, singer; look on me; here stand I,
In might all other beings I o'erpass.
Thy holy service still my strength renews,
And thereby smiting, all things smite I down.

As on heaven's height I sat alone,
To me thy offering and thy prayer rose up.
Then spake my soul this word within himself,
"My votaries and their children call on me."

It would be pleasant to us, if space permitted, to point out in this hymn resemblances to passages made familiar in our own Scriptures; and to show how much of the original conception of deity seems still left, after centuries of wandering and of change, to these votaries of a nature-religion.

The Rig-Veda, from which what we have just quoted is taken, is the oldest of four very ancient books in sacred literature; the three others bearing the names, Yajur-Veda, Sama-Veda, and Atharva-Veda. Of these three, the first is a sort of liturgy, for guidance in the ceremonial of the Vedic religion; the second is a collection of verses and hymns, many of them the same as in the Rig-Veda, and intended to be chanted at the sacrifices. The Atharvan is later in origin than either of the others. "In making the transition from the Vedic to modern times," says Professor Whitney, "it [the Atharvan] forms an intermediate step rather to the gross idolatries and superstitions of the ignorant mass, than to the sublimated pantheism of the Brahmans." From the same writer we learn that the most prominent feature of the Atharvan is the multitude of incantations which it contains; these are pronounced either by the person who is himself to be benefited, or more often by the sorcerer for him; and they are directed to the procuring of the greatest variety of desirable ends; most frequently, perhaps, long life, or recovery from grievous sickness, is the object sought."

The interest of the Vedas, as literature, centers chiefly in the Rig-Veda. While for the others, and for that vast body of liturgical, canonical, and other literature professedly based upon them,—Brahmanas⁴, Upanishads⁵, Vedangas⁶—dates at least approximate are fixed, for this oldest literary monument of the Aryan race, the Rig-Veda. It can only be said that it

belongs to a period of which it is the sole surviving relic, representing a human condition absolutely primitive. And still it is very remarkable that the Vedic language—a very ancient form of Sanskrit which is properly the parent of classical Sanskrit—was at the time when these hymns were written, not a rude tongue in a process of formation, but, as Max Müller says, with “grammatical mechanism finished”, its “most complicated forms sanctioned”, and the only changes admitted in its structure those of “gradual decay and re-composition”. What a history there must be back of the time when the Aryan bards, in the Bactrian or Indian home of their people, taught them these hymns to the nature-gods! And what a light would shine through that prehistoric obscurity, if we could only be made to know whence, and how, and amidst what migrations and pioneer vicissitudes this ancient Vedic speech was formed!

The Rig-Veda, as we have intimated, is a collection of hymns to the nature-gods,—to Agni, or fire,—represented in the sun, the lightning, and the blaze of the domestic hearth; to Indra, the atmosphere, as especially the ruler of all atmospheric changes; to the Maruts, or storm-gods, Indra's attendants; to the seasons; to Varuna, as the all-embracing sky or heaven; and to other, lesser deities. Much is made of the Sôma plant, the juices of which when fermented become an intoxicating liquid believed to be especially agreeable to the gods, and frequently, therefore, offered in worship. The religion represented in these hymns is of a primitive type. The systems later built up in India, so complicated and oppressive, find no warrant in them, although professedly founded on them. Caste, the ascetic practices, and the Brahmanic despotism so characteristic of the later religion can scarcely be said to be here, even in the germ. The religious ideas expressed are simple and primitive, while indications are not wanting of a yet older and purer faith; as where in one place we read how the “one Being was alone. He said, ‘May I be many!’—then sprang the world into existence.” Thus it is made almost a certainty that the Vedic religion was originally monotheistic, and that there was once a time when our Aryan ancestors knew but one deity, however variously manifested in nature. Professedly founded upon the four original Vedic books are various others, Brahmanas, Upanishads, and other mighty books of ritual and law of which it is impossible to speak more particularly in this place. These with the hymns are regarded as produced within a “Vedic period” which, beginning at a prehistoric date impossible to fix, closes at about the time of the separation of Buddhism from Brahmanism; the sixth century before Christ.

Before leaving this part of our present subject, we must copy one other of the Rig-Veda hymns, as translated by Prof. Max Müller. It is a “hymn to Agni (the god of fire) and the Maruts (the storm-gods)”.

Thou art called forth to this fair sacrifice for a draught of milk; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!
No god indeed, no mortal, is beyond the might of thee, the mighty one; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!
They who know of the great sky, the Visve Devas, without guile; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!
The wild ones who sing their song, unconquerable by force; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!
They who are brilliant, of awful shapes, powerful, and devourers of foes; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!
They who in heaven are enthroned as gods, in the light of the firmament; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!
They who toss the clouds across the surging sea; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

They who shoot with their darts across the sea with might; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

I pour out for thee the early draught, the sweet (juice) of Sôma; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

That Accadian literature of which we have spoken as in some sense possibly contemporary with these oldest songs of the Aryans, is far more legendary in character than those of which we have just been speaking, and in the general strain of it less fervidly poetic, although often, in its way, deeply religious. The fact of the large legendary element referred to, especially in view of the character of the legends themselves, seems to lend confirmation to the view that, as the Bible so distinctly states, the “land of Shinar” where this literature had its birth was the earliest home of the human race after the flood. Legends of the creation, at one time it was believed of the fall of man, of the deluge, of the building of Babel and confusion of tongues, of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and as is thought, in one instance, of the revolt in heaven, and “the angels who kept not their first estate”;—these indicate an origin, in point both of date and of location, not distant from either the scene or the time of some, at least, of the events so commemorated; as also a contact with the regular line of early tradition such as the migrating races must have lost. We shall take space for quoting what is regarded by its translator, the Rev. A. H. Sayce, as the fragment of a legend of “The Overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah”. It is given in “Records of the Past”, Vol. XI.

An overthrow from the midst of the deep there came. The fated punishment from the midst of heaven descended. A storm like a plummet the earth (overwhelmed). To the four winds the destroying flood like fire did burn. The inhabitants of the cities it had caused to be tormented; their bodies it consumed.

In city and country it spread death, and the flames as they rose overthrew.

Freeman and slave were equal, and the high places it filled. In heaven and earth like a thunder-storm it had rained; a prey it made.

A place of refuge the gods hastened to, and in a throng collected.

Its mighty (onset) they fled from, and like a garment it concealed (mankind).

They (feared), and death (overtook them).

(Their) feet and hands (it embraced).

In the case of all such legends, without doubt, there is more or less a question as to the accuracy of the supposed identification. We are quoting here, however, not with any view to such identification, but simply as specimens of Accadian literature. Mr. H. Fox Talbot³, in volume seven of “Records of the Past”, translates what he regards as a legend of “the revolt of the gods or angels against their Creator. It seems,” he says, “to have been preceded by an account of the perfect harmony which existed in heaven, previously.” He compares these opening lines with that passage in Job which describes how at the creation “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.” What the translator here gives us is, he says, “unlike any thing in the Bible, or in the sacred literature of other countries. While the host of heaven were assembled and all were engaged in singing hymns of praise to the Creator, suddenly some evil spirit gave the signal of revolt. The hymns ceased in one part of the assembly, which burst forth into loud curses and imprecations on their Creator. In his wrath he sounded a loud blast of the trumpet, and drove them from his presence forever.” We now quote from the translation:

The Divine Being spoke three times, the commencement of a psalm.

The God of holy songs, Lord of religion and worship, seated a thousand singers and musicians; and established a choral band who to his hymns were to respond in multitudes. . . .

[Here occurs a break in the tablet.]

With a loud cry of contempt they broke up his holy song, spoiling, confusing, confounding his hymn of praise.

The God of the bright crown, wishing to summon his adherents, sounded a trumpet blast which would waken the dead, which to those rebel angels prohibited return. He stopped their service, and sent them to the gods who were his enemies.

In their room he created mankind.

It seems remarkable that among the legends of this ancient people there should be this apparently minute description of an event, antedating even the creation of man, to which inspiration itself barely makes allusion, yet which it would seem must at some time in the long past have actually occurred. It is as impossible that the Holy God should create the wicked angels as already wicked as that he should so create wicked men. Immediately succeeding the last line, above, we have the following, whose coincidence in meaning with the Scripture account of the original human condition, is at least remarkable:

The first who received life [first of mankind] dwelt along with him [with the God of the bright crown].

May he give them strength never to neglect his word, following the serpent's voice, whom his hands have made.

The tablet containing what is regarded as a legend of the Tower of Babel is much broken, and appears in the translation only as a fragment. The Legend of the Deluge is far more extended, and is found in comparatively good condition. It appears as a narrative of the great calamity, related to Gisdhubar,—an Accadian hero who may possibly in these legends represent Nimrod, the warrior hunter,—by Sisuthros, or Noah. "Gisdhubar had traveled in search of health to the shores of the river of death at the mouth of the Euphrates, and here afar off in the other world he sees and talks with Sisuthros." Several versions of the legend, but substantially the same, are found upon the tablets.

Besides what is thus legendary, the Accadian literature includes litanies, penitential psalms, together with secular matter of various kinds, calendars, legal codes and decisions, and other subjects suggesting, though obscurely, branches of learning taught. The calendars indicate, in some places, an observance of each seventh day as "a day of rest for the heart", as "a day of the completion of labor", the law of which seems to have been well-nigh as strict as that of the

Puritan Sabbath; thus confirming the Scripture account of the early origin of the Sabbatical institution.

The only example of Egyptian literature, belonging to what we have ventured to style an ancient literary epoch, of which our limits will allow specific mention, is the poem of Pentaur, celebrating the victory of Rameses II. over the Kheta, or Hittites, at Kadesh. If we may assume that Pentaur and Moses were nearly or quite contemporaneous, there is much of interest in a comparison of this song of triumph with that in which Moses himself celebrates the victorious passage of the Red Sea. There is something similar in the strain. Ammon for the Egyptian poet is what Jehovah is for the Hebrew one, while in both there is that recognition of the divine even in human achievement which the general literature of these modern times has so almost entirely lost. But while Moses sings in the praise of Jehovah, Pentaur sings in praise of Rameses, and makes it just the more a glory to him that the victory—after all a doubtful one—was a gift of his Father Ammon.

This poem has not only been preserved in papyrus, but "its words covered the whole surface of walls in the temples of Abydos, Luxor, Karnak, the Ramesseum at Ibsamboul, in order to call the attention of the visitor, even at a distance, to the deeds of Rameses." The fact that it was thus by command of the king whom it celebrates engraved in the imperishable stone, proves the high estimate placed upon this poem, "the oldest known specimen of the war lyric." It is also praised as a production of "great power and beauty" by those who have read it in the original. No translation of it, we are told, has done or can do it justice. A much older example of Egyptian literature is "The Praise of Learning", which although poetic in form, is baldly prosaic in substance. The chief thought in it all seems to be that learning fits one for public employment, and raises him above the necessity of working with his hands:

He who has commenced to avail himself [of learning] is from his infancy a counselor.

He is sent to perform commissions.

He who does not go is in sackcloth.

I have not seen a blacksmith on a commission, a founder who who goes on an embassy.

In like manner other kinds of handicraft labor are disparagingly mentioned. Of "The Book of the Dead" mention is often made by writers upon ancient Egyptian life and religion. It gains its forbidding title from the fact that portions of it are so often found wrapped in mummy cloths, and also the fact that what is thus buried with the dead is supposed to be of service in the final audit which determines the destiny of the soul. Its substance is mostly ritualistic, although much of information is gained from it concerning ancient Egyptian belief.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY JOHN H. VINCENT.

A HOMILY OF MISTER HORN'S.

[January 1.]

He had thought about it, prayed about it, and half resolved to do it for a long time. At last one day the resolution leaped forth full grown with a very decided "I'll do it," and the ash stick came down with an equally vigorous "Amen."

Mister Horn would preach a sermon all about giving.

One Sunday morning, about a fortnight after, the sermon was launched in Tattingham chapel.

The text was a harder matter with Mister Horn than the sermon, for thoughts had been collected so long that a text was rather a center of attraction about which they gathered than a seed out of which the thoughts grew, and it was difficult to find which they fitted best. It was perhaps rather because he must choose one than that it was the best, that he took Ecclesiastes V. 13.

There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt.

Now, my dear friends, I am going to try and say something about money.

"Preach the Gospel and let money alone," does somebody say? Preach the Gospel I will by the Lord's help, and because it is the Gospel it won't let money alone. The Gospel has a good deal more to do with our money than perhaps most of us would care to know.

Now money—for all it's a very good thing in its place—is the most hurtful of all things if a man don't see to it and manage it right. The Bible is full of how men have been hurt by money; and the only scene in which we hear a wretched creature crying in hell is in the story of a rich man whose one sin was that he had his good things in this life. Money may hurt men in three ways:

FIRST, *It may hurt men in the way they try to get it.*

Every body ought to begin there. Let them see to it that *that* is all right. I've known folks to go into some businesses for the sake of the money, and think they wouldn't get any hurt. They might as well step gently off the church tower and expect to come down all right. When I used to be sinking wells, I always lowered a candle before I went down myself—if the candle burned all steady, I knew I could go down, but if the candle flickered and went out, I knew that wouldn't do for me. Let a man let down the candle o' the Lord *first*, and if that 'll burn, the man won't hurt. But that candle is choked out if a man will keep a public-house and get all kind o' company and all sorts o' talk and all sorts o' mischief brewing—that air will put out religion and soul and all. Or if people will go where they have to act lies, and to measure lies, and to shuffle and dodge and do underhand things, that will choke all that's good in them. They say they *must* live somehow. I heard tell once about a lot of hungry people in Germany, who, in a time o' want, were going to break into some corn mills, when Luther met them and asked them what they were doing. Then up comes a stout fellow, and quoth he, "Master Luther, we *must* live." "Live," thundered Luther, "why must ye live? I only know *one* 'must': *I know that we must be honest.*"

But it's so hard to keep money from hurting us that even in good and lawful callings men very often hurt themselves. When a man will work so hard and so long that he can only yawn over his Bible for a few moments, and then fall asleep on his knees and call it his 'prayers'—that man is suffering from a deadly hurt. Woe, woe to them who have in business set their hearts upon money, and make haste to be rich! It's the week-night service, or the prayer-meeting night: "Ho, friend, are you coming with us?" Bless you, no! he's off, so very busy, so much to do—he must make haste to be rich. Ah, if he could stay long enough he might see the sorrowful eyes of Jesus following him with a tender pity, he might hear the words sadly spoken of him—*Alas! how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!*

[January 8.]

SECONDLY, *Money may hurt men by the way they spend it.*

If the owner thereof spends it all in luxury and self-indulgence, that is a hurt that he may perhaps never get over.

Nothing in God's Book is more dreadful or more startling than the story of the man who had got enough to buy all dainty dishes and unheard-of wines. Plenty to eat and nothing to do—why, what more could any body want? Ah! he found out what more a man wants before the next day dawned. For the sentence had gone out, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." He was dead, and left his barns to some third cousin whom he knew nothing

about—dead, and could not take a farthing of it all with him—dead and buried, and the Lord wrote the epitaph:—*So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.*

Then there's the hurt o' spending money too *fast*—quite a plague in these times. The men must be counted gentle-folks, and the women must look never so smart—till somebody must go short. When the money's done, the bills come in, and then,—"*Preach the Gospel!*" Ay, my friends, it's about time somebody did, for the Gospel says, *Owe no man anything.* It says, *Provide things honest.* It says, *Do to others as ye would be done by.* The Gospel! It's the Gospel for the day and the Epistle too—*Pay your twenty shillings in the pound.*

There was a good prayer I knew a man to offer once,—a very good prayer. A brother was praying with much noise for faith—soul-saving faith, sin-killing faith, devil-driving faith. There was a quiet friend near him, to whom the noisy brother owed a long bill,—"*Amen,*" said the quiet friend; "*Amen, and give us debt-paying faith too.*" My friends, we want that faith nowadays. People don't believe in a religion that doesn't do that. And they may well not believe in it, for he that doesn't do his duty to his brother, whom he hath seen, how will he do his duty to his God, Whom he hath not seen. Take good heed how ye spend money.

THE THIRD way that money may hurt the owners thereof is *the way they keep it.*

The rich fool is better one way than the miser. He did get something out of his money. The miser turns every thing into money and gets nothing out of it. The rich man fared sumptuously every day, and was clothed in purple and fine linen; as Father Abraham told him, he had his good things in his life-time. But the miser, who grudges himself the moldy crust that he eats, is a Lazarus in this world and a Dives in the next; he has his evil things both ways. However, there isn't much to choose between them, the spendthrift and the miser—they both keep all their money for their own selves, and that is keeping it to their hurt.

Now the first thing is for a man to *think about managing it.*

Money is like every thing else; it don't do to be left to itself. "A child left to itself bringeth its mother to shame," saith the wise man. A garden left to itself bringeth its owner to weeds, and a colt left to itself bringeth its master to the ground. Every thing must be taken hold of the right way, and managed. And the right way to manage money is to give *rightly*. But how many of us ever thought about giving,—how much we ought to give away in the year, and what we ought to give to? We think about getting—that's very certain. And we think about spending too. But as to giving—well, when you've had to give you've given; when the box has come round, and you didn't like to give a nod, you've put something in, you didn't think of it beforehand or after. If you want to keep money from hurting you, you must think as much about giving as getting. That's a very plain direction in Paul's letter to the Corinthians: *Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him.*

[January 15.]

There is a good old saying, "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away, and he who would keep 'em must clip their wings by giving"; but that is only half the truth. Money is like the fiery little Bantam cocks that fly at every

body with spur and bill ; men must clip their wings not only that they mayn't fly away, but also *that they mayn't fly at them*. People make a great mistake who think of charity in a one-sided way. It isn't only to relieve the poor, but to keep money from hurting the owners thereof, and the greatest curse that could come upon men would be to have all rich and no poor. It's a blessing for the rich that truth of our Savior's, "The poor ye have always with you." Folks often excuse themselves, saying they can't afford to give, but if they saw things in a truer light they'd say that they *couldn't afford to keep*. Look at that story of the good Samaritan, of whom Jesus says to us, "Go, and do thou likewise." Excuses ! why, that Samaritan might have made them by the score. He might have thought as you do when you see any wretched object, "Ah, if this fellow had been sober and industrious, depend upon it he wouldn't have come to this. Besides he has no claim upon me, and why should he expect me to trouble myself about him? Then again, these fellows are so ungrateful ; one may kill one's self over 'em, and never get a single thank-ye. And if I begin to help there's no knowing where it'll end—he'll want oil and wine, and they're expensive things, and I shall have none for myself. I shall have to lift him up on my mule and trudge along-side—roads are rough and I'm a bad walker. If I take him to the Inn there's twopence gone at once! And what with my staying about minding him, my day will be wasted and night will overtake me, and that's not a pleasant thing in a place that swarms with robbers." So he might have said, and coming nearer, still undecided, he catches sight of the Jewish features. That might have crowned the excuses, and the Samaritan might have gone off muttering something about riding to the next village and telling them of it, and they might do as they would.

But he got off and gave the poor fellow oil and wine, and tore strips off his own robes to dress the wounds, he led him gently on the mule, he paid his bill at the Inn, he rode home along the dangerous road—yet I tell you that poor man who had fallen among thieves gave back as much as he got. Self-denial is a more heavenly thing than a little oil and wine ; the blessed sense of having done one's duty is cheaply bought for twopence and a lift on the mule ; that joy, like Heaven in its depth and all unsullied purity, that springs from a good deed well done, is a bargain if a man sells all that he has to buy it. To think about giving and to fairly arrange to do it is the first thing.

[January 22.]

To give as much as you can is the second thing.

Now you all agree with that, I know, whatever you think of what I have said already, or what I am going to say. Every body shakes his head very piously, "O, yes, we all ought to give as much as we can"; and one would think that we were a set of angels, if he didn't do more than listen to us.

This man has sixteen shillings a week, and he gives as much as he can. "There's rent, you know, and rates—and they are heavy in this parish ; and there's food, and times are hard now ; and there's children, and clothing, and the club. I should like to know what I can give out of that." So he gives as much as he can—and that is *nothing*.

Here is another man, getting his thirty shillings a week. He gives as much as he can, certainly. He can't make ends meet on that. He is in debt to every body—the publican first, and then of course to every body else. Tell me whose name is chalked down on the door of "The Green Man," and I'll tell you who owes money to the grocer and butcher

and baker and doctor, and by-and-by to every rate-payer in the parish ; for if he doesn't live long enough for them to keep him in the work-house, they'll have to find him a grave and to bury him in it. He, too, thinks he gives as much as he can, and he gives *nothing*.

But here is a gentleman with his five pounds a week. "Now," says sixteen shillings a week, "you'll get something there." "That's the place to go to," says thirty shillings a week ; "he's a rich man." "Well, sir, you think every body ought to give as much as he can?" "Of course," says he, "of course, Mister Horn, we all ought to do that, you know. But—em—you see a man in my position has so many claims, and he has to keep up appearances, you know, and he must mix a little with society—a *little*, you know, for the sake of the children." And—em—well, he gives as much as he can, and he gives *nothing*—that is, if he can help it, for sometimes a good customer asks him for a subscription, and his business is obliged to afford what his religion wouldn't.

But now we shall be rewarded. This is a rich man here. Bless you, he's worth *five hundred a year*—ten pounds a week. What a pretty place he has! "Ah," says sixteen shillings, "now if I were only like him, what I would do then!" "To be sure," says thirty shillings, "wasting his time on us when he can get all that he wants there." "He can afford it," says two hundred a year. So we come before him. Here he is walking around his garden. "What a pretty place you've got here, sir." "Yes ; it costs me a good deal to keep it up, you know. These things always want looking after." "This your dog, sir? A handsome fellow." "He ought to be ; he cost enough, and it takes a round sum in the year to feed him. But walk in, and have a glass of wine ; I've got some nice old port." "No, sir, excuse me, please. I just called to ask you a question. I have been talking to some folks in the village, and their opinion is that every body ought to give as much as he can. May I ask you what you think?" "Certainly, certainly ; that's right enough. Every body ought to give as much as he can. My own case is peculiar, you know. My expenses are so numerous, and there are so many claims, and so much of my income has to go into the business that I can not do what I should like to, though I give what I can." Of course, and so he gives *nothing* too. (Then Mister Horn's voice grew sad and solemn in its tones.) And all the time there stands by us the Blessed Lord Who gives us strength and sense to get our living ; Who gives us the food we eat and the clothes we wear. There He stands with bleeding feet and pierced hands, and His brow torn with the crown of thorns. *He was rich, and for our sakes became poor. He laid down His life for us.* And now He sees us griping and grasping our all, afraid of our lives lest He should get a farthing of it! O, it is enough to make the angels weep—*they who cast their crowns before Him.*

A man for whom the Son of God died, to live heaping himself up with food and clothes, spending every thin ; on his house—perhaps on his dog and his horse ; and for the blessed Lord and Giver of it all—*nothing*, or only a mockery that is worse than *nothing* !

But after all *how much one ought to give* is a matter that every man must settle for himself.

A son is hardly worth the name if he doesn't give a better service than a slave. I think that every man who calls himself a Christian is bound to sit down and think about it carefully ; ay, and kneel down too and pray about it, not only look here and there and see what somebody else does. Let him honestly count up what other things cost him, let him count up how much he owes to his Lord for the preaching of the Word, and for the means of grace, for the blessed

Word, and the hope of Heaven. Then let him settle what he can give, and stick to it, telling the Master what he has done, and asking his help and blessing; for without His help we shall soon slip back again into the old careless ways.

And besides that, if a man really loves his Lord at all, he will not only think how much he can give—he will think of this too, *how much he can save that he may give*. He will deny himself, and take up his cross, that he may be what the Lord Jesus calls "rich toward God." If a man doesn't love with a *giving* love, he'd better hold his tongue about it. There is one kind o' love that John tells us not to have, and it's a'most the only kind o' love that's forbidden—*Let us not love in word, neither in tongue*. You know how God loves: *God so loved that He gave*. That is His love, and we don't know much about it if we don't love with a love that loves to give. Come, wake up, thou Little-heart, and count up what He has given thee. How much owest thou unto thy Lord? When you had spent all, and were perishing with hunger, He ran and fell on your neck and kissed you. He brought you home, and gave you the best robe, and the ring for the finger, and the shoes for the feet. He had the fatted calf killed for your merry-making. Has he not sent His angels to hold you up in their hands; and for you and for me, God gave His only-begotten Son! And yonder there are the pearly gates opened for us, and the streets of pure gold, and the fullness of blessing for ever and ever. Oh, canst thou be greedy to such a Giver?

[January 29.]

To give with the right spirit is the third thing.

Not to let a poor relation starve because you want to look fine at the top of a subscription list. Thy money perish with thee if thou canst play the Pharisee like that!—thou and thy giving art like to go to perdition. And not to give either because somebody else is giving and it won't do for you to be behind them—people would notice it. Yes, and

there is One who notices such giving as that, and He won't take it as done unto Him. Remember what the book says, *not grudgingly or of necessity*.

Now, my friends, I've about done, for I can't either preach or listen to long sermons. If once in your life-time you've been stirred up to think about this matter of giving I am thankful. And the Lord help us to see our duty and help us to do it. There's plenty of work for us to do with our money, have we much or little.

Eh, my friends! when I think of this poor, poor world, think of the hungry little children, think of the homes stript bare by want, and of them inside that are ready to perish with hunger, ay, and of them that are hungry and are homeless too—when I think of the sufferers that are dying for want of money to buy the skill and medicine that could save them—and think of the dark souls whose lamps are gone out, and know that money would buy oil for their lamps, the Bibles it would buy and the missionaries it would send—then money seems to me like an angel of God troubling the waters to heal poor sick folk, coming to forlorn mothers in the wilderness and caring for the children, and seeming to say, "Fear not, Hagar; the Lord hath heard the voice of the child." An angel that lifts the poor Lazarus up out of his misery into such blessing and tender service that it is like heaven to him; that meets the penitent outcasts, and putting them in the way of an honest living, saith, "Go in peace and sin no more"; ay, like Him whom the angels worship, *it can go about doing good*.

Yes, money, if we use it right, may be a strong right arm in God's great world, to help, to defend, to uplift, and to save. But use it wrongly, and it is a strong arm still, to injure, to curse, and to destroy—whose evil deeds shall return and gather with a tenfold greater hurt upon the owner thereof.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

A national literature is a plant of slow growth. Like the aloe tree it requires a century to bring it into bloom. It is not much more than a hundred years since the British conquest of Canada, and much less than a hundred years since the settlement of a great part of it. The early years of colonial history are a continual struggle for existence. It was only after a lengthened period that sufficient leisure was secured for the wooing of the muses, and a sufficient surplus over the bare means of subsistence was obtained for the patronage of literature. This must be our excuse if we do not reveal the literary productiveness of New England, the growth of well-nigh two hundred seventy years. With the best products of English and American literature poured upon our shores, it is somewhat of a handicapped rivalry that our native authors must undergo. Nevertheless we are not without the beginnings of a native literature, and some Canadian works have even won recognition in the great republic of letters which embraces the world.

It would be ungracious to ignore the native literature of our French fellow subjects who were the earlier occupants of this land. To it we must devote a few words. Seventeen years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock, Samuel de Champlain had published his book on the

Indian tribes of America, and ten years later his "Voyages" with valuable charts—a work which is eagerly sought by bibliophiles. The first poems written in the New World were *Les muses de la Nouvelle France* by that vivacious writer Lescarbot, in which he chronicles the founding of Port Royal on the Bay of Fundy in 1605. Of unique historic interest are *Les Relations Jésuites*, or annual reports of the Jesuit missionaries in Canada from 1632 to 1672. The originals are very rare, but they have been republished in three large octavos by the Canadian government and give, in quaint old French, a graphic account by keen and scholarly observers of the native tribes, and of the planting of successful missions in the heart of Canada two centuries and a half ago. The romantic history of New France has attracted a number of skillful pens; we can only allude to such writers as Charlevoix, whose large work published in 1744 has been republished in New York in six large volumes, 1865-72; and to the Abbé Ferland, M. Garneau, M. Sulte, and others of more recent date.

In the field of poetry several French Canadian writers have won a more than national reputation. Among these we may mention the Abbé Casgrain, author *Les Légendes*; M. Joseph Tassé, author *Les Pionniers de l'Ouest*; M. Cré-

mazie, author of a noble elegy, *Les Morts*; MM. Le May, Sulte, Fréchette, and others. M. Fréchette, who is a brother-in-law of the popular American novelist W. D. Howells, had the honor of being crowned the poet of the year by the French Academy.

We pass to notice briefly a few of the more prominent Canadian writers who have used the English language. In so young a country as English-speaking Canada a considerable number of our writers have been born beyond the sea. We shall not class as Canadian authors those whose chief literary reputation was gained before they came to our shores, but only those whose chief works have been written in the country, and those who are native to its soil. It is a matter of literary interest only that Mrs. Anna Jameson, the author of those charming volumes on "Sacred and Legendary Art", "Diary of an Ennuyée", etc., was for some time a resident of Toronto, and honored the country with three volumes of "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada". So, also, that distinguished writer, Professor Goldwin Smith has made his permanent home in Toronto, and has here written many of those brilliant essays which have delighted both hemispheres. We do not, however, claim this famous Oxford scholar as a Canadian writer.

But we have men born on our soil who have carried the literary reputation of Canada wherever the English language is spoken. One of these is Sir J. W. Dawson, the learned principal of McGill University, Montreal, and one of the most eminent of living scientists. He is a native of Pictou, Nova Scotia, and first won literary reputation by his volume on "Acadian Geology". He is still better known by his "Origin of the World", "Fossil Man", and "The Story of the Earth and Man", just re-issued by the Harpers. Another distinguished native of Pictou is Dr. George M. Grant, Principal of the Queen's University, Kingston. His "Ocean to Ocean" is a graphic picture of the overland route through Canada before the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Dr. Grant has also been a copious contributor to the *Century Magazine*, *Good Words*, and the leading English and American reviews.

Another Nova Scotian is probably more widely known by the name of one of his works at least, than either of these learned college presidents. Every body has heard of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker", and many of his shrewd sayings have become "familiar in our mouths as household words". These satirical stories, racy of the soil, with native wit and humor, were contributed by Judge Haliburton, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, to the columns of a Halifax newspaper. Republished by Bentley, of London, they sprang at once into popularity and were followed by "Bubbles of Canada", "The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony", "The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England", and several others of similar character. An accomplished namesake and kinsman of Judge Haliburton has written an admirable history of his native province. Archer, Hannay, and Murdoch have also made valuable contributions on the same subject.

The late Professor De Mille, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, is the author of a number of popular novels published by the Harpers. Among these are "The Dodge Club" in which occurs the funny episode of the Yankee senator and the Italian countess much read by elocutionists, "A Castle in Spain", which recently ran through *Harper's Magazine*, "Cord and Creese", "The Cryptogram", "The American Baron", etc. Another very prolific writer of the maritime provinces is Miss May Agnes Fleming, of St. John, New Brunswick, the author of a number of stories of not a very high order of literature which appeared in the *New York Weekly*. Of a far higher grade is the work accom-

plished by John Foster Kirk, who was born and educated in New Brunswick. Exhibiting a fondness for historic research he became the secretary of W. H. Prescott, the historian, and assisted him greatly in his almost total blindness in those great works which lend such luster to American literature. After the death of Prescott, Kirk published three large volumes on the life and times of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, which have taken their place among the standard histories of the period. He subsequently became editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

It is somewhat curious that two Canadians, while not writers themselves, have done much to foster cheap literature in the United States. George Munro, the publisher of "The Seaside Library", the pioneer, we believe, of the cheap libraries of the day, is a native of Nova Scotia, and has given a princely donation toward the endowment of Dalhousie College, Halifax. J. W. Lovell, the publisher of "Lovell's Library", which is bringing the classics of English literature within reach of the million at the rate of a new volume for every day in the year, is also an example of Canadian enterprise.

It is not wonderful that the romantic early history of Canada should attract American genius. The best account yet given to the world of the storied memories of Quebec and of the heroic history of New France is that contained in the fascinating volumes of Parkman. The finest poem on any subject connected with this continent is that which tells the touching story of Evangeline and of the expulsion of the Acadian neutrals.

It is not often that colonial governors are much addicted to literature. An exception, however, is found in the case of Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, who was a brilliant writer and clever poet. He lived too brief a time to enjoy his late earned dignity, and his first levee was held as he lay in state in death at the Government House.

It is difficult to group or classify the writers of our widespread Canadian Dominion. We have referred briefly to those of the maritime provinces; we turn now to those of the still younger provinces of the west. Literature to some minds, means chiefly *belles lettres*, romance, and poetry. It must be confessed that in these lines our young country has not hitherto added much to the wealth of the world. Yet it has done something of which an older land might be justly proud. One of the finest historical novels ever written, and one of the noblest poems of the age are of Canadian origin. On the entablature of the post-office building at Quebec is the antique effigy of a golden dog with the quaintly carved legend:

*Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os
En le rongeant je prend mon repos.
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu
Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu.*

This has been freely translated thus:

I am a dog that gnaws his bone,
I couch and gnaw it all alone—
A time will come which is not yet,
When I'll bite him by whom I'm bit.

Upon the strange story connected with this effigy Mr. William Kirby, chief officer of Her Majesty's customs at Niagara-on-the-Lake, has written the remarkable historical novel "*The Chien D'or*—The Golden Dog. The Marquis of Lorne, who is a pretty good judge, declares that this is one of the four or five best historical novels he ever read. The late Prince Leopold described the exquisite pleasure it gave him as read amid the scenes where its plot is laid, the old historic city of Quebec. The present writer had the pleasure of reading this book in fifteen manuscript volumes, before it

appeared in print. Even after considerable abridgement it fills nearly seven hundred closely printed pages. It is remarkable not merely for its intense and cumulative interest, but also for its beauty of style, its poetic diction, and the number and felicity of its metaphors and similes. It gives clearly limned sketches of about fifty distinct characters of the *ancien régime* before the fall of Quebec. The action of two-thirds of the work is confined to within about thirty-six hours and of the whole within about three months. No author ever observed the unities of time and space more rigidly. The book has been translated into French and has reached a third or fourth edition in English. Mr. Kirby has also written some charming idyls of Canadian life which have won the commendation of so exquisite an artist in words as Alfred Tennyson.

After Kirby's book, but by a long interval, comes another novel of Quebec, "The Bastonnais", by John Leperance. It describes the siege of the city by Arnold and Montgomery in 1775, and some of the dramatic events resulting therefrom. Among other Canadian story writers may be mentioned Mrs. Susanna Moodie, a sister of the accomplished Agnes Strickland, whose "Roughing It in the Bush" and one or two novels had a very successful "run"; Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, who has written some charming things in prose and verse, under the title of "Seraures"; Fidelis (Miss Machar) of whom the same may be said, and others less known to fame. Special mention may be made of a curious political novel by the Hon. L. S. Huntington, Q. C., entitled, "Professor Conant", which attracted a good deal of attention. No one except D'Israeli ever wrote a successful political novel, and between the great English politician and his Canadian imitator there is a wide interval.

In the department of poetry, as in that of fiction, we have one work of paramount merit. The first edition is now before me, a poorly printed, cheaply bound octavo of three hundred fifteen pages. It is a drama on the life and death of Saul by Charles Heavyside, of Montreal; this meager volume fell into the hands of Nathaniel Hawthorne. With the insight of genius he discovered its merit and brought it conspicuously before the reading world. A leading English review declared that few grander poems had appeared since Shakspeare wrote. Indeed the author is saturated with the spirit and diction of Shakspeare, and many scenes are akin in glowing grandeur to the most impressive scenes in Macbeth. The theme is a noble one and it is nobly treated. The growing alienation from God and from good of the proud, rejected, melancholy king; his insane jealousy of the strippling hero David; the tender love of David and Jonathan, "passing the love of women"; the wicked songs and speeches of the tempting devils of the under-world who assail Saul; the weird interview with the Witch of Endor and the gloomy tragedy on the field of Gilboa as Saul falls upon his sword and the Philistine cavalry sweep over the scene—these are all conceived in the very highest spirit of dramatic power. Mr. Heavyside was a poor and self-taught man—a printer who beguiled the scanty leisure of his toilsome life by such noble work as this. He wrote also two other dramatic poems, "Jephtha's Daughter" and "Jezebel", in which these striking Biblical characters are treated with a somber power and poetic beauty that command the homage of our minds. But the fire of genius burned out the frail lamp that held it, and Heavyside died, as he had lived, in comparative poverty.

We have had many other singers, but none like him. Among them we may mention Charles Saguenay, author of a fine Spenserian poem on the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay.

may describing in vivid phrase the sublimity of these great northern rivers, also of "Hesperus" and other poems; John Reade, an accomplished writer on the staff of the *Montreal Gazette*, author of the "Prophecy of Merlin" and other poems; Professor C. G. D. Roberts of Kings College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, whose poems of virile strength and classic finish have graced the pages of *The Century Magazine* and other high class magazines; Dr. Mulvany and Miss J. Valancy Crawford, both of Toronto, whose recent death cut short the promise of a brilliant literary career; Evan McColl and Alexander McLachlan, who sing under a Canadian sky the stirring songs of Scotland in the poetic language of Burns; Dr. Dewar, the accomplished editor of *The Christian Guardian*, Toronto, whose "Songs of Life" touch many a responsive chord; Father Dawson of Ottawa, Mrs. Sephron, Kate Seymour McLean, and many other writers—the list could be indefinitely extended.

In the more serious subjects of science, history, and philosophy, Canada has not been without able writers. The learned President of Toronto University, Dr. Daniel Wilson, is one of the most eminent authorities on prehistoric archaeology, ethnology, and craniology. His great work on "Prehistoric Man" is a standard in its class. His distinguished predecessor, the late Rev. Dr. McCaul, was one of the most eminent of classical epigraphists, as his learned works on Britanno Romano and early Christian inscriptions testify. Professor Chapman of University College; Professor Youle Hinds, late of Trinity College; Professor Haand, of Victoria College; and Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, of Montreal, were men whose original investigations in science and contributions to literature have made their names familiar to the whole scientific world. The Rev. Dr. Nellis, the accomplished President of Victoria University is a writer of singular elegance and grace, and Dr. Burwash, of the same university, in his commentary on the Romans, has made a valuable contribution to Biblical interpretation. Professor Clark Murray and Professor Watson of Queen's University have furnished valuable contributions to philosophical criticism.

In the department of Canadian history Mr John Charles Dent is our foremost writer. His "Last Forty Years", "History of the Canadian Rebellion", and four quarto volumes of historical biography, are all characterized by a patient industry and painstaking accuracy and an easy grace of style that make them models in their way. The late Rev. Dr. Ryerson for many years chief superintendent of education of Ontario, contributed to the historic literature of his native country, two large volumes on The United Empire Loyalists, the "Pilgrim Fathers of Canada"; a volume on the History of Canadian Methodism, and a deeply interesting story of his life.

The Rev. Dr. Scadding, born in Toronto over seventy years ago, has written a charming octavo volume of early recollections of his native town. Mr. J. M. Lemoine, of Quebec, has rendered the same service to the romantic history of the ancient capital of Canada. Dr. W. Canniff has written an interesting volume on the settlement of Upper Canada as well as a standard work on surgery, and G. Mercer Adam, a history of our North Rebellion, and a couple of clever novels of Canadian life. Nicholas Hood Davin, M. P., has written a large and clever volume on "The Irishmen of Canada" in the somewhat pervervid style of his countrymen. Mr. William Rattray has written a companion volume on the "The Scotts in Canada" in a much more chastened and sober style. Dr. George Stewart of the *Quebec Chronicle* has written an able historical volume on "Canada under Lord Dufferin", and "Evening in the Li-

brary", a series of charming critical studies. Mr. J. E. Collins, a clever young writer, has given us a life of Sir John A. Macdonald for over thirty years a political leader, and a history of the administration of the "The Marquis of Lorne." The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, ex-premier of Canada, has published an ably written life of his friend the Hon. George Brown. Charles Lindsay, of Toronto, has written a stanch Protestant volume on Rome in Canada, and Father Chiregny a still more controversial one on his fifty years experience in the Roman Catholic church. The work of the late Dr. Todd on Parliamentary Government is a standard authority on the subject it treats.

There is a group of clever writers in the civil service at Ottawa, whose names are familiar from their contributions to the leading British and American magazines and reviews. We may mention, among others, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, J. Macdonald, Oxley, W. Scott, A. Lampman, W. D. Le Sueur, and Martin J. Griffin. An ambitious literary and artistic undertaking for a young country is a scrupulous work on "Picturesque Canada", as large as Appleton's "Picturesque America". The Marquis of Lorne has rendered a similar service to the country by his elegantly illustrated quarto of "Canadian Pictures". In 1885 one hundred twenty-two Canadian books were copyrighted at Ottawa and the annual number sometimes reaches nearly two hundred. The chief literary activity of the country, however, is embodied

in its journalism, which in extent, ability, enterprise, and high moral tone, is not surpassed by that of any country of its age and population. Indeed we know no papers in the world, avowedly secular, which render such hearty sympathy and support to every moral and religious movement,—temperance, Sabbath observance, evangelistic effort, and the like.

We have not yet developed in our new country what may be called a distinctively national literature. But there is among our people much intellectual and literary activity and there are not wanting signs of the blossoming forth of this consummate flower of a higher civilization in the remote future.

[The above review of Canadian Literature is incomplete without a reference to the works of the author of the paper, Dr. W. H. Withrow. A rapid and picturesque writer, he has published several books of great interest. His "Catacombs of Rome" is complete, thoughtful, and fascinating, and his "History of the Dominion of Canada", the best popular history on the subject. Dr. Withrow has published also a book of bright sketches of travel abroad, several stories, and a number of strong temperance tracts. In addition to his work as an author he renders valuable literary service as editor of the *Methodist Magazine* and *Sunday-school Periodicals*, published at Toronto, Canada.—EDITOR OF THE CHAUTAUQUAN.]

THE MIDDLE AGES.

—BY PROFESSOR GEORGE P. FISHER, D. D., LL. D.—

IV.

THE POPES AND THE EMPERORS: THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.

If we glance over the long list of conflicts which mark the course of mankind from the dawn of history until the present time, we shall find few which continued so many years, or which involved issues so momentous, as the struggle between the papacy and the Holy Roman Empire. Properly speaking it began in 1075 with the decree of Hildebrand (Gregory VII.) against lay investiture, and did not finally come to an end until 1268, when Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufens, perished on the scaffold at Naples. Turning to our English histories, we learn that these two centuries covered the period from the Norman Conquest to near the close of the reign of Henry III., the seventh in the line of succession from William the Conqueror. For the causes of the struggle and the nature of the contending powers, we must look further back than the eleventh century, and must consider the significance of events which have already been referred to in a previous article.

The papacy and the empire were the two great forces which held mediæval society together. Their relations to each other were both unique and intimate. The Roman Empire had been twice restored in the West, first under Charlemagne, king of the Franks, and again under Otho I., king of the Germans. About the time of the coronation of Otho (962), its relations to the church, or, in other words, its sacred character became more clearly recognized. Thenceforward it was called the *Holy Roman Empire*. In the estimation of the men of the Middle Ages, the Holy Empire was something more than we know it to have been.

Historically it consisted of the German kingdom together

with certain rights of government in Italy, and a shadowy pretension to universal dominion. The mediæval writers, however, regarded it as a monarchy of world-wide power, the counterpart of the papacy, whose spiritual authority, they believed, extended over all nations. According to their theory, society must be united under the rule of the emperor and the pope, each acting in his own sphere as God's representative, the one regulating men's political relations so as best to promote their spiritual welfare, the other guiding men's souls so that they may attain unto eternal life—a magnificent theory of the union of all nations into one Christian commonwealth; but after all only a theory. In reality it would be impossible for either the emperor or the pope to keep themselves strictly within the limits of their respective spheres of action. We have a good example of this in our own day. Dr. McGlynn advocates theories in political economy touching the right of property in land. He has been called to account by the papal authorities on the ground that his theories involve grave moral questions to which the church has long since given a decisive answer. But if the church can condemn men for defending certain ideas in political science, how plausibly may it claim the right to pronounce its judgment not upon the mere theories of kings and emperors, but upon their acts of administration, which necessarily involve the principles of morality! In the very claim of supreme spiritual authority which the popes made, there were the germs of an irreconcilable conflict with the emperor. But there was a still more potent source of trouble than this.

As the feudal system grew up, many prelates, both bishops and abbots, became great lords, ruling over cities, duchies, and smaller territorial divisions, and possessing rights connected with the customs, tolls, the coinage of

money, and the raising of soldiers,—in fact, nearly half of all the property in the empire. Thus they stood in two relations, one to the church through their ecclesiastical office, the other to the empire through their feudal rights, or temporalities as they were called. The question arose who should control the appointments to these offices which though ecclesiastical were endowed with such large civil power. The emperor gave one answer, the pope another. "In these feudal days," we may imagine the emperor to say, "the state is bound together by the tie of homage. It is therefore not to be expected that prelates who are at the same time officers of the realm, can escape doing homage to their sovereign and receiving from him the symbols (in other words, receiving the investiture) which convey the temporalities belonging to their office." The pope might reply that "the laws of the church provide for free elections to bishoprics and abbeys, and that these can never take place so long as the would be prelate has to look to the sovereign for the investiture, because the sovereign is tempted to grant that only to his favorites or to those who pay him well, in the latter of which cases he commits simony, a crime justly detested. This danger is increased because many vicious clergy have wives and children, and will pay any price if their feudal superior will promise to make their sons succeed to their offices on their death. The church is thus in peril of becoming secularized and the priesthood of being changed into a hereditary caste. Moreover, it is a thing not to be endured that a priest should place his hands (that is do homage) in hands that have been stained with blood, nor that the ring and staff, symbols of a spiritual office, should be conferred by one whose life is full of deeds of violence." These were the two sides of that vexed question of investiture by laymen.

During the last half of the eleventh century an ecclesiastic who was a carpenter's son and a man of insignificant presence, rose to great power in the Roman see and finally, in 1073, ascended the papal throne under the name of Gregory VII. Hildebrand—for thus he was called before he became pope—was resolved to purge away the evils which threatened to destroy the spiritual authority of the church. He believed that the source of them all was to be found in the practice of lay investiture. But to forbid this in every form would be, as we have seen, to assault the very foundations of civil order as it was then constituted. What was true of the empire was true in a less degree of every Western kingdom.

In his choice of an antagonist with whom to carry on his contest, Gregory showed statesmanlike shrewdness. He passed by William the Conqueror of England and Philip I. of France, and chose Henry IV., the young king of Germany, who needed only to be crowned by the pope to complete his title to the empire. Henry was a passionate prince and had already driven a large body of his subjects into revolt. These elements of weakness Gregory sought to turn to the advantage of the papal cause. At the Lent synod of 1075, he in the clearest terms forbade lay investiture and excommunicated five of Henry's counselors who had been guilty of simony. In the autumn of the same year, seeing that the young king paid no regard to the admonitions which had been addressed to him, Gregory summoned him to appear in Rome on February 22 next ensuing, to answer for his crimes. Excommunication with all its dreadful consequences was to follow disobedience to this command. But to appear would practically be to acknowledge the supremacy of the papal power. The king hastened to gather the imperial prelates and to persuade or force them to depose Gregory. He then dispatched a letter to

"Hildebrand, no longer pope, but a false monk", asserting that the papacy had no right to judge the king, except for apostasy, and closing with the words, "Let another ascend the chair of St. Peter, who will not cloak violence with religion . . . for I, Henry, king by the grace of God, with all my bishops say unto you, Get down! Get down!"

But the passionate young monarch had misjudged the power of his adversary as well as overlooked the points of weakness in his own position. One year later, and he, deposed, anathematized, and forsaken, compelled by his own subjects to lay aside the regal authority until the pope should pronounce the final judgment of acquittal or condemnation upon him, was standing in the castle yard of Canossa, barefoot and in the garb of a penitent. It was winter, and yet the princely suppliant was there three days before the haughty pope would receive him and release him from the bonds of the anathema. Henry rose from this profitless humiliation to wage war on the papacy thirty years longer. The conflict was marked by strange vicissitudes. Papal intrigue raised up a rival emperor and taught Henry's sons to rebel against him. He in turn caused an anti-pope to be consecrated, and conducted this puppet, Clement III., in triumph to Rome. Gregory fled with Robert Guiscard, his Norman rescuer, and in 1085 died at Salerno exclaiming "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity and therefore I die in exile." But the struggle was not stopped by the death of those with whom it began. It dragged on until 1122 when, in the Concordat of Worms, its first phase, namely the trouble about the right of investiture, was practically settled. By the terms of that treaty the freedom of ecclesiastical elections was secured while the rights of the emperor were preserved by allowing him to invest the newly elected bishop or abbot with the temporalities by a simple touch of the royal scepter.

When the struggle began again, as it did between Frederick I., the Hohenstaufen, and Pope Hadrian IV. (who died in 1159), it was for supremacy in Italy. Frederick desired to establish imperial authority in these southern dominions of the empire, while Hadrian and his successors sought to thwart this purpose which seemed to threaten the temporal power and even the independence of the papacy. Aided by the Lombard League and by the treachery of one of Frederick's great vassals, the popes were for a time victorious (1177). Then came the events described in the article on Innocent III. The death of that pontiff and of his mild successor Honorius III. hastened on the final scene in this conflict, the mortal struggle between the papacy, under Gregory IX. and Innocent IV. (who died in 1254), and the last eminent representative of the Hohenstaufen emperors, Frederick II., the "Wonder of the World." He, driven to desperation by his adversaries, declared that he would reduce the priesthood to its apostolic simplicity. It should no longer mix itself up in the temporal affairs of men. Forthwith all the mighty forces of mediæval Catholicism combined to crush him and to blot out his impious race. By the execution of Conradin the papal triumph was proclaimed. But the papacy had overleaped itself. It had struck a fatal blow at the mediæval theory of society. It had destroyed the power of the empire, its counterpart in the Christian commonwealth, and had thus prepared the way for the ruin of its own undisputed spiritual dominion.

Scarcely a century passed away before another long conflict began to desolate Europe. It was the Hundred Years' War between England and France. Ever since the Norman Conquest these two countries had been closely bound together. Many of the English kings held of their conti-

mental neighbor extensive fiefs in the western part of his land. After the loss of Normandy, they still retained their hold upon Aquitaine and Gascony. In 1328 Charles IV., the last of the sons of Philip IV., died without heirs. According to a custom which, by a false analogy, was referred to the ancient Salic law,³ no female could succeed to the throne of France. The direct line of Philip IV. having at that time become exhausted, the crown went to the collateral branch and belonged to his nephew Philip of Valois. This method of settling the succession was contested by Edward III. of England, who declared that although a woman could not wear the crown, her descendants could. On this ground he, as the son of Isabel, the daughter of Philip IV., laid claim to the throne. The dispute was decided against him, and the matter might have ended there had not Philip VI. sought in every way to harass Edward both by helping the warlike Scots and by attacking the English trade with Flanders. Incited by Robert, Count of Artois, Edward formally asserted his title to the French crown and declared war against Philip.

The war naturally divides itself into three periods. The first lasted from 1337 until 1360 when the peace of Brétigny was signed, which gave to Edward the southwestern part of France in full sovereignty, in return for a relinquishment of his claim on the French throne. The second, from that year until 1420, when by the peace of Troyes, Henry V. of England was given the hand of Catherine, daughter of Charles VI., and was declared to be Charles' successor. The third (to 1453) closed the contest and saw the English possessions in France reduced to Calais, Havre, and Guines Castle.

The first notable event of the war was a naval battle at Sluys. Here the French were so disastrously defeated that no one dared tell the king the news except the court fool, who announced it in the following manner: "The English are cowards", he said, and when the king asked why, he replied: "Because they did not bravely jump into the sea as the French and Normans did." The war dragged on in a desultory fashion for six years and then occurred the great battle of Crécy (1346).

There was an important difference between the two ar-

(The end.)

mies. The strength of the English lay in its well disciplined body of yeomen, veterans who had been trained in the Scottish wars. Armed with their bows they were more than a match for the poorly organized, over-confident chivalry of France. So rapidly did they shoot "that it seemed as if it snowed." The French were defeated with terrible carnage. No less than twelve hundred knights and thirty thousand foot soldiers were slain. This battle was followed by the siege and surrender of Calais, a town of great strategic value. Ten years later (1356), the story of Crécy was repeated at Poitiers, when Edward, the "Black Prince", with only eight thousand under his command was hemmed in by an army of sixty thousand made up largely of the flower of French chivalry. When the battle ended, eight thousand Frenchmen lay dead on the field, and the king, John le Bon (the gay, or the prodigal) was a prisoner. France, desolated by a foreign war and weakened by the insurrection of the populace within the walls of Paris and of the peasants without, was obliged to make peace on the hard terms referred to.

The next period witnessed the widest changes in the fortunes of this unhappy land. Rescued from anarchy and misgovernment by Charles V. (1364-1380), who drove the English well-nigh out of the country, it was brought again to the deepest humiliation during the reign of his mad son. At Agincourt (1415), the French army suffered a shameful defeat, a bitter reminder of Crécy and Poitiers. But with the death of Charles VI. (1422) and the accession of the infant Henry VI. to the throne of England, matters took a new turn. A deliverer was raised up in the person of a simple-hearted maiden of Domrémy in Lorraine, Joan of Arc—who we have all heard the story—saved Orleans (1429) and conducted the dauphin to Rheims, there to be crowned king of France. The war lasted for more than twenty years longer, but the country was saved from the domination of a foreign invader and the way prepared for the building up of a strong monarchy. This long struggle which impoverished England and laid waste some of the fairest lands of France was not without its advantages to both countries, for in the one it strengthened parliamentary government, and in the other it inflicted a crushing blow on feudalism.

HOME LIFE OF NEW YORK AUTHORS.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

II.

The friendship of the poets Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake recalls strikingly that of Paulding and Irving, who preceded them. Drake (1795-1820), a New Yorker born, left an extraordinary impress, considering that he lived only twenty-five years. His lines on the American flag,—

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her banner to the air"—

are still universally known and quoted. His "Culprit Fay" survives as a captivating fairy conceit which adds something to the legendary charm of the Hudson River. Both he and his sisters were poets from childhood. His father had been a colonel in the Continental army, but Drake was left an orphan at an early age; and, since we are speaking now of authors' homes, it is worth while to notice these lines which the remarkable boy wrote at fifteen, after the death of his parents:

"Home! sacred name, at thy endearing sound
What forms of ravished pleasures hover round!
What long-lost blisses, mourned, alas, in vain,
Awakened memory gives my soul again!—
Joys mine no more, yet sweeter, dearer still
Than all that wait me in this world of ill."

At ten he had written promising juvenile verse. At fourteen he wrote "The Mocking-Bird" and "The Past and the Present." With little education he learned English, Latin, and French by himself, and acquired large information by reading. Being put to business, he abandoned it and studied medicine instead.

He was a fine Shakspearean reader and a good flute-player, and was called "the handsomest man in New York." Falling in with Halleck, he became his fast friend, and the two began in 1819 to write satirical lyrics known as the "Croaker Poems", which caused a local sensation paralleled only by the success of "Salmagundi" ten years before. Together

the two poets roamed about New York and its suburbs, and their intimacy was ended only by the sudden death of Drake. The young physician had married Miss Eckford, daughter of a wealthy ship-builder, and opened a promising drug store in the basement of his solid brick home on Beekman Street, close to City Hall Park. Above this store he lived, with his wife. Such was the prosaic but, while it lasted, happy home of Halleck's comrade in fame. Halleck continued the "Croaker" strain in his "Fanny" and "The Recorder", which present with a blithesome, airy tone a perfect picture of the young metropolis. But he is best known by his eloquent "Marco Bozzaris" and his imperishable elegy on Drake:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee;
None named thee but to praise."

Halleck left his birth-place, Guilford, Connecticut,—a peaceful village rich in elms, standing on a plain near Long Island Sound, of which he said "there were none but gentlemen born there", but also "that any single man who spent more than five hundred dollars a year would be drummed out of town,"—and became a bank clerk in New York. Afterward he undertook a commission business, in which he failed; and for the greater part of his active career, he served the wealthy Astor family as a book-keeper.

An Episcopalian, he was absolutely liberal in his view of all Christians of other creeds and churches. It was his habit to read the Bible through once a year. He was fond of music and the theater, and a favorite in society whenever he pleased to mingle with it. He also hob-nobbed with a circle of printers, actors, editors, men of fashion, and authors like the famous song writer, George P. Morris (who wrote "Woodman, Spare that Tree"). Edgar A. Poe, and Willis Gaylord Clark (subsequently editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*), who met at Francesco Monteverde's Italian restaurant in Barclay Street. Handsome, witty, a good talker, he was extremely aristocratic in his sentiments, so much so that he once rose and left in disgust the hall where Thackeray was delivering his lecture on "The Four Georges".

He led the decorous celibate life of a man with elegant tastes, polished manners, and a modesty so shrinking that some of his most celebrated poems were not publicly acknowledged by him, for years. After forty years in New York, he left not an enemy behind him, on his retirement to Guilford, where he lived with his sister Maria, in a house built, curiously enough, on land which had once belonged to ancestors of the English poet Shelley. It was one of the oldest wooden houses in the town, surrounded by a spacious veranda overlooking the elm-environed public square. There he dwelt in modest leisure, supported by an annuity from his former employer, John Jacob Astor. He was a favorite with the townsfolk and with the summer visitors at Sachem's Head, having a pleasant salutation for every one, and capital stories to tell. This was his only veritable home, but it was dear to him; and his relations with his sister Maria form, as his biographer General James Grant Wilson has said, one of the most beautiful episodes in literary history. It resembled the close union of Charles Lamb with his sister Mary. For nearly half a century Halleck in absence corresponded constantly with his sister; with her he passed his final years; and watched over by her he died.

N. P. Willis (1807-1867) who came into prominence at about the same time with Halleck, but as an author of poems at first largely founded on Scripture themes, was a much more showy personage, although, like Halleck, he came of

good old Pilgrim stock. His grandfather and father were both printers and newspaper editors, so that printer's ink may be said to have run in his blood; and his father was one of the famous Boston Tea Party as well as a fellow printer's apprentice with Benjamin Franklin. Willis himself was born in Portland, Maine (where Longfellow was born), but became closely identified with New York, where by his brilliancy as an essayist and sketch writer he soon eclipsed his own fame as a poet.

In early life he was engaged to a Miss Benjamin, whose parents by their determined opposition broke off the match; and she afterward married Motley, the historian. Like Hawthorne, he was employed by S. G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") in various literary work; but, going to Europe, where he traveled extensively and sent home his "Pencilings By the Way," he remained some years in England and married Miss Stace, daughter of the commandant of the Woolwich Royal Arsenal. With her he made his first home at Glenmary, a beautiful estate of two hundred acres on the banks of the Susquehanna, at Owego, New York. Here he meant to pass the rest of his life but financial reverses forced him sell the place after five years. Nothing of its kind more exquisitely charged with pathos and the love of nature has ever been written, than the letter which he addressed to the unknown purchaser of this freehold. "In selling you the dew and sunshine ordained to fall hereafter on this bright spot of earth", he wrote, "the waters on their way to this sparkling brook, the tints mixed for the flowers of that enameled meadow, and the songs bidden to be sung in coming summers by the feathery builders in Glenmary, I know not whether to wonder more at the omnipotence of money or my own audacity toward nature."

He founded a brilliant weekly, *The Corsair*, which ended in bankruptcy; went to England again, and produced two or three books; plunged into journalism with George P. Morris on the daily *Mirror*, which broke down his health; and to crown his misfortunes, lost his wife. But in 1846 he married again and, with his old partner, established the *Home Journal*, which became a lucrative property. It was now that he made for himself a second rural home, near Cornwall on the Hudson, where he built a picturesque, many-gabled brick house of the "Gothic" style, nestled among evergreens, on a high plateau within sound of the evening-gun at West Point. He chose a rough piece of land, of which the owner said to him, when he proposed to buy: "What can you do with it? It is only an *idle wild*." But Willis saw possibilities there; he bought it, and named it in the words of its previous owner, "Idlewild." Cultivating some of the land, he left other parts untouched, particularly a wooded and rocky glen with a stream that broke in tiny waterfalls. He filled his home with books and tasteful furniture; and Irving wrote of the place, "It is just such a retreat as a poet would desire." Willis also wrote much about it, in print, and was besieged by visitors, both friends and strangers. He called his cottage "a pretty type of the two lives which they live who are wise—the life in full view, which the world thinks all; and the life out of sight, of which the world knows nothing." The "deep-down glen and tangled paths" were kept chiefly for himself; but the rest was open to inspection. He was very hospitable, and maintained that in a republic every one ought to be admitted to enjoy the natural beauty of a private property.

At Idlewild for twenty years he worked unremittingly, sending weekly letters and leaders to the *Home Journal*, and producing books, devoted to his wife and children and to country life, although so busy that when in the city, he used to leave at his friends' houses cards bearing the words

"The wish, but not the time, for a call." Halleck said of him: "He was one of the kindest of men, and one of the best of letter-writers." And Thackeray said: "It is comfortable that there should have been a Willis."

Very different were the surroundings of Edgar A. Poe, who has been described as "to some extent a maniac, not always sober or a responsible agent." Mrs. Shew, a regularly trained physician who attended him, believed that he had suffered always from a lesion in one side of the brain; and his addiction to liquor and opium still further shattered his powers, which were undoubtedly those of a rare genius.

Poe first came to New York in 1838, after losing his place as editor of the *Literary Messenger* in Richmond, Virginia, and having married at the age of twenty-seven his cousin Virginia Clemm, who was scarcely fourteen. They soon removed to Philadelphia, where they remained for some six years. The mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, a woman of strong, masculine features, stayed with them, acting to the strange couple as mother, housekeeper, friend, and servant; always devoted to them both, and after her daughter's death devoted to Poe until the end.

At Philadelphia they dwelt in a little rose-covered cottage on the outskirts of the city, where in their more prosperous days they had a harp and a piano. Poe was dreamy, isolated, reserved, so nervously sensitive that he was afraid to go out in the dark; but he was proud and fond of his wife, and she idolized him. These three persons were absolutely absorbed in one another, and made a little circle of their own. Mayne Reid described the house as a "lean-to" of three rooms, with a garret, of painted plank, resting against the pretentious four story brick dwelling of a Quaker resident. Another writer, who knew the family better, says it was "a cottage set back from the street, amid luxuriant grape and other vines, and ornamented in winter with flowers." In this humble abode Virginia, one evening, ruptured a blood-vessel while singing. Her death seemed imminent. Poe hovered around her couch, in the illness that followed, with fond fear and tender anxiety, shuddering visibly at her slightest cough. Small as the cottage was, slightly and cheaply furnished, it was yet singularly neat and had that tasteful disposition of its poor belongings which made it "suitable for a man of genius." Yet the room in which poor, beautiful Virginia lay ill, breathing only by the air that a fan could bring her, was so low that her head as she reclined in bed almost touched the ceiling. She recovered temporarily, and the Poes in 1844 went to New York, where the author of "The Raven" and "The Bells", after living for a while in Amity Street, found the best home he was ever destined to enjoy, in Fordham, above the Harlem River.

Some idea of his hardships may be formed from the fact that, in the city, he and his wife subsisted for a fortnight on seven dollars and a half. The Fordham cottage, still standing on King's Bridge Road, is one story and a half high. On the ground floor it contained a small kitchen and a sitting-room. A narrow stairway led to Poe's room above, lighted by mere port-holes, and a small closet bedroom. The sitting-room was furnished with four chairs, a small table holding presentation copies of the Brownings' poems, and hanging shelves that contained a few books. Beyond the vine-grown veranda, cherry trees sprang from the turf, and to the east was a granite ledge overhung by sighing pines. The situation was beautiful, but the home itself was poverty-stricken. Poe labored there for two or three years, and then his child-wife died. A friend who visited her in her last illness relates that, although it was winter, there was no covering on her bed except sheets and a counterpane. Mrs.

Poe was warmed only by a large tortoise-shell cat nestling against her, and a military great-coat thrown over her. Poe and his mother-in-law held her feet and hands, to help keep her warm. Here she died; and Poe, at her funeral, wore the same great-coat which had covered her on her death-bed. Gloomy and wretched as is the story of Edgar Poe, it finds a certain redeeming beauty in the touching fidelity with which the unfortunate poet, his wife, and her mother clung to one another through bitter suffering and adversity. His best biographer, George Woodberry, says: "In his home alone he found happiness, affection, and a refuge from contact with the world."

Another, and now the chief surviving member of the Knickerbocker group, George William Curtis, has long held an honored position as a leader in literary culture and a mold of public opinion upon political matters. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1824, he has been a New Yorker since his fifteenth year, but has always kept up a connection with New England closer than that maintained by most of his fellow metropolitan writers. This is due in part, perhaps, to his youthful participation in the "community" of Brook Farm, and partly to the fact of his marriage to Miss Shaw, of Massachusetts.

For sixteen years past he has occupied as his summer home, a plain but attractive farm house at Ashfield, Mass., not far from Deerfield and Northampton, among the beautiful maple-clad hills and winding streams of north-western Massachusetts. And in that little village his house has become the center of a radiating "sweetness and light" characteristic of his presence wherever he may be; for he has helped to found a village library and institute, which holds a literary dinner every year; and, with Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, who also summers there, has formed the nucleus of a charming society.

But his older home and workshop is in the bright, modest, brown-painted wooden cottage of pure American style on Staten Island, where he dwells for the most of the year. It is a mile or so from the New York ferry, on a broad avenue lined with villas that are surrounded by lawns, gardens, and groves. The grounds about his cottage are exquisitely trim; vines drape the porch; the rooms are full of sunlight. Both he and his family are fond of horses and dogs and lead a healthful out-door life; and in the charming study lit by three broad windows and a cheerful sea-coal fire, he combines the comfort of coziness with the attraction of glimpses of landscape. Over the door hangs a mellow copy of the Stratford Shakspeare portrait. Shelves of books—the dumb artillery of literature—occupy every available space; busts of Homer, Webster, and Emerson watch him silently as he writes. His table is covered with the latest current volumes and periodicals; and the room is rich in memorios, letters, and autographs of the many eminent authors and public men who have been his friends or correspondents.

Curtis' "Potiphar Papers", "Prue and I", and "Nile Notes" belong distinctly to the order of writing put into vogue by Irving. The short essays which he writes for the "Easy Chair" in *Harper's Monthly*, still sound the urbane note of the Knickerbocker school; and I know of no one but Curtis—after twenty years of busy lecturing and gallant abolition agitation, and even now constantly engaged in political controversy—who illustrates the sunny geniality of that school so well, at the present time.

His former associate in the "Easy Chair", Donald G. Mitchell, is not in the strict sense a New York author, because his home is at Edgewood, a polished little farm close by New Haven. But Mitchell (born at Norwich 1822), formerly better known by his pseudonym of Ik Marvel, under

which he published his delicious "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life", has written for the New York magazines and has brought out his books, including "My Farm at Edgewood", in that city. There, too, for a time, he edited *Hearth and Home*. He, like Curtis, was a friend of Irving; and in his quiet semi-rural life, devoted to flowers and friendship, a delightful family, to art and letters, and the love of children, he exemplifies the traits of the home-loving Knickerbockers.

Bayard Taylor (1825-1878), who before he was twenty-seven had traveled fifty thousand miles, and, nearly all his life, filled the intervals of actual composition with rapid flights from place to place as a popular lecturer, might be supposed a likely candidate for the position of a homeless man. But, wanderer though he was, no man existed with a more ardent passion for home life; and, in fact, many of his journeys and lecturing trips were actuated largely by the desire to complete and pay for Cedarcroft, the hospitable home and ample estate which he had established in his native place, Kennet Square, Pennsylvania.

Winning popularity by his "Views Afoot" and "El-dorado", he gained his first foothold among New York literary men in 1848. In the metropolis he had several different abiding places at different times, usually in apartments or "flats", whither he would transport his library and other belongings, with great energy, setting to work with as much diligence as if the temporary shelter had been a permanent home. He had married Miss Hansen, the daughter of a professor in Hanover, Germany; and they carried their home atmosphere with them, wherever they went. I remember well talking with him in the library of his apartment in Eighteenth Street, a few years before his death. He showed me his ponderous collection of books and pamphlets prepared for the complete "Life of Goethe" which was to be his chief prose work. Pictures and the shapes of classic sculpture adorned the rooms, mingling the grace of Hellas with the substantial evidences of Teutonic scholarship. There was the same blending of elements in his character and person. In youth he had been noticeable for his grace and his Greek type of countenance; but in maturity he grew bulky and more and more Germanized in appearance.

Pond of New York as he was, rating himself among her authors, and serving on *The Tribune* staff for thirty years, his chief local affection was reserved for Cedarcroft, near Philadelphia, where from the windows of his substantial house amid lawns and fields and foliage, he loved to watch the peach blossoms unfold in the early Pennsylvania spring; and there he wrote some of his best poems. His novel, "The Story of Kennet" also relates to that locality, and there he was buried, although dying in Berlin, as United States minister. In thirty-four years he had produced, edited, or translated fifty-two volumes, including his masterly rhythmic translation of "Faust", probably the best annotated edition extant.

With Taylor, as with Richard Henry Stoddard, born in the same year, and Edmund Stedman (1833), we find ourselves touching a new school, no longer bound by Knickerbocker traditions and following English models, but rather inspired by a Greek revival combined with influences from

modern German culture and French romanticism. Stoddard, who began life as a mechanic in an iron-foundry was more fitted by the delicacy of his art instinct, one would say, for fine goldsmith's work. A most finished poet and accomplished critic, esthetically appreciative of nature, he is a confirmed denizen of the city; having tried several times in vain to domicile himself in the country; and he now lives in a small house near old-fashioned Stuyvesant Square, which he has occupied for many years, with his wife Elizabeth who is also a poet and novelist. Small as it is, it holds many a rare and curious volume; and many are the lovely poems which he has produced in the second floor study with its arched alcove, where tropic imagination reigns, however prosaic the outlook on the paved street may be. The pictures, some of them by artist friends, and the dainty bric-à-brac disposed here and there give further evidence of his tastes. In this room is done much of his reviewing as literary editor of the *Mail and Express*; a task-work doubtless more agreeable than the drudgery of a post in the Custom House, which he performed for a score of years, carrying on his poetic composition simultaneously.

Like Stoddard's career, Stedman's has also been one burdened with employments alien to poetry. Enjoying the rare distinction, among New York littérateurs, of college graduation, Stedman nevertheless has given a large part of his energies to business as a Wall Street broker. His home life has therefore been invaluable to him; for it is only after leaving for the day the terrible whirl and clamor and excitement of the Stock Exchange that he has been able to fix his mind upon creative work. He has lived in various places, in and out of town, and a few years ago had established himself in a luxurious home on Fifty-fourth Street, near Central Park, where he had hoped to pass his life in retirement from business and in devotion to letters. It was a comfortable dwelling, decorated in accord with improved modern esthetics, filled with tapestries, objects of art, and treasured volumes. At the top of the house was a wide, airy apartment, where innumerable drawers, envelopes, portfolios, and pigeon-holes supplemented the racks of books;—for Stedman carries his business method and order into his authorial labors;—and there, between ten at night and two in the morning, he pursued his studies and did all his writing. In this house, as in Stoddard's, pleasant reunions were held. But the poet was obliged, by misfortunes, to abandon it. Meanwhile, he had reared at Newcastle, New Hampshire, within a few rods of the Atlantic surges, a beautiful villa, Kelp Rock, with a Norman tower of granite rising at one corner like a playful light-house, where his midnight lamp may shed a cheery gleam to mariners, in the long summer vacations which he spends there.

I would like to add something about the rural homes of Dr. J. G. Holland and E. P. Roe, the two most popular American novelists of the last quarter century; and also about those of the women authors and the younger literary men, but my limits forbid. Enough, however, has been said, to show that amid the changing quicksand and the hurly-burly of metropolitan existence, numerous authors have managed to secure for themselves the blessing of congenial home-places.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

Among the varied mineral resources of the United States the clays hold an important place. Fire clay, pottery clay, and kaolin¹ are scattered in generous quantities from Maine to California, from Michigan to Louisiana. In 1883 when the geological survey reported the results of an extended examination into the mineral wealth of the country, deposits of fire clay were announced in thirty states and territories, of pottery clay in nineteen, of kaolin in at least eleven. Many of these layers are of the very best quality. In every year since this report one or more seams of all these substances have been discovered.

From these great deposits we draw a large amount of wealth. The clay products in 1880, the census gave as \$40,000,000, and in 1886 this sum was estimated to have increased to \$50,000,000. The articles included in this production may be roughly outlined as brick in all varieties—hollow, pressed, glazed, and common—terra-cotta wares, sewer pipes, linings and casings, glass pots, gas retorts, pottery, and porcelain. It is with the two last named that this article has to do.

And what is pottery, and what is porcelain? In the sense here used, and the usual one though not the broadest, pottery is any opaque vessel made of clay and baked; porcelain, one which is translucent. The difference in the two is caused by the use in the latter of kaolin.

As a modern industry pottery began in the United States with the Virginia settlements. That potters were among the first workmen brought to the new colony we have evidence in more than one of the early documents. Thus in "A Declaration of the State of Virginia" (1620) an enumeration is made of the places from which "choice men borne and bred up to labor and industry" had been sent to the colony, and Staffordshire, the great English pottery center, is on the list. In an early tract called "A Perfect Description of Virginia" it is said that "all kinds of tradesmen lived well there, and gained much by their labors and arts, turners, potters, coopers, to make all kinds of earthen and wooden vessels." The quality of clay found in Virginia was considered good, too. Thus Mr. Clayton in writing to the Royal Society in 1688 tells how he has made a crucible, "the best he had ever seen", from the clay of that county. The Dutch by the middle of the seventeenth century also had begun to send potters to Manhattan, and one historian² says that at an early date there were potteries on Long Island making ware as good as that of Delft.³

There are traces of early attempts at the industry in Pennsylvania. Frankfort had a pottery late in the seventeenth century; in 1770 the Southwark China Factory was in operation in Philadelphia, the proprietors professing that "they had proved to a certainty that the clays of America are productive of as good porcelain as any heretofore manufactured at the famous factory in Bow, near London," and the *Pennsylvania Gazette* contains in different issues advertisements of this establishment for "shank bones", for "broken flint glass", for "several apprentices to the painting branch", a promise of encouragement to painters, and other similar notices; by 1787 there had been sufficient growth in the state for the "Pennsylvania Society for the Encouragement of Manufactures and the Useful Arts" to offer a gold medal of \$20 for the best specimen of earthenware.

New England had done something in the art before the

close of the eighteenth century. In 1794 there was a pottery on Lynn Street, Boston, which used clay obtained in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, and manufactured Liverpool ware. Norwich had a stone-ware establishment and at Stonington and Norwalk, Connecticut, there were potteries. Before the end of the century, exporting had begun; Hamilton⁴ states that from August, 1789, to September, 1790, \$1,990 worth of earthen and glass ware was sent out of the country.

These early efforts were not unnoticed in the mother country. The great English potter, Josiah Wedgwood,⁵ marked them with foreboding, and wrote in 1765, "This trade to our colonies we are apprehensive of losing in a few years. They are establishing a new Pot-works in South Carolina. They have every material there, equal, if not superior, to our own."

By 1810 the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gallatin, announced that sufficient pottery of the coarser kinds was made everywhere and that information had been received of four manufactories of a fine kind lately established. The third census of the United States was taken in this year and the census-takers were ordered to gather information concerning manufactures in their districts. The returns were not very complete but as the first systematic report of industrial growth in America they are of interest. According to this report there were 194 potteries in the country and the value of the earthenware made was \$259,720. In 1816 the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Dallas, in classifying American manufactures placed china-ware, earthenware, and porcelain under the head of trades "so slightly cultivated as to leave the demand of the country wholly or almost wholly dependent upon foreign sources", and in this year a tariff of 7½ per cent ad valorem was laid on these wares.

Before 1820 experiments in china making were begun in Philadelphia by William Ellis Tucker, which resulted in a manufactory and some excellent ware. The works were in operation until 1838. In the '20's a factory for porcelain was established in Jersey City also.

An examination of the census reports on the pottery industry shows that until 1870 it continued a feeble and commonplace growth. In 1840 under "earthenware", 659 establishments, with a capital of over a half million dollars, and a production of something over a million were reported; ten years later 30 earthenware establishments and 484 potteries were included with a combined capital of \$834,869, and a production of \$1,566,619. During these decades the tariff had stood at 30 per cent; in 1857 it dropped to 24 per cent, but in spite of this the census of 1860 reported 557 potteries with a capital of nearly one and a half million dollars and a production of two and a half million. In 1861 the protective rates were increased and this tariff combined with the war premium on gold, gave the industry an opportunity which resulted in an extraordinary growth. By 1870 there had been an increase of 220 establishments over the report of ten years before, a capital increase of some \$4,000,000, and nearly the same increase in production. Comparing the output of this year with the imports we find it to be a million and a half greater.

In 1875 the industry was strong enough to justify the organization of the United States Potters' Association, under

whose direction an exhibition of American ware was made the following year at the Centennial Exhibition. The display was of such a character as to receive the highest award of the ceramic judges, and many surprised as well as most flattering testimonials from foreign critics. Twenty-one firms were represented. White granite or ironstone china was the leading display, most of it plain; very little decoration had been attempted at this time beyond lines and bands. One firm only exhibited porcelain at Philadelphia, but it was of a grade that attracted much attention from both home and foreign connoisseurs. Pieces of this porcelain, both plain and decorated, were purchased for the Stuttgart, and Tokio, museums.

Since 1876 astonishing advance has taken place in this industry. At the meeting of the Potters' Association in January, 1887, it was shown that \$5,000,000 worth of white goods had been turned out in the year past, equal to 80 per cent of the home consumption; that in decorated ware there had been an output of \$3,000,000, or 40 per cent of the home consumption. The association reported 55 firms on its roll, owning 284 kilns for firing biscuit and glazed ware, and 102 for decorated ware, and estimated that there were about 50 other decorating and 25 white ware kilns in the United States, which might be added to this number. Not only commercially has the industry grown; there has been much improvement in mechanical methods. The rolls of the patent office show that up to September, 1887, there had been patents taken out for 79 pottery articles, 144 machines, 40 kilns, and 282 tile machines. Not all, of course, have been successes, but the list shows the activity in the trade. The rapid growth in printed decorative methods and the encouraging artistic developments added to the commercial and mechanical successes show that pottery is a well-established American industry, capable of nearly, if not quite, supplying home needs, opening a new and pleasant trade to young men and women, and giving large encouragement to our artists to do original work.

The commercial centers of the business in the United States are at Trenton, New Jersey, and at East Liverpool, Ohio; the most interesting artistic developments are at Cincinnati, Ohio, and Chelsea, Mass.

Trenton, not infrequently called the Staffordshire of America, first became a pottery town in 1852. Since that date the one establishment has become twenty-four, producing in 1887 over \$5,000,000 worth of ware, and employing about 4,000 workmen. Trenton offers especial advantages for a potter's headquarters from its location in reference to clays. It lies on the outskirts of the clay district of New Jersey, which of from five to ten miles in width extends north-east across the state to Perth Amboy, and from these beds gets its coarse clay and kaolin. Its fine white clay comes from the Hockiss Valley near by, and flint and feldspar, two most important articles, are easily obtained from no very great distance. The products at Trenton are white granite, "C. C.", or cream-colored, sanitary ware, art tiles, and stone porcelain. The white granite is familiar to every body in the common white ware used on our tables. The quality made at Trenton is excellent, comparing favorably with the celebrated English ironstones. It is popularly supposed that the American ironstone "crazes"—but this is as true of English; in fact no ware is always proof against this pottery vice.

Large quantities of the Trenton ironstone is decorated by the printing process. Much of the decoration is deplorably ugly, but the baking powder man and the tea store demand it, and—business is business, not art. Much printed ornamentation of real grace and attractiveness is done, however. Most

of the larger potteries employ their own designers both for shapes and patterns, and produce table and toilet ware chaste and artistic. Trenton stands far ahead of other American pottery centers in this branch of the trade.

The C. C. ware is a cream colored ironstone. The body is the same as that of the white granite, in some cases slightly coarser, perhaps, but its glaze is cream-colored. The C. C. is really much more pleasing because of its soft tint than the dead cold white granite, and decorated tastefully, as it is in certain English establishments, undoubtedly would become soon a commercial success.

Trenton's most interesting development is in the American porcelain—a semi-vitreous ironstone having the effect of true porcelain unless held to the light, when it is found not to be translucent. Wonderful decorative effects are produced on this body. Ware is made in imitation of Royal Worcester, perfect in shape, ivory tint, and decoration; it can not be distinguished from the genuine save by consulting the stamp. The Belleek (the firm making this ware use a slightly modified copy of the stamp of the Irish ware called Belleek) is even more pearly in luster and delicate in its tints than its famous original. The factory making this ware employs a great variety of styles in its decorations. Indeed what it has accomplished convinces one that there is no effect produced by any European pottery which it can not imitate with success.

East Liverpool, Ohio, claims to be the mother of the Trenton pottery industry. It was in the field earlier, the first pottery having been erected there in 1840, and from there it is said the industry was carried to Trenton. East Liverpool is emphatically a potter's town, its 8,000 inhabitants being all directly or indirectly dependent upon the twenty-five potteries which raise their dingy brick-colored cones at almost every turn of the town's streets. There is some \$2,500,000 capital in the various plants, and the yearly output is about \$3,000,000. The wares made are mainly Rockingham—yellow stone ware—C. C., white granite, and door-knobs. The largest white granite and Rockingham establishments in America are here. Printed decorating is done in East Liverpool, but little of it shows much taste. It is what the trade demands, however. The making of fine porcelain was undertaken here about a year and a half ago by Mr. Homer Laughlin, and he shows a ware of very clear transparent body and fine even glaze. Mr. Laughlin is now experimenting in fine art ware, to be made from this porcelain, and shows some very creditable results. The East Liverpool potters claim that there is a growing demand for porcelain to take the place of white granite, and one other pottery of the town is erecting porcelain kilns.

A novelty to be seen in the process of manufacturing at East Liverpool is the use of natural gas for firing. The first kiln ever fired by natural gas was in the establishment of Knowles, Taylor, & Knowles, in 1877. It was not until about a year and a half ago, however, that it was introduced as a regular fuel. The gas fire makes a great improvement in the quality of the ware, giving off none of the fumes so dangerous in firing pottery, and being almost entirely free from the soot and dust which, when coal is used, so frequently prevents a clean biscuit and clear glaze. The clay used in East Liverpool for ordinary ware is the ball clay of New Jersey. Along the Ohio River above and below Liverpool, plenty of yellow-ware clay is found. Flint and feldspar are obtained from points both east and west.

Other points at which pottery or porcelain is made are Baltimore, Md.; Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Phoenixville, Pa.; Elizabeth, N. J.; Steubenville, Wellsville, and Cincinnati, Ohio; Wheeling, W. Va.; Cambridge and Boston,

Mass.; and Keene, N. H. At Baltimore a very pretty art ware called "Avalon" is made; at Phoenixville majolica, ivory, and stone porcelain, decorated in various styles; at Greenpoint the Union Porcelain Works turn out excellent hard porcelain, and the Faience Works do pleasing decorating.

Decidedly the most interesting feature in the growth of pottery in the United States has been the recent efforts to make expressive American ware, original, strong, and distinctive. The largest results have been reached in the Rookwood Pottery of Cincinnati. This factory was opened in 1880 by Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer. The principles laid down there seem to have been to make pottery, not porcelain; to use native clays; to adapt the shapes and decorations to the material employed; to copy nothing, use no printed designs, and do no merely mechanical work; to employ the best artists and give them the broadest latitude. It has hugged these lines close and won wide recognition.

Pure taste has always been displayed in choosing forms for the Rookwood, classical outlines being followed closely. As many different colors of clay as can be found are employed, thus producing a great variety in the body of the ware and consequently greater opportunity in decoration. The glazes employed are all peculiar to the factory and some of them very beautiful and unique. Mr. Clarence Cook said recently in the *Studio*, "Outside of Japan and China we do not know where any colors and glazes are to be found finer than those which come from the Rookwood Pottery. The yellows, greens, reds, and browns are clear, bright, and strong, and of great depth and richness in the tones." All the decorations are done under the glaze, a treatment well suited to the materials used. Graceful natural objects have been the favorite designs at Rookwood for decoration, though of late conventional patterns are used more freely. A Japanese artist is at present employed in the factory and some of their finest recent pieces come from his hand.

The merit of the Rookwood has been quickly recognized. It is in demand in the leading cities of the country, and has considerable sale in London for a new venture. In June of '87 at the annual exhibition of china painting held at Howell & James, the Tiffany's of London, the judges, Messrs. Frederick Goodall, R. A. and H. Stacey Marks, R. A., said, "The judges wish to call particular attention to the ornamental works from the Rookwood Pottery of Cincinnati. They desire to express their highest admiration of these exceedingly beautiful works of art, and to state that their inability to classify them with the other exhibits, alone prevented their receiving one of the very highest awards." And *The Academy* declared the Rookwood to be "among the most original and beautiful modern developments of ceramic art."

The Low Art-Tile Works in Chelsea, Mass., is a striking development in industrial art. Mr. J. G. Low, whose skill and enthusiasm have made the Works, began his experiments after a long and thorough training in Paris studios and after much practice in decorative work. His object was to make tiles which while mechanically superior should possess artistic merit and show originality in designs and color treatment. His experiments with clays, in mechanical contrivances adapted to the designs he wished to employ, and in securing a wide range of colors and tones possessing depth and clearness for glazes, form a most interesting story of struggle and conquest. He was eminently successful in the end and in 1880 had the satisfaction of seeing his tiles take the gold medal at the Crewe, England, exhibition over all those of the renowned potteries of England.

The work at the Low factory is in "natural tiles", a most charming and unique process where the design is produced in relief directly from the natural object; the high relief dust-tile, the first really high relief-tiles ever made by machinery; and the plastic sketch where the design is carved in relief by hand, and a mold made in which the tile is formed. All the designs can be reproduced in different colors and tints, giving a wide assortment of effects. These tiles are used in mantel facings, hearths, and ceilings. Recently a new branch has been added to the business, the manufacture of articles from tiles and spun metal.

Art tiles of considerable merit are made also at Zanesville, Ohio, and Trenton, N. J. A new factory at Beaver Falls, Pa., opened in the last year, has turned out already some good designs in relief tiles, and uses glazes of considerable range in color and of excellent tones.

In spite of the solid achievements in commercial and artistic faience in the United States, there is general ignorance of and general prejudice against American ware. The impression seems to be that if ware has merit it must be imported. Nearly all makers of ironstone masquerade under some form of English stamp. An East Liverpool potter who has strenuously insisted upon keeping his American brand, tells me that his agents have repeatedly urged him to change his American mark, and some of them left him because he would not, declaring that while his ware was good, dealers preferred to buy that with the English mark.

American faience, too, however beautiful in finish and pure in body is usually passed off for "imported", and dealers claim they could not sell it if this was not done. Many are the dodges practiced to mislead the unwary buyer. Not an uncommon one is to cover up the mark with a paper price-mark so that the buyer who realizes that what he buys ought to have a stamp will not be able to discover it. I once went through a large case of beautiful ware in an American pottery, trying to find a piece on which the mark was visible, and on every one was a paper stamp hiding the tell-tale character. Probably all those pieces are posing now in elegant cabinets as genuine Royal Worcester.

Persons who know little or nothing about china, its stamps and distinctive characteristics, are most contemptuous of any thing they learn is American. A Pittsburgh dealer tells of selling a charming piece of Greenwood faience to a lady who after praising its form, tone, and finish, exclaimed, "Will we ever make any thing like this in America?" "This is American ware, madam," the dealer replied. His customer cooled and afterward decided that she did not care for it after all. Madam was not enough of a connoisseur to distinguish the American from the foreign make, but she knew the sweet taste of the word "imported" and her tongue abominated the plebian roll of "domestic". American faience needs as much protection from American snobbery as from foreign competition.

Something toward showing the development of pottery in America, through museums, ought certainly to be done, but never has been, to my knowledge. The National Museum at Washington contains only a few pieces from Cincinnati and a ridiculously misleading display of Trenton goods. The Metropolitan in New York has nothing at all instructive, and in Cincinnati—the largest collection of which I know—the display is confined to a few pieces of early Philadelphia porcelain, some tile, and a fine collection of the pottery made in the city. Of ancient native ware there are several well-classified collections, particularly that of the National Museum in Washington, but our modern growth has gone quite unnoticed.

End of Required Reading for January.

UNATTAINED.

BY ANNETTA DARR.

Never to tread yon heights of amethyst,
Whose heaven-fronting brows of stainless snow,
Are bared to winds that all unshackled blow
From peak to peak, by primal light erst kissed ;—
Never to stand there, free as they, below
My sunlit crag the swirling seas of mist ;—
Never to keep triumphant the high tryst,
To which the great hills called me long ago ;—
Call'st thou this failure, thus to sink opprest,
Way-worn and faint, in this thick, stagnant air ?
But ah, how sweet has been the lofty quest !
The beckoning vision how divinely fair !
Yea, sweet it is to fall as I do now,
With that far splendor on my lifted brow.

A STUDY: THE FRIENDSHIP OF TWO BIRDS.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

Emerson somewhere speaks of a friendship "on one side, without due correspondence on the other", and I often thought of it while watching the curious relation between two birds in my house last winter ; for the more one studies our feathered neighbors, the better he comes to realize that the difference between their intelligence and that of man himself is "only of less and more".

This friendship then, was all on one side. It was not a case of "love at sight", on the contrary, it was first war, and the birds had been room mates for months before any unusual interest was shown ; neither was it simple admiration of beauty, for the recipient of the tenderness was at his worst at the moment ; nor, again could it be the necessity of loving somebody, for the devotee had lived in the house ten years, and had seen forty birds of almost as many kinds, come and go, without exhibiting any partiality. The parties to this curious affair were, first, the beloved, a male scarlet tanager, whose summer coat was disfigured with patches of the winter dress he was trying to put on, and secondly, the lover, a male English goldfinch, scarcely half his size.

The tanager as perhaps every one knows, is one of our most brilliant birds, bright scarlet with black wings and tail. He is as shy as he is gay, living usually in the woods, and not taking at all kindly to the enforced companionship of mankind. I had long been anxious to make the acquaintance of this retiring bird, partly because I desire to know personally all American birds, and partly because I wanted to watch his change of plumage, for the scarlet uniform is only the marriage dress, and put off at the end of the season. Hence, whenever I saw a tanager in a New York bird store I brought it home, though dealers always warned me that it would not live in confinement. My first attempts were disastrous, certainly. The birds refused to become reconciled, even with all the privileges I gave them, and one after another died, I believe for no other reason than their longing for freedom. Let me say here, that feeling thus, they would have received their liberty, much as I wished to study them, only their plumage was not in condition to fly, and they would go out to certain death. My

hope was to make them contented through the winter, while they put on a new suit of feathers, and open the doors for them in summer.

The subject of this tale and the last of the series, I procured of a dealer who has learned to keep tanagers in good condition, and I never had trouble with this bird's health or spirits. It was not until May that he wished to leave me. When he joined the circle in the room he had just thoroughly learned that a cage was a place he could not get out of, and he had ceased to try. The first morning when his neighbors came out of their cages he was as much astonished as if he had never seen birds out of a bird store. He stretched up and looked at them with the greatest interest. When one or two began to splash in the large shallow bathing dishes on the table, he was much excited, and plainly desired to join them. I opened his door and placed in it a long perch leading to freedom. For some time he did not come out, and when he did, the sudden liberty drove out of his head all thoughts of a bath. When he flew, he aimed straight for the trees outside of the window, and of course came violently against the glass.

This experience all house birds have to go through and it is sometimes several days before they learn the nature of glass. The tanager learned his lesson more quickly. He fell to the floor at first, from the shock, but in a few moments recovered himself and returned, this time alighting on the top of the lower sash and proceeding to examine the strange substance through which he could see, but could not go. He gently tapped the glass with his beak, the whole length of the window, passing back and forth several times till satisfied. Turning at last from that, he cast his eye around for another exit, and settled on the white ceiling as the most likely place. Then he flew all about the room close to the ceiling, touched it now and then with his beak, and finding it also impassable, he came down to the window again. He had not the least curiosity about the room, and was not at all afraid of me. The world outside the windows and his cage when he was hungry, were all that he cared for at present—except the bath.

The goldfinch was bathing the second time he came out

and he went directly to the table, and perched on the side of the dish. Now the one thing the little fellow most delighted in was his morning bath, and he at once resented the intrusion of the stranger. He flew at him with open beak and lifted wings, scolding vigorously, in fact gave him so hostile a reception that he quickly retired to the top of a cage, where he stood a long time. Afterward also, the goldfinch showed so strong a determination that the intruder should not enjoy his beloved bath, that at last I had to keep him in his cage while the new-comer had a chance at the water.

This did not go on long, however, for very soon the tanager deliberately gave up the world of the bird-room, and insisted on remaining in his cage. In vain was his door set open with the others, in vain did the birds splash and spatter the water, he would not come out, though he did not mope or lose his appetite. In truth it seemed merely as if he scorned the advantages offered; if he could not go out free into the trees, he would as lief stay in his cage—and he did. This is a not uncommon habit of cage birds. They often need to be driven or coaxed out. Having once learned that the cage is home with all its comforts and conveniences, they prefer to be there.

The tanager was always a very shy bird; he did not like to be looked at. If he could manage it, he would never eat while any one saw him. Often when I put a bit of apple or a meat-worm in his cage, he stood and looked at it and at me, but did not move till I turned away, or walked out of his sight, when he instantly pounced upon it as if starved. To make him altogether happy I put a screen around one corner of his cage, behind which were his dishes, and after that it was very droll to see him crouch behind that and eat, every moment or two stretching up to glance over the top and see if I had moved. If I stirred as if about to leave my chair he at once whisked to the upper perch as if he had been caught in a crime.

The first I noticed of the goldfinch's friendliness to him, was after he had lived with us five or six months.

This small bird, in a room of larger ones, was somewhat driven about. I do not mean hurt, but if any one wanted a certain perch he did not hesitate to take it, even if it were already occupied by so little a fellow. He soon learned that near the tanager he was not often molested, and he began first to frequent the perch that ran out of the cage—the doorstep in fact. Finding that he was not disturbed he soon moved his quarters just inside the door. Most birds quickly resent the intrusion of another into their cage, but the tanager never did. So long as he was left alone on his favorite upper perches he did not care who went in below. This being the case, after a while the goldfinch ventured upon the middle perch. Still he was not noticed; but presuming on the friendly attitude of his host, he one day hopped upon the perch beside him. This was a step too far; the house owner turned an open beak toward him, and in unmistakable tones told him to leave—which he at once did, of course.

This boundary made by the tanager was never changed, but in the rest of the cage the goldfinch made himself at home and at once assumed the position of protector. Seeing that the owner did not,—and sure it was somebody's duty,—he began to guard the door, warning away any one who wished to enter, with harsh scolding, fluttering of wings, and swelling up of his little body amusing to see. The boldest bird in the room was awed by these demonstrations coming from the inside as though the cage were his own. The tanager looked on all this with some interest, but expressed no more gratitude at being protected than he had resentment at being driven from the bath.

Soon I noticed a certain chattering talk from the small bird that he had never indulged in excepting to another of his kind—his companion when he first came to me. It was very low, but almost continuous, and was plainly addressed to the tanager. As his friendliness progressed, he found the lower perch too far from his charmer, and not being allowed to sit beside him he took to clinging upon the outside of the cage as near to the tanager's usual seat as he could get. The only perching place he had there was a band of tin that held the wires steady, but in spite of what must have been the discomfort of the position, there he hung by the hour, talking, calling, and looking at his idol within. He left the spot only to eat and bathe, and I think if the cage had been supplied with seed he would never have gone at all. When the bird inside hopped to the perch at the other end of the cage, which was the extent of his wanderings, the finch at once followed on the outside, always placing himself as near as possible. It was really touching, to all but the object of it, who took it in the most indifferent way. When the tanager went down to eat, his escort accompanied him as far as the door perch, where he stood and looked on earnestly, ready to return to his old place the moment the luncheon was finished.

On the rare occasions that the self-elected hermit went out, the goldfinch displayed great concern, evidently preferring to have his favorite at home where he could defend him. He flew uneasily across from the cage to his side, then back, as if to show him the way. He also desired to watch the empty house, to preserve it from intrusion, but was constantly divided between his duties of special porter, and body-guard. But he did his best, even then; he followed the wanderer. If the tanager went to a perch the goldfinch at once alighted on the same, about a foot away and sidled up as near as he was allowed. He was free to come within about three inches, but nearer he was driven off, so the little fellow placed himself at this distance and then stayed patiently as long as his friend remained. If the latter had been more responsive, I believe the goldfinch would have nestled up against him.

The tanager sometimes strayed into a strange cage, and then the anxious guard followed to the steps and even within, talking earnestly, and no doubt pointing out the danger, yet if the owner unexpectedly appeared he met him at the threshold and fiercely defended the door against the proprietor himself. Occasionally the erratic recluse went to the floor—a place never visited by his little attendant, whose trouble was almost painful to see. He at once placed himself on the lowest perch, stretched out and looked over, following every movement with his eyes, in silence as though the danger was too great to allow conversation, and when his charge returned to a perch, he uttered a loud and joyous call as though some peril had been escaped.

The stanch little friend had many chances to show his loyalty. The other birds in the room were not slow to take advantage of one who never defended himself. In particular a Brazilian cardinal, a bold saucy fellow with a scarlet pointed crest and a loud voice, evidently considered the tanager cage common ground, open to every body, until the goldfinch undertook its defense. It was amusing to see the small bird stand just inside, and rage, and puff out, and wave his wings, and fairly drive away the foe. So impertinent was the Brazilian that the finch declared general war upon him, and actually chased his big antagonist around the room and away from his favorite perches, hovering over his head, and flying around it in small circles, trying to peck it, till he flew away defeated, probably because he was too much amazed to think of resisting.

This was not, however, the worst enemy he had to deal with. Next door to the tanager lived a robin, a big, rollicking, fun-loving fellow who considered such a retiring personage fair game. His pleasure was to see that the tanager went out every day, and he made it his business to enforce the regulation he had set up. His tactics were to jump upon the roof of the cage, coming down violently just over the head of the tanager, who, of course, hopped quickly to the other perch. Then the robin began a mad war-dance across the cage, wings held up, tail spread, bill clattering, and altogether looking as full of mischief as any bad boy one ever saw, while the tanager went wild below, flying in a panic back and forth, but not for some time thinking of leaving the cage. The instant this performance began, the little champion was upon him; he alighted at one end of the short tramping ground on the cage, and met his big foe with open beak and every sign of war. The robin simply lowered his head and went for him, and the little bird had to fly. He pluckily returned at once to the other end and faced him again.

When I saw that the goldfinch alone was not able to keep the robin away, I provided the cage with a roof of paper, which is usually a perfect protection since birds dislike the rustle. It did not dismay this naughty fellow, however; on the contrary it gave an added zest, because of that very quality. He pranced across it in glee, making a great noise, and when the violence of his movements pushed it aside, he peered down on the tanager who stood on the floor panting. The sight pleased him, and he resumed his pranks; he lifted the handle of the cage and let it drop with a clatter, he jerked off bits of paper and dropped them into the cage, and in every way showed a very mischievous spirit. Meanwhile, all through the confusion the goldfinch scolded furiously, flying around to get a peck at him, and in every way challenging him to fight. Occasionally when he became too troublesome the robin turned and snapped his beak at him, but did not choose to leave the bigger game.

When at last he tired of his fun, or was driven away, the goldfinch flew to the side of the cage where the frightened tanager had taken refuge, though there was not even a strip of tin to hold on, uttered his loud cheerful call several times, plainly congratulating and re-assuring him, and telling him all was safe; and here he clung with difficulty to the upright wires, all the time slipping down, till the tanager went to the upper regions again. Every time the robin so much as flew past, the tireless little fellow rushed out at him, scolding. When at last the robin went into his own cage,

and the tanager returned to his usual place, the goldfinch at once assumed his uncomfortable perch, and sang a loud sweet song, wriggling his body from side to side, and expressing triumph and delight in a remarkable way.

The approach of spring made a change in the tanager. He had not so completely given up the world as it appeared. He began to chirp, to call, and at last to sing. He was still so shy he went down behind his screen to sing, but sing he must and did. Now, too, he began to resent the attentions of his admirer, occasionally giving the poor little toes a nip as they clung to the tin band near his seat. He also went out now, and turned an open beak on his friend. From simply enduring him, he suddenly began offensive operations against him. Poor little lover! an ungrateful peck did not drive him away, it simply made him move a little farther off, and stopped his gentle twittering talk awhile. But the tanager grew more and more belligerent. He came out every day, took soaking baths, and returned to his examination of the windows, for the trees were green outside, and plainly he longed to be on them. He stood and looked out, and called, and held his wings up level with his back, fluttering them gently.

All this time the devotion of the little one never changed, though it was so badly received. When the tanager turned savagely and gave his faithful friend a severe peck, instead of resenting it, the hurt bird flew to another perch where he stood a long time uttering occasionally a low, plaintive call, as if of reproach, all his cheerfulness gone, a melancholy sight indeed. I waited only for warm days to set free the tanager, and at last they came. Early in June the bird was put into a traveling cage, carried into the country, where a lovely bit of woods and a pretty lake ensured a good living, and the absence of sparrows made it safe for a bird that had been caged. Then the door was opened and he instantly flew out of sight.

The bird left at home seemed a little lost for a few days, moped about, often visited the empty cage, but in a short time entirely abandoned it, and evidently looked no more for his friend. But he is changed too: not quite so gay as before; not so much singing; and not a word of the soft chattering talk we heard so constantly while his beloved friend was here.

Can I do better than end—as I began—with Emerson: "Why should I cumber myself with regrets that the receiver is not capacious! It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet."

A RIDE ACROSS THE BALKAN MOUNTAINS.

BY BISHOP JOHN F. HURST, LL. D.

Two ways were open for me by which to reach Constantinople. One was to leave Rustchuk, where I had been staying some days, by the railway for Varna, on the Black Sea, and there take the steamer for the Bosphorus and Constantinople. This, however, would have involved lying five days in quarantine outside the harbor. There was not the slightest need for the quarantine prohibition in Constantinople on vessels arriving from the interior, such as along the Danube and from the ports around the Black Sea. I heard how it all came about: A traveler came from Marseilles where the cholera prevailed, through Vienna, Belgrade, and Varna, to Constantinople. This was enough. There was no case of cholera, or any thing that had the remotest re-

semblance to it. But any annoyance caused to Russia or Russian traffic, was quite sufficient, in the Turks' eyes, to justify quarantine. The other way open to me was to hire a carriage, take the ancient highway from the Danube over the Shipka Pass, and pass through the old capital, Tirnova, and coming out at Philippopolis, in Eastern Roumelia. Thence, by rail, to Constantinople was only a matter of two days. As the Varna boats only went twice a week at best, and I would be losing two days at the very start by having to wait for one, I chose the route across the Balkan Mountains.

The road leads upon high ground at once, and you soon gain a fine view of many a great curve of the Danube.

Across the river, and miles upward, you easily see Giurgevo, a town which has lately grown to large proportions, for nearly all the passengers and merchandise from Bucharest to Constantinople pass through it. I have no pleasant recollection of this town for when I returned from Bucharest to the Danube I was compelled to spend the night in Giurgevo, and undergo such discomforts in my lodging place as I had seldom found in the Danubian principalities. Perhaps, however, it was to this very fact that I owed my early awaking just in time to take the boat, at five in the morning, for Rustchuk, for a timely start across Bulgaria. The inn-keeper made all good promises that I should be aroused, but that was the last I saw of him. Instead of paying him my bill on retiring, I should have waited until the morning, and then have made the condition that he or one of his servants should awaken me.

Rustchuk, which I was now fast losing sight of, is one of the largest places in Bulgaria. It owes its importance to its position on the Danube, and is yearly becoming a more important factor in the trade of the new principality. It has a population of about forty thousand, and its Turkish inhabitants, who, in those days when the place was a part of Turkey, largely predominated, possess fifteen mosques. But the Turks are now leaving, and a number of the mosques are already dilapidated. The finest private house in Rustchuk is owned by a Greek, who has made his fortune by the sale of salt, in Roumania. His handsome house, built in French style, is just beside the new palace of the late Prince, Alexander I. A sudden turn in our road concealed Rustchuk from our view, and we saw it no more, though every now and then the ascent of another hill broadened the survey of the Danube and its magnificent valley, until we could see a vast expanse of country, on both the Bulgarian side and far out into the fields of old Moldavia and Wallachia.

The first foot-hills are always enough to tell one what kind of horses are to draw him across a range of mountains. Our driver was a Greek, and the carriage was as good as could reasonably be expected, though we had not gone a full day before I discovered a suspicious lean to the rear spring. On a close examination I found that it was wrapped in a thin rope. Not caring to go farther, but assuming that it was broken, I resigned myself to the hope that the other spring would hold its own. But the horses began to show signs of weariness, and this before our day's journey was fully made. In fact, before we reached the little khan in which I was to spend the night I was compelled to feel that my driver was as tricky a Greek as ever cracked a whip or smoked a cigarette; that he could cover a given number of minutes with as many falsehoods as any Thessalian who ever saw the morning sunlight strike the snows on the peak of grand Olympus; that his four horses had either been overdriven before we started, or that nature had denied them good going qualities at a much earlier date; and that we should be fortunate in the extreme if we could reach Philippopolis in four full days from the time of leaving Rustchuk. But this was no time to mend a bargain, and as to making a change of horses or getting another wagon, that was simply out of the question.

Bjela was the first place where I came in direct contact with the track of the Russian army, in its march across Bulgaria, and its victorious campaign against Turkey for the liberation of Bulgaria, in 1877. On the Danube, near Sistova, one sees the place where they crossed the river, for a monument is erected on the river bank, in commemoration of the passage. But in Bjela the converging corps met, and that place became the Emperor Alexander II.'s head-

quarters for seven weeks. It is a brisk village, and for many years seemed to be in a feudal relation to a wealthy Turk, who owned the most of the property and could require the labor of the people. His house was a large dwelling, or, rather, a group of dwellings, with a high wall surrounding them all. This is not only the Turkish, but also the Bulgarian fashion of a house. There may be a front and a rear gate. But there must be the court, with ample room for garden, and walks, and trees, and there must be no liberties taken in entering the premises. Once at the gate-sill, the proprietor is supreme master. Not even the sultan can enter a private house without the consent of the occupant and owner. This being the best place for a home in Bjela, the emperor chose it for his headquarters. Since then the premises have been permitted to go into decay—the only revenge the disgruntled Turk could take for the desecration of his home by a Russian czar. The Turk has, of course, left the town, and has probably made his home somewhere nearer Constantinople, but an effort is being made to buy his property, and convert it into a school, and erect a handsome building on it for that purpose. But so far there has been no success in the negotiations. It is a significant fact, and full of hope for the future of Bulgaria, that the particular direction which all commemorative gifts are now taking in the principality, and which many benefactions are assuming, is new schools. The buildings are of stone. They are constructed with no little taste, and with every convenience, and education is made compulsory throughout the principality.

There are many pleasing traditions of the czar's stay in Bjela. He paid special attention to the poor. He observed the festal days of the Greek calendar, and had the people come together to celebrate them. He provided sports for the entire population, and in every way took care that they enjoyed themselves during the time that the place served as his headquarters.

Just after leaving Bjela we crossed the Yantra River, by a magnificent stone bridge, which a villager, belonging to Bjela, designed and constructed. It is a piece of very fine masonry, and as good a triumph of engineering as I met with in the principality. I was told that the young villager had no special training in the science, but that he conceived the idea of providing his town with a fine bridge, which should defy the Yantra in its wildest ravings in the spring-time, and that his townsmen trusted him, and gave him the contract. The result has more than justified their confidence. Shortly after crossing the river, I saw a number of monuments, erected to Russian officers, who fell at that place. It was one of the pivotal positions, on the banks of the Yantra, which decided the whole war, and the Russians held it in spite of the furious onset of the Turks.

I stopped for the night at a little khan by the roadside. It was as miserable a place as could well be devised, if both food and lodgings are considered. I made the night as short as possible, however, by getting Filippo to harness his horses and be off before the sun was well up. I was very anxious to see Nicopolis, an ancient Roman city, which has become so complete a ruin that only a few arches remain above ground. But to see it would require a detour through ploughed fields, of an hour or two, until we reached the bank of the Rusica. Yet to miss it would be a serious disappointment, and I resolved to take the risk of a breakdown, without much hope of an early adjustment, sooner than keep to the beaten road and lose my rare chance. I secured a good guide from the khan where I had spent the night, and in due time came in sight of the mounds which told the story of the ruined city.

Trajan, more than any Roman emperor, endeavored to carry Roman civilization north of the Danube, and especially among the ruder and more barbarous tribes that hugged both banks of that river. He carried something more than Roman civilization, however, for he specially set apart Dacia as the Botany Bay of his region, and peopled the entire province which comes down to our day as Roumania, with the outlaws and convicts of every part of the empire. Trajan conquered immense regions of country, both south and north of the Danube, and when affairs became quiet, and he wished to preserve a memorial of his triumphs, he built this city of Nicopolis, the city of conquest, to be a memorial of the progress of his eagles in a new direction.

We came in sight of a large village on the bank of the Rusica, which is largely built of the stone from the ruins of Nicopolis. I saw great tumuli, or mounds, on every hand, and, by following the upward bend of the river, they increased in number and size. I counted thirty in sight at one time. On reaching the site of the ancient forum the ruins were more easily discernible, and the fragments of pillars and arches were of such size and finish as to give evidence of the splendor of the ancient city. I lingered longer here than prudence would have dictated, and paid the penalty by late lodgings at night. The buildings of Nicopolis were reared by Roman hands. It is the same cement that one finds in the best structures of the Julian period, while the bricks show the same general quality. I picked up one brick over which a dog had walked and left his clear footprints, when the clay had just left the mold, and the fire had not touched it. Some very remarkable statues have from time to time been discovered among the ruins of Nicopolis, and have been removed to Tirnova. During the few hours I stopped there I was fortunate enough to find some of them in front of the government building, where the post-office now is.

What I was now fearing actually came to pass. We found no bridge over the Rusica, and, to gain the main road, which we had left for the detour to Nicopolis, it was necessary to ford the river. The ford was new to both Filippo and his horses, but they went down to the bank with something of a rush, and before we had reached the middle of the stream the horses stood as still as a broken arch of Nicopolis itself. The carriage had struck against a bowlder, and the horses refused to budge. A little good management on Filippo's part would have put them in motion again. But for this he was unequal. The horses were nearer the bank we had left than the one we wished to reach, and they wheeled suddenly around, and began to strike for the nearest bank. But Filippo succeeded in holding them still a moment, until they became a little calmer, and then the Turkish guide, who was on horseback, rode in front of them, when they quietly followed him to the farther bank.

The next interesting city on the route across the Balkans, is Tirnova. We could see from a great distance the mountain buttresses between which the Yantra has worked its way, and at whose base, clinging to both sides of the river, the old capital of Bulgaria is situated. We had no sooner left the plains and begun the gentle ascent into Tirnova, than the fresh air of the Balkan uplands made me forget the inconveniences of the lodging place of the night before, and the uncertainty as to when we should reach Philippopolis, in consequence of the dilapidated condition of Filippo's horses. The Yantra, at Tirnova, makes many turns and sudden curves. It comes back on its own course several times, and, from one of the higher points, it has all the appearance of a tangled thread. This is the heart of the Bul-

garia of the elder days, where powerful kings ruled in splendid palaces in the city of the mountains, and then from Belgrade and the lower Danube across to the Bosphorus their rule was law. This was long before Russia had emerged from its provincial character, and before Bulgaria had communicated to that small country the old Slavic tongue, which underlies both the Russian and the Bulgarian languages of these times. Here the Bulgarian patriarch had his seat, and directed the affairs of the national church, when no sultan had as yet dared to build a fort on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, or dreamed of building a palace in Adrianople, with a view to the final conquest of Constantinople.

I visited all the principal churches of Tirnova, and everywhere saw clear proof of their former splendor, before the Bulgarian was compelled to be hewer of wood and drawer of water to the Turk. In some of these venerable structures one finds great and costly marble pillars, which were brought from Greece or some greater distance, on which had been inscribed words, amounting almost to volumes, from floor to ceiling. This was in ancient Slavic. Some of these inscriptions were scraped off when the Greek period began, and over the new surface lengthy Greek inscriptions were recorded. This was in the time when Bulgaria was in its splendor, and the classic period succeeded to the old primitive Slavic. Then came the Turkish conquest, when the sultans ruled with a rod of iron, and took away the churches of the whole Byzantine empire. But it is a singular fact that the Bulgarian church did preserve its authority until 1767. Then, however, the Turks converted the churches into mosques. Of course, the Greek inscriptions had to give way, and the paintings on the walls, with all the symbolism of the early Christian art in this remote region, were despoiled of their beauty by the Moslem destroyer. These mosques are now handed over again to the Greek worship.

But all these churches are in a state of dilapidation. The one in which the archbishop has his seat, and within whose court he lives, is little better than a ruin. About him are the fragments of the former splendor of his place of worship, such as broken pillars, mutilated capitals, and other fragmentary reminders of the better days. In a rear room of another church I found a vast accumulation of public documents, such as court records, police blanks, and other papers which were used by the Turkish officials before the war which made Bulgaria independent. They are thrown together in an immense pile, and are ever secretly waiting for a good opportunity to become food for a good bonfire at the hands of the Greek priests, who want nothing better to burn than these paper memorials of their ten centuries of bondage.

The most interesting point for overlooking Tirnova is Baldwin's Tower. The weather was intensely hot, though the autumn frosts had already given a rich and varied coloring to the forests along the Balkan range, and it was with no little effort that I scaled the hill, and walked along its crown to the picturesque tower. It is simply a ruined wall, and only memorable as the place where tradition locates the imprisonment and death of Baldwin and his fellow crusaders who were defeated and captured by Joance, the Bulgarian king, in 1205, at the battle of Adrianople.

The khan in Tirnova—where we stopped for dinner—is one of the institutions of the city. It gives little promise of a fair meal on entering its great gateway. We go into a court, where stages of all ages and sizes and states of decrepitude are placed about, while harness, liberally ornamented with brass mountings, hangs about on many pegs. I went

through this court, and then ascended the stairway to the dining hall and guest rooms. But to reach them I had to pass through the kitchen, and then a hall where fresh meats were suspended, and finally to two large rooms where guests were seated at small tables. From one of these rooms a door opened upon the flat roof of another house, where we could go and sit, and drop pebbles down into the playful Yantra below, and look off upon this wonderful city of thirty thousand, on its dozen hills. Our meal was good, well served, and fired with red pepper—as was the case with most of the meals in my passage across the Balkans.

Filippo had seen for himself that his four horses were rapidly breaking down, and at the khan he found a Turk who was also driving over the mountains, and he bargained with him to have us ride with the Turk and have the bag-

(To be concluded.)

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

Few, if any, intelligent citizens of the United States doubt that the saloon is a moral, social, and political blight on our civilization. Since the days of the prophets the intemperate use of strong drink has been denounced as a moral evil by statesmen, sages, and philosophers. In later days the traffic in intoxicating liquor has been investigated from physiological and economic stand-points, and more recently the attention of thinking men has been drawn to the political power of the saloon and its contaminating influence on the ballot box.

In a republic which is based on manhood suffrage, the saloon becomes a dangerous factor in political life. The occupation of the saloon-keepers appears to destroy all patriotism. Their political actions are entirely governed by selfish motives. Their political influence over the patrons of their bars is great and the practical politicians in the large cities look on the saloons located amidst the struggling poor as a stronger ally in an election than either press or pulpit. We have known politicians to be the owners of several saloons for the strength it would give them in an election. And in the smaller cities and towns of our country the services of the saloon-keeper are purchased by one or more of the local candidates at every election. In certain cities the political life of the municipality is in the saloon, and numerous cities of the United States are never without representatives of the liquor interest in their municipal governments. So great is the power of the saloon in an election, and so much is the saloon-keeper's influence sought by the politicians that high rents are paid for places to keep bars, with the seldom disappointed expectation that the outlay will be returned by the sale of votes and the consequent degradation of American citizenship.

An unbiased discussion of the saloon question, and a thorough investigation into the political methods of the saloon-keeper, we believe will lead the American people to find a way to abolish an evil which has made good municipal government almost impossible in many cities of the Union and actually threatens the perpetuity of free government. Our readers will find below a collection of letters written for *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* discussing the saloon in politics. Future issues of the magazine will take up in similar manner other features of the saloon question.

1. From Bishop Potter of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

In asking my opinion as to "the effect of the saloon in politics in the United States", I presume you use the word

gauge remain with the former conveyance. This was very satisfactory, as it heightened the prospect of quicker travel and my reaching Constantinople in time to plan for my voyage to India early in November. Before leaving Tirnova I went to the Government Hall where the new constitution was enacted. It must have been an impressive scene to behold the representatives of this newly redeemed people, meeting together after long centuries of Turkish despotism, and enacting their own first laws, and all this in the capital of their fathers, when Bulgaria was mistress from Sarmatia down to Greece, and the Turk had not yet lifted his head above the sands of the desert. It was the Independence Hall of the new Bulgaria, and will forever be associated in the Bulgarian mind, with its national existence.

"saloon" as an equation for the whole traffic for which it stands. The saloon, *per se*, has something, undoubtedly, to say for itself, so long as such a thing as the sale of liquor as a beverage is a legitimate business, having the sanction of the law like any other. If liquor may be sold to the rich in bulk, it may surely be sold to the poor by the glass. How this may be regulated, is undoubtedly a legitimate question in politics, just as questions of revenue, import and export duties, and the like, have a rightful place there.

But the relation of the drink traffic, in the large, to politics is a much larger, as it is certainly a pre eminently important, question. The drink traffic represents, to-day so enormous a pecuniary interest, it appeals, and with such tremendous effect, to the lowest appetites, and it threatens so directly and so seriously the best interests of the state, that its power to influence politics for evil seems to me one of the most dangerous, if not the most dangerous, of the evil forces in our day and land.

It has learned the efficacy of thorough organization. It is absolutely unscrupulous in the use of money, and in posing as the advocate of "personal liberty", it cleverly steals the livery of heaven in which to serve the devil. Already, it owns legislators; unless resisted, it will own legislatures; and a traffic which destroys homes, degrades manhood, multiplies criminals, crowds our jails and alms-houses, is on the road to such a position of unrestricted power that already in great cities, we see it attempting to dictate the policy of parties and to name our judges, sheriffs, district attorneys, and all others who make or administer the laws.

To undertake to estimate the effects, moral, social, and political of such a condition of things, is a task larger than your limits permit to me. But the wide-spread apathy in regard to the whole matter may well fill us with alarm. Not until the people are aroused to the danger that threatens them,—not until they have resolved that no man tainted by participation in this traffic can be tolerated in any public office (however innocent individuals may be of any corrupt fellowship with those who make their laws as to liquor selling by buying the law-makers), can we hope that our common peril may be averted. We are told that the country wants in politics a new and living issue. Well, here it is; vital, urgent, and of a consequence second to none which, in the history of the land, has stirred men's deepest convictions.

H. C. POTTER.

New York City.

2. From Dr. A. A. Livermore, President of Unitarian Theological Seminary.

The saloon, *salon*, in French usage meant something very different from what it has of late years come to mean in our country. There it was the gilded, elegant apartment, or hall, in which the gay clubs of society met and the leading wits and ladies of the metropolis held their famous *conversations*.

But the saloon in America has fallen into a bad sense. It stands for the grog-shop, the low, disreputable haunt of the victims of alcohol. Its wit is low slang, its stimulus bad liquors, and its patrons the children of Bacchus. The man without a home, or whose home is repulsive, may think he finds in its rough and ready sociability a comfortable resort, but its steps lead down to infamy and death. It stands next to the brothel on the right hand, and the gambling hell on the left, and gives to both a large share of their fatal fascination. The saloon can not be said to have one redeeming feature about it. It helps no cause of human virtue or happiness, but is the enemy of God and man. It is evil, and only evil, and that continually. With these characteristics we may well predict what would be its effects upon the politics of our country.

1. Its first effect is to *sophisticate* men's minds as to what constitutes *true freedom*. Under the pretense of resisting what are falsely called *sumptuary laws*, it boasts of maintaining the liberty of the citizen, when it really enslaves its victims to a worse tyranny than that of Algiers. The saloon fights against the wholesome laws of restraint that insure true liberty, and binds its deadly chains of habit around its victims from which only death can free them.

2. The saloon debauches politics by arraying the dregs of society against social order, temperance, sobriety, and morality. In the lowest wards of our great cities the saloon is often made the voting station of the precinct where pot-house politicians, ballot stuffers, and pugilists do mostly congregate, hold high revelry, and ply their infernal arts. It is as much as the life of a respectable citizen is worth to cast an honest vote against the dictation of this desperate band of terrorists. The saloon is the Ku-Klux Klan of the North, and an equally deadly foe to the purity and freedom of the ballot.

3. The saloon instinctively allies itself with *whatever other mischievous element* rules the hour. Be it slavery of old in the South, treason in the Civil War, anarchy in Chicago, socialism, communism, nihilism, atheism, irreligion,—wherever the serpent raises his head, the saloon takes his part.

4. The saloon courts the *foreign element* in our politics, and divides our political house against itself. In fact it is essentially a foreign institution, the whisky shop of Ireland and the beer house of London and Berlin, imported into America, and having no natural roots in our soil. Go into any town or city and see who are the patrons of the saloon, and we shall see that it is hatching a dangerous class to true American ideas and institutions.

5. The saloon as a factor in politics in the United States is busy in *corrupting the two great parties, Republican and Democratic*, by passing the word along the liquor lines, that this or that man on which ever side, who favors free whisky, shall have the support of the retailers and wholesalers of spirituous drinks. The saloon is the great briber in the political field, and it draws in its retinue an immense army of drinkers, dealers, manufacturers, bar tenders, draymen, agents, clerks, landlords, hotel keepers, who profit by the stupendous iniquity.

C-jan

Therefore, the saloon must go. Else morals, liberty, politics, religion, law, and order will go from bad to worse. But the saloon will, shall, and must go.

A. A. LIVERMORE.

Meadville, Pa.

3. From the Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Columbus, O.

It is hardly too much to say that in the politics of the state and the municipality, the saloon is the ruling power. It determines, in the majority of cases, who shall be our mayors, and our city councilmen; it dictates the nomination of governors and members of the legislature; it determines what laws and ordinances shall be passed and enforced. The liquor interest, which includes the distillers, the brewers, the keepers of hotels and drinking-places, and the owners of property used for such purposes, constitutes a force to which the average managing politician and the ambitious political candidate are invariably humbly subservient.

The business of the liquor dealers is lucrative; they have plenty of money to spend, and they are shrewd enough to spend it freely; they will not allow any legal burdens or restrictions to be placed upon their business, if they can help it. The political manager is continually made to feel the pressure of this tremendous money power; it besets him behind and before and lays its hand upon him; from its presence he can not escape. The liquor dealers are but a small fraction of the community, but so determined and insistent are they that they control, to a great extent, the policy of both the great political parties. The word of one liquor seller has more weight with the average political manager than the word of five respectable merchants or of ten ministers or teachers.

In Ohio, during the last winter, the Republicans had a clear majority in the Legislature; but they were controlled by the representatives from Cincinnati, and the members from Cincinnati were perfectly subservient to the liquor interest. Probably five-sixths of the Republican voters throughout the state were strongly in favor of a local option law which should apply to counties or townships; probably the Republican members of the Legislature knew it; but they deliberately turned their backs on the great majority of their respectable constituents and prostrated themselves before that imperious oligarchy which holds its court in the saloon. When the Republicans behave in this fashion what can be expected of the Democrats?

This is only a sample of the thoroughness with which the liquor interest dominates our politics. In most of our cities the majority of our municipal officers are either liquor sellers, or else closely affiliated with the liquor power. If any other single business interest,—the iron business, the railroad business, the dry goods business,—undertook to control our government, we would rise up and put it down with a heavy hand; but the rum-seller rules us, year after year, and we bow to the yoke, and smile serenely as they heap on our shoulders the burdens of taxation and the loads of degradation.

For this abject vassalage to the liquor oligarchy there are two reasons,—the eagerness to get gain, and the madness of partisanship. Our respectable citizens are too busy to attend to their political duties; and they are generally unwilling, for business reasons, to incur the hostility of the saloon keepers. Many of them, too, are so strenuous in their devotion to party that they are ready to deliver the

government bound into the hands of the liquor sellers for the sake of political victory. A deeper sense of the duties of citizenship, and a clearer view of party obligations would quickly bring to an end the domination of the saloon in politics.

Columbus, O.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

4. *From the Hon. William Windom, ex-Secretary of United States Treasury.*

In compliance with your request to express my opinion of "the effect of the saloon in politics in the United States", I shall confine myself to the "effect" without attempting to indicate a remedy.

In my judgment there is no other evil in our politics comparable with the liquor power. It is to-day a menace to the republic, little less grave than was slavery thirty years ago. It is the deadly foe to all that is sacred in free institutions. It destroys the home, and desecrates the ballot. It is the chief cause, and instrument, of political corruption. Its shameless boast of controlling elections and legislatures, by the use of money, is without a parallel in criminal effrontery. It breeds ignorance and crime for pay. It saps the foundations of public confidence, and destroys respect for law, by polluting the sources of political power. It is the arch enemy of intelligence, purity, morality, and social order. It is the chief cause and promoter of poverty, want, and misery, with the discontent, disorder, and crime which result. It costs the country in taxation, waste of money, property, and productive power, as much to support our two hundred thousand saloons, as it did to support the Union Army. Their fatal weapons are as destructive of American life as were the shot and shell of both armies during the Rebellion. They are the nurseries, the council chambers, and the inspiration of disorder, lawlessness, and anarchy.

To maintain the right to get money, by the wholesale destruction of life and property, they corrupt the ballot, bribe legislatures, and tamper with justice. This is a faint portrait of the power which has entered our politics, raised the black flag, and proclaimed that all who will not swear allegiance to it, shall politically perish.

W. WINDOM.

Washington, D. C.

5. *From A. H. Colquitt, United States Senator from Georgia.*

You ask me to give you my opinion of "the effect of the saloon in politics in the United States."

I am not sure of your meaning in the phraseology you employ in this query. If you wish to know of me what is the comparative amount either of influence or votes which the two great parties will control or disburse by the agency of the saloons as by extreme courtesy we call them, I must frankly tell you I have no idea about it, or any reliable means of ascertaining the information. But if I assume you are speaking in the popular acceptation of the phrase, "effect of the saloon in politics" I am prepared to say the effect is evil and evil continually.

In the very first place, is it presumable that such a grossly sensual agency will find any affinities in things noble and of good report? As we find the examples before our eyes everywhere and at all times, the appeals of the whisky in-

fluence are directed to the worst parts of our constituency.

The bitterly malign power of the saloon has made this class what it is, and it is the pleasure and interest of the "saloon" to keep it at its degraded estate. Bribery is at all times a vile and destructive agency and utterly intolerable. But in some of its aspects it may be only comparatively detestable. You may bribe a man with gold, or honors, or office, and we pass this form of the crime with more or less reprobation. But to influence the voter by holding to his lips the cup of drunkenness is beyond comparison the lowest of all forms of bribery.

Now take into account the power of this seduction when the appetite for strong drink has been established, and we will find that practically it amounts to an absolute ownership of the voter's suffrage. We have no doubt overlooked the wicked power of alcohol as a factor in almost every popular election held in the country. No doubt thousands and tens of thousands of votes are moved and placed here and there just as the whisky seller wills at every important election in the land. What chance is there in such cases for the moral or the political reformer to be heard? What attention will the poor degraded inebriate give to your arguments in favor of great principles underlying our peace and prosperity as a people, when the demon of strong drink intervenes?

The saloon subsidizing any party that will accept its alliance, brings into the fray a fearful power. This has been seen in many of our communities, and in some of our states an oath is exacted of every representative elect to the legislature, that his election has not been secured by either bribery or treating. The discrimination need not have been made as the two things are about the same.

How can this age with all its lights and its amazing responsibilities, longer debate and wrangle over so obvious a fact as that the saloon is one of the most hurtful and abominable of all the degrading influences ravaging society and that this influence must be extinguished. It is bad enough in all conscience to stand by and witness the wrecks of honor, talent, and domestic happiness that it is strewing all over our land; but when we witness the fact that this base power is invading the precincts of the elective franchise, that it is aspiring to make and unmake laws and set up and pull down the men who are to enforce the laws, it behooves every one of us pretending to a love of his race or his country to see to it that the menace of this shocking evil shall be tolerated no longer.

A. H. COLQUITT.

Atlanta, Georgia.

6. *From H. W. Blair, United States Senator from New Hampshire.*

The saloon is a place where the people administer alcoholic poison to themselves, and in most of the states of the Union it is done by authority of law; but whether done by its sanction or in defiance of law the work is the same. The liquor seller and his victim meet harmoniously upon the floor of the saloon and at its bar consummate a business transaction which is suicide on the part of one and murder by the other. But for the saloon, the greatest evils of the liquor traffic would disappear from the land; and if this omnipresent plague spot were wiped out by concurring state and national law, it would destroy the capital and profits of the most lucrative as well as the most infamous pursuit known among men.

The great minds which manage the trade comprehend this fact and, hence, everywhere they convert the saloon, which is frequently owned by heavy, but concealed dealers, into a political institution, and to-day the vast net-work of dens where appetite and avarice administer to these mutual bad tendencies, is wrapped around the political parties of the United States like a shirt of Nessus woven out of red hot wire. Until the power of the saloon is broken the law will uphold the traffic in strong drink, and until the law is changed, and the saloon, instead of being licensed or tolerated by non-enforcement of the law, is thereby prohibited, these clearing houses of sin and despair will continue to be the masters of our political fate so far as the interest of the trade can be affected by legislation, or the action, in any form, of the political power. It is only by the creation of a strong and indignant public opinion against this domination of the liquor trade over the interests of the American people, that the destruction of the saloon can be accomplished. Public opinion, when intelligent, will be right; and when right will cure these cancers in the body politic, no matter if it does hurt.

Some of them will be healed by the poultices of moral suasion; some of them will be cut out by the sharp knife of law. But there will be no such public opinion until the American people are better informed in regard to the nature and extent of the evils of alcoholism and of the remedies which can remove them. The work is as yet hardly begun. The crisis has come, however, and the issue can no longer be evaded. Shall the saloon—I use the term as synonymous with the trade in alcoholic beverages—shall the saloon be licensed and fostered or shall it be prohibited and destroyed? It is a leading political question. In the nature of things it must remain so until it is settled. Every person is on the one or the other side. There is no longer any fence to sit on. The fence has been broken down by the great numbers who climbed upon it and it is now a fight eye to eye, foot to foot, hand to hand,—and to the death.

Read the following facts. Mr. Robert Graham of New York ascertained them with great care:

Preceding the presidential election of 1884, there were held in New York City one thousand two political conventions—congressional, assembly, aldermanic, and primary, etc. In these political meetings the country is governed. Two hundred eighty-three of them were held APART FROM saloons, ninety-six next door to saloons, and six hundred thirty-three in saloons.

HENRY W. BLAIR.

Manchester, New Hampshire.

7. From General Clinton B. Fisk of New Jersey.

The American saloon sits supreme in American politics. It governs in caucus, convention, canvass, and ballot box, and will continue its destructive, defiant reign until an aroused American conscience shall bury it out of sight forever beneath an avalanche of indignant ballots.

Two hundred thousand dram-shops control our politics. Our voting population go to and fro under the hallucination that either the Democratic or Republican party with varying fortunes of success or defeat is in power. It is not so. Neither of these parties dare strike a blow at the saloon hard enough to knock out of its ranks the distillers, brewers, and dram-shop keepers. The Democratic party say boldly, "We won't". The Republican party regretfully say, "We can't". Those who wield the largest political influence in this coun-

try are the "obedient servants" of the Liquor Traffic. In the gilded saloon of the cities or dingy bar-room of the cross-road tavern, under the debasing, brutalizing influence of drink, seventy per cent of our political primaries and caucuses are held. Our pure, bright, well-educated boys on coming to their majority and wishing to take a part in the government of the country, discover that the entrance to politics is through the door of the saloon. Their first lessons in practical politics are received where bad men and corrupt politicians clink their glasses and drink to the success of their party.

Nearly or quite one fourth of our whole population in the United States dwell in our cities. Fifteen millions of our people have their homes where the saloon is most strongly entrenched and wields its malign power in municipal politics, where blatant demagogues manipulate lazy loafers, where the vicious classes make the dram-shop paramount, and where the public conscience sleeps and snores under the soothing cry of "loyalty to party".

"The effect of the saloon on politics in the United States" is evil, and only evil, and that continually. The liquor traffic with its controlling influence in politics, supplemented by its lavish expenditure of money in paying for talent and purchasable votes, by its brutality at the polls, and gross frauds in the count of ballots has recently recorded its shameful victories in four great states. Wisdom and patriotism, temperance and sobriety have been overwhelmed in Michigan, Texas, Tennessee, and Oregon. The saloon journals unblushingly boast of their methods of triumph, and publish their thanks to political parties that have done their shameful bidding. In the beautiful city of Detroit the other day the *Public Leader*, a whisky periodical, exhorted its readers to gratefully remember the friends who had so nobly stood by the saloons in their recent conflict with the "preachers, the women, and cold water fanatics" who were in league against the dram-shops. On the eve of the late election for mayor in that city this *Public Leader* said:

"The liquor dealers would do well to remember their friends on Tuesday, at the city election. Had it not been for the Republican party this spring, Michigan would now be wrestling with the worst form of prohibition."

The champion advocate and defender of the saloon in Texas, after the defeat of the Constitutional amendment said, "God be thanked for the steadfastness of the Democratic party to personal liberty and their consistent hatred of Puritan notions. Jeff Davis and the Democrats have saved us from the dominion of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union."

At a meeting of the Liquor League held in New York not ten days since to consider methods for the defeat of temperance at the approaching local option fight in Atlanta, there was a cool and deliberate calculation made as to the cost of buying 3,000 *nigger votes* to be cast for the "wet ticket". It was thought they would cost a dollar fifty cents each, \$4,500 for the nigger votes, and \$500 extra to the *man* who was to "deliver the goods"—\$5,000 as a thanksgiving offering to the shrine of the drunkards' Moloch at Atlanta was ordered.

How long, Christian citizens of the United States, will any of you consent to be counted among the advocates of the saloon, by registering your votes with the allies and stipendiaries of a system pledged against every agency of a Christian civilization? How long can the republic endure the strain? God hasten the day when the Christian commonwealth and the Christian church shall combine its forces for the protection of American homes against the ravages of the American saloon, and the deepest disgrace of our

great country shall be voted out of existence, and no longer be a factor of our politics.

CLINTON B. FISK.

Seabright, New Jersey.

8. From E. R. A. Seligman—Professor in Columbia College.

In a democracy the standard of legislation will inevitably conform to the general sentiment and general position of the masses. Government is not carried on by a junto of favorites, as in the absolute monarchy; nor by an intelligent minority, in the interests of a class, as in the aristocracy. The legislators of a democracy, while representing the entire public, can never be better or worse than that public itself. Hence, the imperative necessity of preventing the deterioration of that public by the influences of the saloon.

The bane of our politics does not lie in the primary system as a system. In every country the progress of the primary keeps pace with the development of democracy. Germany and Italy still follow the caucus system, as practiced in our country until 1825, simply because democracy has there only begun its march. England and France have

advanced a step farther and are gradually adopting the American method. This growth is inevitable. The primary has come to stay.

Reform of politics in the United States, therefore, does not imply a change in the methods of the primary. It depends on a radical alteration in those who compose our primaries, and decide our elections. This can only be accomplished by raising the general social condition of the masses. Hence the paramount importance of a restriction of the liquor traffic. But prohibition in itself is no panacea. It attacks what is as much a result as a cause of the depraved social condition. The remedy must be a wide one. A better economic state of the masses will in itself weaken the recourse to the saloon. Comprehensive measures, therefore, which tend to raise the general plane of social existence among the masses of our voters can alone successfully check this one crying abuse in our political life—the influence of the saloon. The remedy is not merely prohibition—for the evil is inextricably interwoven with the whole social problem. The political atmosphere depends in the long run on the social conditions.

EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN.

New York City.

GOING TO THE GRAVE IN CHINA.

BY MAURICE PALÉOLOGUE.

Translated for THE CHAUTAUQUAN, from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

It was a winter day in Tientsin. From the high ramparts where I had been taking my customary promenade, a dull plain lay spread out before me, almost limitless. The frozen Pei-Ho stretched its icy, motionless surface between the deserted banks under the pale rays of the sun. At a distance some fishermen were breaking the ice that they might spear the fish, but in the thin atmosphere, and against the indistinct background of the horizon their silhouette-like forms were vague and vapory, although there was neither vapor nor fog in the keen air. The farthest outskirts of the scene were spanned by rows of stunted trees, with their bare branches.

The whole stretch of land was a burial plain which was thickly dotted over with tombs. There were thousands and thousands of them in the fields, upon the banks of the river, along the side of the roads, as far as the eye could reach. The grayish light uniformly enveloping all things was thrown as a veil of sadness—rather as a shroud—over this plain, absolutely bare, whence nothing emerged, where all life was suspended.

It was the most dispiriting impression I had yet received since my arrival upon the soil of the extreme Orient, an impression almost sinister, which caused the thought that if Nature is powerful and beneficent in creating, she is pitiless in her destruction. There was nothing consoling upon which the sight could rest; I could find nothing of that silent poetry, that grand serenity, which is the attraction of the steppes of Russia under their mantle of snow. And involuntarily I thought of the mournful existence in this land in which there is apparently nothing of interest, in which no pleasant memories rise, which ennui, mercenariness, mediocrity, have reduced to a dead level.

Just then from a distance, in the direction of the city I heard the sound of strange music—a slow and measured rhythm, a grave and muffled melody; it was made by flutes, tambourines, and gongs.

A funeral cortege was approaching, and very soon I could

distinguish all the details. At the head of it were two men, wearing felt hats from which drooped long red feathers, and wrapped in black tunics. They scattered along the way scraps of gold and silver paper to appease the evil spirits following along the route.

Behind these came the musicians, then some attendants carrying banners of blue and white silk and parasols of violet satin. After them came other attendants carrying upon hand-barrows, small paper houses, and paper dresses, suitable for the toilet of dolls; small models of carts drawn by pasteboard mules; a little sedan chair; and a whole collection of objects of domestic use, small and painted, such as are made for children's playthings.

The relatives came next in order, in deep mourning costumes, that is to say, clad in long white surplices, and having on their heads black hats stripped of all the usual ornamentations. They wept with loud cries, conformably to the rites of the country, and some of them affected to be nearly overcome with grief.

The coffin which followed was borne by eight valets. It was of enormous dimensions, but without other ornaments than faded hangings of blue silk and gold; for this interment was simple; the dead who was being conducted to her last resting place, had belonged to the middle class of society. All around the bier the Chinese priests, dressed in gray or yellow, and their heads shaved, chanted in a language which they did not understand, prayers and invocations to the divine Buddha.

A line of vehicles draped with white linen finished the procession; in these carriages were the women of the family and the hired mourners, crying and pouring forth lamentations, which contracted into hideous grimaces their faces covered with paint and stiff from the cold. Then they would suddenly grow silent, relaxing to an appearance of perfect indifference, blowing upon their aching fingers, talking in a loud voice from one carriage to another, calling attention

to a flock of sparrow-hawks circling in the upper air. Suddenly they would begin again their cries and their lugubrious grimaces.

Even among the nearest relatives of the deceased there was not one tone of sincere mourning, not one real tear.

The death of her whom they wept over had taken place at least two or three weeks before this time, and grief had had time to calm itself. It is the custom of the empire that the bodies of the dead shall remain unburied for a long time, often several weeks, sometimes even months.

In preparation for the long stay which she was yet to make in the house in which she had lived, the deceased had been laid out with the greatest of care. The rites exacted that she should be most carefully dressed. Hence they put on her finest clothes. They bound up again with linen bandages her poor deformed little feet. A hair dresser had arranged into a high complicated edifice her hair, and decorated it with pins of gold, with butterflies in silver filagree, and with artificial flowers. They used cosmetics upon her emaciated face, placed black patches upon her temples and chin, and touched with red the lips drawn and pinched by her last sickness. They had then enveloped her in two white shrouds and one red one, and placed her in a coffin upon a bed of unslacked lime. Above her were amulets and bits of paper, placed there by friends, in order to pacify the evil spirits.

Having reached a spot where the graves were not so closely set, the cortege stopped; they placed the bier upon the ground, and all present formed a circle around it. Then began the last ceremonies. No grave had been dug, for, according to the usage of the northern part of China, the coffin was simply to be left on the ground and covered over with a thin layer of earth. The thickness of the wood composing it, and the exact adjustment of its parts, prevented the unpleasantness which otherwise would have arisen from such a proceeding.

And now the relatives and the mourning women one by one prostrated themselves before the bier and made to the soul of the dead three salutations, while the priests constantly chanted, but in a louder tone and in quicker time, the same invocations. They burned incense, the perfume from which was wafted on all sides in thin blue clouds.

Suddenly a great flame leaped up into the sky; they had set on fire the paper house and dresses, the paste-board carts, the sedan chair, and the whole collection of objects which they carried upon the hand-barrows. These articles which were thus disappearing in smoke, were to supply all the material needs of the dead in the other world in which she was henceforth to live—the shadowy world where, in order to direct her first steps, she would have need of the tapers which they had just lighted and which were flickering in the wind—the supernatural and invisible world where all the animated beings of our real and tangible world go when the elements which compose them are dissolved.

She was going to begin now a new life, or rather she would continue her old life. There would remain of her bodily form a phantom-like appearance preserving the lineaments of her physical personality and the traits of her moral nature. Henceforth she would weave anew the web of her earthly life. She would experience the emotions, the passions, of old, and would enjoy again all in which she had been interested here. But thoughts and feelings would be sweetened, tempered, and adapted to a sensibility more delicate.

At first she would not abandon the living, she would remain in close relations with them still; they would make offerings to her, and she would pay visits to them. Every

year on the twenty-third day of the twelfth moon, which is All Souls' Day, they would come to cut the grass on her grave and put some shovelfuls of earth upon it, and offer up their prayers for her. She would appear to them as a spirit, they would realize her presence; she would hold with them a long, silent communion, a conversation without voice. They would offer to her a funeral repast, and she would take her place at the feast, be nourished by the aroma of the food, the vapor of the wine, and the perfume of the flowers. Then she would gather the smoke of burning gold and silver paper and silently retire, leaving her hosts to consume the substantial part of the repast.

Now the ceremonies were closing; the priests offered their last prayer; the final salutations were made before the coffin; the workmen threw the earth over it; and the assemblage dispersed.

The sun had just disappeared beneath the horizon, and the moon had risen, gigantic in size, and of the color of blood. That immense funeral plain seemed to stretch out beyond the utmost range of vision; the ice of the river mirrored forth the strangest reflections; and the sight of all those tombs gave rise to such a feeling of sadness, that it seemed not unfitting to think the whole scene a typical representation of the mysterious, supernatural world, where the souls of those thousands of enshrouded bodies were supposed to live again a lethargic and silent life—a fairy-like apparition of that unknown country where float these eternal dreamy existences.

The memory of that winter day came back to me three months later, in the full spring-time, during an excursion to the north of Peking. A large party of us had gone to visit the tombs of the representatives of the Ming dynasty. We had traveled through the midst of apricot trees and lilacs in full blossom, in the early freshness of that April day.

Suddenly from the top of a hill we obtained a glimpse of a large valley spread out before us. The soil was uncultivated and bare, there was no habitation in sight, but here and there at the foot of the hills which formed a circle all around, some plots of verdure relieved the gloom of the landscape, from the midst of which rose imperial edifices, marked by their yellow tile roofs glittering in the sun.

At the entrance of the defile which was the only passage into the valley, a double line of statues of men and animals of gigantic size formed a long and strange avenue, leading to the royal sepulchers. There were among these herculean figures, lions, elephants, camels, and unicorns; warriors, archers, priests, and dignitaries; the forms of all grew more and more dimly outlined in the most distant parts of this Avenue of Statuary.

We directed our steps toward the most majestic and the oldest of the tombs, the one in which had reposed for about five centuries the remains of the emperor, Young-Loh. We traversed one after the other three large yards or courts shaded by venerable plane trees, from the center of each of which rose a large temple, or pavilion, whose columns and steps were of marble and whose roofs were covered with gilded tiles. Everywhere, upon the ridges, the architraves, the balustrades, were represented great dragons with five claws, writhing and grimacing.

Grass was growing through the pavements of the yards, while violets, balsams, and gentians blossomed at intervals around a fountain or along a wall. Warm breezes were blowing, laden with the mingled fragrance of terrestrial emanations of the spring-time, and I know not what far away perfume of a grand historic past.

The dynasty of Ming, which in the fifteenth century had made choice of this valley for the burial place of its dead, was one of the most brilliant which has ever marked the history of China, and during this great epoch, the emperor, Young-Loh, had done his share of prolific labor, and had his share of glory. From the top of the hill on which the pagoda, marking his grave, rests, the great funeral valley lay in full view. While standing here, under the strange influence of the place, I represented to myself the long processions, which one after another in the ages long ago had conducted the Ming emperors to their last homes. The ceremonial, already ancient in their time, and immutably regulated generations before, was exactly the same as that used to-day on the decease of an emperor, and which will remain intact as long as China, where nothing changes, is not revolutionized.

My imaginary cortege was slowly approaching the entrance of the valley. At its head marched the musicians of the palace, and the airs which they played, composed to suit the cabalistic rites, evoked sinister visions. To mark the time the leaders used staffs ornamented with white plumes, or lances from which depended the tails of leopards.

Next in order came the troops of the guard, and following them, as the fairy-like caravan of an Arabian tale, was an interminable line of horses and camels with harnesses of white leather and caparisons of red silk trimmed with sable fur; they carried upon their pack-saddles boxes made of camphor-wood and cedar, and filled with clothing and jewels, bottles of perfumes, baskets of provisions, sedan chairs upholstered with cloth of gold, parasols, and banners of brocaded satin, arms, bows and arrows, fine saddles and gilded stirrups, movable tents, and all the equipages of the hunt—in a word every thing which (borne heavenward in clouds of smoke) could be needed in the other life to add to the comfort and happiness of the defunct emperor.

But other music now falls upon the ear, and the new son of heaven (as the emperor is called) appears under his canopy, surrounded by the princes of the blood and an army of attendants.

Then comes the imperial bier, carried with great difficulty by eighty men, so heavy is it made with ornaments and hangings, and with the thickness of the ebony wood covered with carvings.

Other biers follow, less heavy, less elaborate. They enclose the remains of the wives or concubines who have put themselves to death in order not to survive in the disgrace of widowhood, and to serve their lord and master in the next world as they did in this. Thus did always, at the

death of an emperor, the Chinese women whom he had loved or distinguished; thus did, scarcely ten years ago, the empress Aluteh, the widow of the emperor Tong-Che.

A very long procession follows yet, composed of the functionaries of the court, the high dignitaries and their suites, and by all the great in the empire.

Previous to this time, couriers have been sent through all the empire to announce the death of the son of heaven, and all China at once puts on mourning garments. During the first hundred days the men do not shave or cut their hair, and women are forbidden to adorn their heads. Then, during the year, the officers must wear robes of white fur. For a year there must be no marriage celebrations, no public rejoicings, no fêtes; the sound of music must not be heard even at other burials, and all red color, which is an auspicious sign, must be banished from sight.

To-day the bodies of the Ming emperors repose under these sacred hills, far from the sound of busy life, and their resting places are marked by these temples, or pavilions, behind which are their graves.

In the other world they continue their past existence, as, according to Chinese faith, deceased emperors still sustain the law of eternal illusion which holds that always the reality of what we call material things is only apparent, that the exterior world exists only as an image in our thoughts.

The silence and solitude which reigned in this place, the simplicity of the edifices and the grandeur of their proportions, the picturesque beauty of the site, all combined to produce an impression of sadness which had in it nothing of sentiment, nothing elegiac, but which was simple, grave, and thoughtful.

Meanwhile the hour of noon was approaching; the shadows were shortening, and the yellow roofs and the gilded dragons mirrored with intensity the rays of the sun.

Within the largest of the pavilions we had passed to reach the grave of Young-Loh, a delicious shade and coolness presented a striking contrast to the heat and glare outside. In the center rose a statue of Buddha calm and pensive, reflecting upon his countenance the profoundness of his meditations, the infinite melancholy of his divine dream. It was in that building, at the foot of the altar where long ago the sacred lotus used to have its place, and the tapers and the mystic incense were burned, that our dinner had been spread, and we partook gaily of our repast upon the same spot where the sovereigns of the great Chinese dynasty came formerly to honor with their presents and their funeral viands the soul of their ancestor, the emperor Young-Loh.

WINTER.

BY HELEN A. BEARD.

I dreamed, and seemed again to hear
The thrush's note I love so well,
And smelled sweet clover, and the scents
Of hidden herb and close shut bell.

And roses, blushing on their stems
With dewy languor hung their heads,
And subtle odors filled the air,
Wafted from creamy lily beds.

While sunset with her magic brush
Had thrown a banner on the sky,
In hazy purples, pink, and gold,
I watched the daylight slowly die.

I woke. The swallows all have flown!
The wild-wood trees, but yesterday
Like flaming torches 'gainst the sky,
Sway in the wind, leafless and gray.

The hills and fields have cast aside
Their robes of russet, gold, and red,
And what delaying green remains,
Lies hidden in a snowy bed.

Sadly I send a backward thought
To summer and her golden hours,
And what a weary long way off
Seems Spring with all her silver showers.

OCTAVIA HILL AND HER MISSION.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

There is no test of actual progress like that of comparing the word spoken a quarter of a century ago, with that current to-day. Often the reformer of that generation lags far behind the crowd thronging the path which he may have cut out almost single-handed, while words that then were counted wild, revolutionary, subversive of all order, to-day mean less than fact. Happy for the reformer if he or she lives to see the visions accomplished. Happier still if insight has not spent itself on one, and the future is still seen to hold fresh conquests and fresh need for battle in the present. For them old age has no mists or uncertainties, and undying youth and the faith of youth shine in eyes that have watched the promise and the failure of three generations.

This is the first thought that occurs in taking up the cheap edition, the first cheap one for England, of Miss Octavia Hill's "Homes of the London Poor," a little book made up of various articles contributed to London magazines and reviews, from 1866 to 1875 inclusive, the first one having appeared in the *Fortnightly* for November, 1866. A cheap reprint, one of our small robberies of English authors, made the book better known in America than even in England. I may add, however, in justice to the publishers, that when the English edition became exhausted, no fresh one having been made for several years, Miss Hill drew her supply for distribution and general circulation from America, and appears to regard the arrangement as entirely equitable and satisfactory.

At no point in her work has she recorded precisely how or when her own interest began, but it is safe to say that it was a plant of unconscious growth; every circumstance of life and her environment having fostered and nurtured such thought. Her father, Sir Matthew Davenport Hill, is still remembered in the town for which he did much, Birmingham having had few more valuable citizens; and his house was the gathering point for the discussion of social problems and methods of bettering the condition of the poor, years before charities took on any organized form. Growing up in such atmosphere meant a development impossible under less favorable circumstances, and it is easy to see how interest began and has ripened into life-long devotion.

Twenty-five years and more of constant and most exhausting labors, not only in actual, personal collection of rents and general oversight of dwellings, but in constant planning for fresh undertakings, the training of assistants in all phases of the work, and the enormous correspondence involved, have not been sufficient to dim the bright dark eyes or bow the erect little figure that moves quietly to meet one. Both head and figure remind one of the portrait of Charlotte Brontë, given in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life," the expression, however, being entirely different. The dark eyes are penetrating, as they have need to be. Quiet humor lurks about the lips and lights the benevolent face, and the finely formed, rather large head, high above the ears like the type we are accustomed to associate with philanthropists, carries an impression of power, confirmed by every word of the soft, well modulated voice. Dressed with extreme simplicity and with an air of absolute unconsciousness of self, Miss Hill listens intently to whatever speaker is near her,

and in replying, as she grows interested is very likely to rise and move about with hands behind her, or place herself on the rug in front of the open fire, in the large old-fashioned drawing room, with its books, pictures, and a profusion of flowers.

At this point I pause. If the readers of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* expect a detailed description of an afternoon with Miss Hill, certain disappointment awaits them. Two things stand in the way. First the writer's conviction that the American passion for interviewing is something to be opposed by every one who values the rights of private life and who wishes a reform in journalistic methods in this respect, and second, Miss Hill's own often-expressed dislike to being made to figure in this way in public prints.

"I live in part to keep things out of the papers," she said not long ago. "There is too much writing, too much talking about people and their doings, and only harm comes of it."

So, while the personality and surroundings of one whose life is given to the public good, are in one sense also public, and the many who have learned to love and admire the worker, feel a quite legitimate curiosity as to all that makes her daily life, I still hold, that her own wish should screen her from such publicity and that friends should aid it, rather than draw the veil too far aside.

Let it suffice then to say, that her home is a large old-fashioned house in Nottingham Place just off the Marylebone Road, in one of the courts opening from which, her first experiments in improved tenements were made; that a sister oversees the home, aids her in correspondence, and protects her as far as may be from the incursions of the myriads, who, if their claims were allowed, would leave her no time for anything else; and that a few hours on Friday of each week are all the time she is able to give to social claims, the most difficult side of life in a great city, and doubly, trebly difficult in such a city as London, whose immensity can never be realized till one has become a portion of the enormous mass, the individual atoms of which seem hardly owners of any right to mention a defined place. The long room at the left of the entrance hall, with its great writing table and books all about, appears to be library, study, and general working ground, but it is the drawing room above that receives the Friday guests, both alike being sweet with flowers in vase and jar.

Growing flowers are, alas, as the writer has proved by sad experience, an impossible attainment in any room lighted by London gas and filled with the minute flakes of soot that are part of what London offers as air. But cut flowers brought in profusion from the country, Covent Garden Flower Market offering one of the prettiest sights of London on a market morning, can be had far more cheaply than with us, and seem as much an essential as the morning paper or the afternoon tea. In narrow lane and dark court, one finds the growing plants, the poorest, most wretched house having its box of mignonette or pot of bright geranium; and Miss Hill's own love for flowers has done much to encourage this tendency in the poor who have come directly under her influence.

How did the work begin? She has herself given the clue in the opening of an article written in 1866, two years after

the experiment had begun. Actual work dates from then, but its inception must be placed far back, and was for years only in the thought of the busy brain that questioned why things were not better, and went on questioning till answer became plain. Out of such thought one certainly developed itself. "That the spiritual elevation of a large class," she writes, "depended to a considerable extent on sanitary reform, was, I considered, proved; but I was equally certain that sanitary improvement itself depended upon educational work among grown-up people; that they must be urged to rouse themselves from the lethargy and indolent habits into which they have fallen, and freed from all that hinders them from doing so. I further believed that any lady who would help them to obtain things the need of which they felt themselves, and would sympathize with them in their desire for such, would soon find them eager to learn her view of what was best for them; that whether this was so or not, her duty was to keep alive their own best hopes and intentions, which come at rare intervals, but fade too often for want of encouragement. I desired to be in a condition to free a few poor people from the tyranny and influence of a low class of landlords and landladies; from the corrupting effect of continual forced communication with very degraded fellow-lodgers; from the heavy incubus of accumulated dirt; that so the never-dying hope which I find characteristic of the poor, might have leave to spring, and with it such energy as might help them to help themselves. I had not great ideas of what must be done for them; my strongest endeavors were to be used to rouse habits of industry and effort, without which they must finally sink,—with which they might render themselves independent of me, except as friend and leader. The plan was one which depended more on just governing than on helping. The first point was to secure such power as would enable me to insist on some essential sanitary arrangements."

This is all an old story. The familiar words seem to have been spoken a thousand times, and the veriest tyro in philanthropic work repeats them almost by rote, and knows that in them lies the foundation of any successful work. Yet, twenty-five years ago, they were not familiar words. On the contrary, save for a few who believed, they seemed the thought of a dreamer. Charity was very well—the charity that carried broth to the sick and gave coals and blankets at Christmas; but the charity that taught men how to help themselves, had not been formulated. That owners could be in any sense responsible for dirt and decay and loathsome conditions in the tenements they rented, was, also, only whispered here and there. Ten years were required before such thought took actual shape in the destruction and rebuilding of the worst end of Glasgow; this act, opening public eyes wider than any previous effort had done, to the fact that the existence of such dens in a community is not only perdition for the occupants, but perdition equally for all the city that endures their existence.

In the United States, only the few great cities knew, in degree, what this Old World misery might be, nor did it seem possible that the warning or action needed in the Old, could ever become essential for the New. But as slight investigations were made here and there, it was found that New York and Boston had the same story though in less abundant measure, and that their problem had suddenly become ours also. It was then that Miss Hill's work was studied with an almost passionate earnestness, and that its progress was followed, at first with doubt, but shortly with an acceptance which has never held a question.

For Miss Hill herself, the chief ones had been, where to

begin, and how to find the sum necessary for such undertaking. The first made itself plain. The second was answered by a man, who, whatever his individual crochets may be, knows the meaning of justice better than almost any man alive, and has done more to define what man owes to man, than any other thinker or experimenter of the age. It was John Ruskin who listened to Miss Hill's plan, saw its wisdom, and with characteristic generosity at once took the whole financial risk of the undertaking upon himself. Three houses in Miss Hill's immediate neighborhood were bought, the unexpired term of the lease, some fifty-six years, being bought also. Well built houses were chosen, but in a fearful state of dirt and neglect. Superficial repairs were the first, slight in expense, but vital to health and character. For "the place swarmed with vermin; the paper, black with dirt, hung in long strips from the walls; the drains were stopped, the water supply out of order." Nothing new was added, as it was determined that the tenants should wait for these until they had proved themselves capable of taking care of them.

The result showed the fact that financial success could go hand in hand with reformed methods. In less than two years the scheme demonstrated that it could return five per cent interest on all the capital;—gave back forty-eight pounds of the capital expended, besides renting two rooms for little more than the rent of one, keeping the houses in repair, and meeting all expenses for taxes, ground rent, and insurance. It was when this had been fully demonstrated, that the story was told, and the first impulse given to similar action on the part of landlords who had despaired of bettering conditions. Not only had it been demonstrated that the thing would pay,—a very vital feature to John Bull, as well as his descendants on the other side of the Atlantic,—but it was also plain, that the poor could be influenced for good far more easily than had been supposed, and that enormous power thus rested with the landlords. For the majority the civilized world over, there has been small thought of personal obligation. Often sub-letting has been the rule, and tenants have been at the mercy of those "whose word is given and broken, almost as a matter of course; whose habits and standards are very low, whose passions are violent, who have neither large hope nor clear sight nor even sympathy."

Thus a small undertaker who owned a number of wretched tenements, said with the greatest frankness, apropos to a statement of his almost fruitless Sunday morning endeavors to collect rents:

"Yes, Miss; of course there are plenty of bad debts. It's not the rents I look to, but the deaths I get out of the houses."

They were well arranged for such ends, and a sure harvest of deaths made the story of every year; yet neither he nor the myriad of his kind felt faintest sense of responsibility, and the awakening of such sense in unexpected places has been one happy result of the work.

Three houses having demonstrated their profitability as an investment, six others were shortly added, these being in the most deplorable condition, and in one of the worst courts of Marylebone. Far more work was required in repairing. The banisters had been burned for fire-wood, all breakable things, including pavement of back yards, were broken, and all receptacles of every nature whatever, from dust-bin to wash-house, packed with the accumulated refuse of years. Plaster was dropping from the ceilings; rain fell through the roof, damp and mold lodged in the walls, and inky darkness reigned on stairs and in passages. Nothing more wretched or more hopelessly discouraging could well

be imagined, and the brawling, drinking, miserable tenants seemed in full harmony with the thing they called home. Reform was hampered by every possible evil condition; yet even here, but a short time was needed to alter the general face of things, while a year or two made absolute transformation. The ground in front, hitherto devoted to cow-sheds, manure heaps, and rubbish of all varieties, was planted by Mr. Ruskin's orders, with trees, and creepers were also planted against the houses. In this playground games were organized, the younger children being taught some kindergarten songs with the movements, while trap, bat and ball, etc., were allowed the older ones. Drill for the boys and a drum and fife-band were established later, and the children from adjacent courts share the privileges, have part in the May day festival and the little excursions into the country, and are learning less directly but surely, the lessons taught on playground and in house.

In the short record of this court and the work accomplished, Miss Hill lays the greatest stress upon one need, which she never loses the opportunity of emphasizing—that of confining work to small spaces, and letting individual effort concentrate upon a few.

"Whoever," she writes, "will limit his gaze to a few persons and try to solve the problem of their lives—planning, for instance, definitely, how he, even with superior advantages of education, self-control, and knowledge, could bring up a given family on given wages, allowing the smallest amount conceivably sufficient for food, rent, clothes, fuel, and the rest,—he may find it in most cases a much more difficult thing than he had ever thought, and, sometimes, an impossibility. It may lead to strange self-questioning about wages. . . . Then they may begin to consider practically whether in their own small sphere they can form no schemes of help which shall be life-giving, stimulating hope, energy, foresight, self-denial, and choice of right rather than wrong expenditure."

When not to help, she regards as a knowledge first in importance for all workers among the poor, and she has done more to make plain the definition of real help than any philanthropist now in the field. Naturally, each year of effort, has made her, not only wiser in methods, but better able to reduce them to fixed principles, and her influence has widened and may be traced in the many modifications and alterations of the poor laws, in the acts regarding artisans' dwellings in general, in the agitation of the question of more space for people's parks,—in short in every movement toward the bettering of general conditions. A long-desired, long delayed hope has just been fulfilled (October, 1886), and the purchase by the city of Hampstead Heath as a park for the people, ended finally the fear that speculators would secure it for building purposes. The waiting for such consummation had been long and anxious. In 1875 she had written of certain fields north of Marylebone, "Yes, the fields at last will be built over, if they can not be saved. They are now like a green hilly peninsula or headland, stretching out into the sea of houses. The houses have crept round their foot and left them till now for us. . . . There the May still grows; there thousands of buttercups crowd the slope with gold; there, best of all, as you ascend, the hill lifts you out of London, and will always lift you out of it, even when houses are built all around. As you come home,—yes, as your children's children come home—

if you will save the fields from being built over now, will be seen from them the great sun going down with all his clouds about him, or the fair space of cloudless summer sky, London lying hushed below you,—even London hushed for you for a few minutes, so far it lies beneath,—though you will be in it in a short ten minutes."

With every year of the city's enormous growth, such spaces were more and more vitally needed. London is rich in provision for the rich, but the locked gates and high railings of the squares in the West End, shut out the poor, no matter of how respectable order. Year by year the need and the plea grew stronger. Not Ruskin himself has deeper sense of what green fields may hold for tired eyes. "We all need space," she has written somewhere; "unless we have it we can not reach that sense of quiet in which whippers of better things come to us gently. Our lives in London are over-crowded, over-excited, over-strained. This is true of all classes; we all want quiet; we all want beauty for the refreshment of our souls. Sometimes we think of it as a luxury, but when God made the world, He made it very beautiful, and meant that we should live amongst its beauties, and that they should speak peace to us in our daily lives."

In a later plea no less earnest and even stronger, she strikes a note that sounds not only for every city and town of working England but for our own America as well.

"The love of being connected with the land is innate; it deepens a man's attachments to his native country, and adds dignity and simplicity to his character. Each family can not hope to own a small piece of cultivated land as in France,—no inaccessible mountain ranges exist for our people to learn to love as in Switzerland,—but it may be that in our common land, we are meant to learn an even deeper lesson,—something of the value of those possessions in which each of a large community has a distinct share, yet which each enjoys only by virtue of the share the many have in it; in which separate right is subordinated to the good of all.

. . . It will give a sense of a common possession to succeeding generations. It will give a share in his country to be inherited by the poorest citizen. It will be a link between the many and through the ages, binding with holy, happy recollections, those who together have entered into the joys its beauty gives,—men and women of different natures, different histories, and different anticipations,—into one solemn, joyful fellowship, which neither time nor outward change can destroy,—as people are bound by any common memory or common cause or common hope."

In such words and the truth at the heart of them may be said to lie the heart also of Octavia Hill's mission in past, present, and future. Insisting as she always does, that her name has no right to stand alone, and that devoted coadjutors deserve full portion of praise for all accomplished and all projected, they, no less than the public, regard her as the essential element, the intelligence that not only vivifies but illuminates every plan. So long as alleviation is a necessity, and the poor must be taught the first principles of living, so long work like hers holds the surest results, and means diminishing work in the future. She has made the way easier for those who may have broader general outlook, and her name must stand always as the synonym of some of the wisest and noblest work the nineteenth century has known.

THE WELSH IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY H. E. THOMAS, D.D.

A recent writer remarks that "an historian can do no better work for his state than trace the races which have changed a wilderness into smiling fields". History proves that the Welsh have done a good share of this noble work in America.

If the old story about Prince Madoc fleeing from the strifes of brethren, and sailing in 1170 toward the land of sunset, with eight vessels, and in four years after with eighteen ships and three thousand of his countrymen, taking possession of the throne and kingdom of Mexico, was a solid historical fact, instead of a hazy tradition, the Welsh would have a prior claim to America than even Columbus had.

But when we come to the colonial days we find that the Welsh were among the first settlers in several of the states; at least they were contemporaneous with the Pilgrim Fathers, the Puritans, the Cavaliers, and the Huguenots. Their love of civil and religious liberty led them to bid adieu to the graves of their forefathers, and face the fierce winds and wild tempests of the ocean, to seek new homes in the wilderness of North America. In 1607 in the first permanent settlement made on the banks of the James River, in Virginia, we have the names of several Welshmen. And from 1607 to 1733 traces are found of Welsh settlers in many of the Southern States, such as Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, and South Carolina. The eminent Thomas Jefferson always boasted of his Welsh blood. His ancestors came to Virginia from the foot of the Snowdon, in Carnarvonshire, North Wales, and his motto is characteristic of the Welsh love of freedom—"Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

It is claimed by some Welsh historians of note that a few persons among the Pilgrim Fathers coming out in the *Mayflower* in 1620 were of Welsh blood. Captain Jones, the commander of the ship, is named as one, also Stephen Hopkins and wife, Thomas Rogers, John Alden, and John Howland, and others are of the same list.

From 1630 to 1670 we have records of several Welsh families coming over to New England. These were years of dark despotic rule, and fierce religious persecution. Archbishop Laud, true to the policy called "Thorough", and in accordance with the crowning act of prelatical tyranny, called the "et caetera oath", prosecuted, suspended, fined, silenced, or caused the best of the men to flee to New England; and Charles trampled on the constitution and ruled with a rod of iron. The history of the Welsh in New England is a mine unworked, and almost untouched. Space will not allow us to go over but a few of the records. Two of the Garfields came over with Winthrop in 1630. The following letter from the late President Garfield to the author of this article, should be conclusive about the family tradition of his Welsh descent:

MENTOR, OHIO, July 19, 1880.

Dear Sir,—Yours of the 15th inst. is at hand. I do not know with certainty the origin of my ancestors. I can trace them as far back as Edward Garfield, who it is said, came to Massachusetts about 1630, from near Chester, England. Family tradition is that he was a Welshman, though some authorities indicate that he was English.

Very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

Chester is a city on the border of Wales, and was inhabited in 1630, as it is to this day, by a host of Welsh families.

And as its boundaries were by the grant of Edward the Black Prince, of twelve or fourteen miles circuit, the first Garfield might have had his name from *caer*—the walled city, and *field*—outside the walls or suburbs of the city: Garfield—a native or inhabitant of the suburb of Chester. We have several names terminating in *field*, as Bronfield, Bromfield, Gwynfield, and Wynfield.

We have another interesting fact respecting the settlement of the Welsh in New England. Dr. Thomas Rees, of Swansea, South Wales, wrote to us a few months before his death, in April 1885, urging us to try to find out the "lost Welsh dissenting tribe", who had come over to some parts of the States in 1640-1, from Chepstow (Casgwent), Monmouthshire, South Wales. We found in "New England Memorial, by Nathaniel Morton—fifth edition by John Davis", that these very people came over to New England, and settled with their pastor, Mr. Blinman, first at Mansfield, Connecticut. Mr. Caulkins in his history of New England, refers to them in the following manner:—"They came from Chepstow, in Monmouthshire. They spoke good English, though sprinkled of course with some provincialism".

About the year 1636 another Welsh minister, the Rev. John Jones, a native of Abergavenny, the birthplace of William Wroth, often called "the apostle of Wales", fled over to New England. He was trained at Jesus College, Oxford, and very likely imbibed the principles of the Puritans under the ministry of Wroth. He became under the ban of the bishop, and had to quit his country so as to follow the dictates of own conscience. He was ordained or installed co-pastor with the Rev. Peter Bulkley of the Congregational Church, Concord, Massachusetts, April 6, 1637. Many of his old acquaintances and relatives from Abergavenny, Llanfaches, Cwmtillery, in Monmouthshire, came over and settled in Concord. In about eight years after, many families from this church removed to Fairfield, Connecticut, and Mr. Jones went with them, and became the pastor of the new church. Thus the Welsh spread over New England from year to year, and the result is that we have several Welsh names in towns and settlements there, such as Bangor, Monmouth, and Milford, in the state of Maine; Milford in Massachusetts; and Conway in New Hampshire. As the birthplace of Roger Williams, the founder of the state of Rhode Island, is still in dispute, some asserting that he was born in Cornwall, others claiming that he was born in Carmarthanshire, South Wales, we shall not press the matter too positively, only asserting that the highest authorities on Welsh history still claim him as a Welshman, and a near relative of Oliver Cromwell. Elihu Yale, founder of Yale College, was a native of Plas Ial in Denbighshire, North Wales. President Jonathan Edwards and Noah Webster were also of Welsh descent. We often heard the late Henry Ward Beecher referring with great pride to his Welsh great grandmother Mary Roberts. Indeed we could name scores of men and women of great note who trace their pedigrees to some Welsh families.

We hasten to the year 1682 when we have a record of another strong tide of Welsh immigration. Many of these immigrants came over with William Penn, in the ship *Welcome* and other vessels, and landed at Philadelphia or its vicinity. Every year added to their number. They were

mostly Friends or Quakers. They became a great power in eastern Pennsylvania, and in a part of the states of New Jersey and Delaware. They purchased over 40,000 acres of land, and some of the old homesteads are in possession of the descendants to this day. Most of the first settlers came from Bala, in Merionethshire, North Wales, and the various parishes around, and the name of Bala is retained on one of the stations which leads to the residence of G. B. Roberts, Esq., president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. A few of them came from near Dolgelley in the same county, among whom were Rowland Ellis and Ellis Pugh. The beautiful station a few miles from Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Railroad called Bryn Mawr (*Great Hill*) gets its name from the old home of Rowland Ellis in Wales. And Wynnewood station commemorates the name of Dr. Thomas Wynne, who came in the ship *Welcome*, from Caerwys in Flintshire. There are also other stations retaining the names of the native homes of these first Welsh settlers, such as Merion, Haverford, Radnor, St. Davids, and Berwyn.

Another Welsh colony settled at the township of Gwynedd, about sixteen miles north-west of Philadelphia, which came out in 1698. Many of these came in the company of Hugh Roberts, of Llanfawr, near Bala, who was an earnest and popular preacher among the Friends, and had paid a visit to his native land for the second time that year, since his first arrival in America, in 1683.

These two settlements of Merion and Gwynedd were occupied by a large body of Welshmen of the highest character, many of them men of some wealth and good education, and a few of them counted of high and even royal blood, descendants of Rhirid Flaidd, Lord of Penllyn.

There were several other Welsh settlements each side of the river Delaware into whose history we can not now fully enter. Many from Radnorshire, Pembrokeshire, Carmarthenshire, Glamorganshire, Monmouthshire, South Wales, founded these; and not a few came from Montgomeryshire and Carnarvonshire, North Wales. The Lloyds of Dolobran, Montgomeryshire, were appointed or elected to the highest offices. David Lloyd was chief justice of the colony, and Thomas Lloyd was a member of the provincial council, and deputy governor.

Among the most brave and brilliant of the Continental army, we find a host of Welsh blood, if not of Welsh tongue. They fought shoulder to shoulder with the heroic and patriotic men of other nationalities, until they made America a free country and the colonists a new nation. Fourteen generals, seven colonels, and a vast number of other officers and privates were of Welsh nationality. Among these were General Wayne, General John Cadwalader, and Major-general Charles Lee, who was born in Wales in 1731. And we must not forget the chaplain of that army, the Rev. David Jones Esq., the grandfather of Horatio Gates Jones, Philadelphia. And it is claimed that among the fifty-four signers of the Declaration of Independence, nine at least were of Welsh blood or birth.

The Welsh being ardent lovers of civil and religious liberty, took much interest in the independence of America, both in this and the Old Country. The Rev. Dr. Richard Price, of London, son of a Welsh Congregational pastor at Bridgend, Glamorganshire, South Wales, published a pamphlet in 1776, entitled, "Observations on Civil Liberty and the Justice and Policy of the War with America". Several thousand copies of this were sold within a few days, and a cheaper edition was soon issued. The author rapidly became known, was highly extolled by many, and bitterly abused by others. He became known, however, as the best public friend of America

in Great Britain in those trying days. Benjamin Franklin intensely admired him, and in the winter of 1778 he was actually invited by Congress to come over to America to reside, and assist in the financial administration of the United States. This offer he refused from personal and family reasons, but he concluded his letter with the prophetic words that he looked "to the United States as now the hope and likely soon to become the refuge of mankind."

From the years 1795 to 1802 another wave of immigration carried several men of great usefulness to our shores; among them several ministers of the Gospel and eminent men of the churches and Sabbath schools. But before we refer to these we should point out a few of their predecessors. The Rev. Enoch Morgan, pastor of the Welsh Tract Baptist church, near Philadelphia, Pa., who came over to America in 1701; and his brother, the Rev. Abel Morgan, pastor of the Baptist church, Pennypc, Pa., who followed his example in crossing the sea, in 1711; and the Rev. Benjamin Griffiths, pastor of the Baptist church, Montgomery, Pa., a half-brother of the two Morgans, who emigrated in 1710, and was ordained in 1725. And the Rev. Thomas Griffiths, whose church in Pembrokeshire emigrated with him in a body in 1701, and was known as "The Welsh Tract Church," in Delaware. Several of those who arrived in 1795 made Philadelphia their headquarters for a season, and from there some went to Utica, Steuben, and other places in Oneida Co., N. Y.; others went with the Rev. George Roberts, brother of the eminent Rev. John Roberts, Llanbrynmair, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, to Ebensburg, Pa.; and others went to Newark, Granville, and Welsh Hills, O. In 1796 the eminent layman, Ezekiel Hughes (father-in-law of Dr. Chidlaw), Edward Bebb, and David Francis from the old church at Llanbrynmair, which has given the largest quota of its number to America of any one in Wales all through the succeeding years, landed at Cincinnati when it was but a small town. The land west of the Miami was unsurveyed, so they squatted for a while at Blue Rock Creek, and there on May 28, 1800, was Rachel, the first white child born in that township. In 1801 Ezekiel Hughes and others bought several sections in Paddy's Run and its vicinity. A son was born to Edward Bebb, December 8, 1802, who was the first white child born in that township, and he rose to be a governor of Ohio—the Hon. William Bebb.

In the year 1835, and again in 1840, the Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, D.D., visited his native land, and a large influx of Welsh people came with him and after him to this country. The name of Ohio became a household word on the high hills and narrow valleys of Wales. New settlements opened from 1830 to 1840 in Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio; and from 1840 to 1860 in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota; and from 1860 to 1870, in Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, and in these latter years in Dakota, Montana, Oregon, and Washington Territory.

At first the Welsh in Steuben, N. Y., Ebensburg, Pa., and Jackson Co., O., were not fortunate in selecting the richest lands for their homesteads. But they managed to make a living through hard toiling. They became known for making good butter, and from that day to this the "Welsh butter" is sought and bought in the best markets. The majority of the present settlements are in the best of lands, and every year splendid new buildings are erected on them.

The Welsh settlements are of a mixed nature, agricultural, manufacturing, and industrial. They number in New York State over twenty, Pennsylvania over fifty, Ohio over forty, Wisconsin about twenty-five, Minnesota five, Iowa twenty, Illinois five, Missouri nine, Kansas ten, Nebraska four, and there are a few in Vermont, New Jersey, Maine, Maryland,

West Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, Louisiana, Colorado, California, Oregon, Dakota, Montana, and Washington Territory.

Pennsylvania has the largest Welsh population. Here we have the various manufactories of iron and steel, copper and lead, glass, tiles, and bricks; the coal mines and slate quarries are all thronged with Welsh workmen. They lead in these industrial departments through all these states. Most of the superintendents, bosses, and inspectors are of this nationality. They have for more than sixty years established their talent and character in these departments. We might have named several that have risen to the highest eminence through their genius and skill in these various lines.

It is an acknowledged fact that we have Welshmen in most departments of trade, seats of learning, professions and offices of usefulness. We have members of Legislatures, if not of Congress, one a prominent member of the Utah commission—Arthur L. Thomas, Esq.; architects and builders; doctors and lawyers; musicians and singers; bards and divines; authors and editors; young ladies teaching ward and township schools are counted by the scores; and some of our young men and young women are among the best teachers of music. The Eisteddfod (bardic, literary, and musical congress) is becoming every year more popular, and wherever it is held, the place is covered with a "sea of song".

It is a crown of glory to America and its noble institutions that the Welsh have had such opportunities to develop their talents. It is no wonder that they love America most intensely, and that thousands of them shed their warmest blood on the fields of battle to defend the Union during the late Rebellion.

In these days of close contest between capital and labor, it is known that many of the Welsh take a leading part in the various organizations of workingmen; but the country need not fear any anarchism or terrorism from these men, as most of them have been brought up in our Sabbath schools and churches; and men like our John Jarrett, ex-president of the Amalgamated Association, are prominent Christians, and will do nothing against the laws of the Divine Master. They will certainly struggle hard, yet fairly, for their rights; "the truth against the world" is their motto.

It has been a hard struggle to keep up the Welsh churches in the fluctuating industrial districts, and in the face of the rising tide of the English language; still there are at present about five hundred of them through the states; two hundred Congregational, and about the same number of Calvin-

istic Methodists, about one-half of Baptists, and half a dozen Wesleyan Methodists. Welsh literature suffers from the same forces, still two of the weekly journals are widely circulated, *Y Drych* (*The Mirror*) published at Utica, N. Y.; and *Y Wasg* (*The Press*) published at Pittsburgh, Pa. They have also three monthly serials, *Y Cyfaill* (*The Friend*) published at Utica, and *Y Wawr* (*The Dawn*), at the same place; and also *Y Cenhadwr* (*The Messenger*) published at Remsen, N. Y. Welsh books published in the states, as well as those from the Old Country, are largely circulated in so limited a field.

This article would not be complete without a reference to the transitory state of the Welsh in America, like all other foreign nationalities. Day schools control the rising generation, and win over the young to the language and habits of the Union. There was a time in the old and isolated settlements, when the old people, and indeed the middle aged, thought and dreamed, talked and courted, sang and prayed, in the Welsh language; and the little children chattered with ease in their mother's tongue, and found no difficulty with the double *l*, the double *d*, and the *ch*. Indeed one would have thought that the horses neighed, the dogs barked, the roosters crowed, and even the turkeys gobbled in Welsh. But now all the Welsh creation begins to feel a change. It has been a slow process, but it will be a quicker one in the future. We are aware that there are hundreds yet among the yearly new-comers who know hardly any English, and are not likely ever to learn. Still there is another fact equally as true, that many of the Welsh immigrants of these days are fairly educated in English, and their children know very little Welsh. If we of this century will not hear the funeral knell of the Welsh language coming over yonder hills, children of the next may hear it. It is a good sign that many churches are preparing for the coming change by providing duoglot Sabbath schools, sermons, and songs.

Let come what will, we have no dread of the future prosperity and standing of the Welsh in this great and noble country, if they will love and learn the English Bible as much as they did the Welsh for several generations. If they are in number less than two millions, as long as they will treasure up God's words in their memories, inscribe them deeply upon the tables of their hearts, and bind them on their necks as the chief ornament of their character, they shall continue to keep their names clean from the calendars of criminal courts, be known as a law-abiding people, and will find favor in the sight of God, and all good American fellow citizens.

OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READINGS FOR JANUARY.

First Week (ending January 9).

1. "History of the United States." Chapters XXV. and XXVI.
 2. "American Literature." Pages 197-220.
 3. "Physiology and Hygiene." Chapter I.
 4. "Literatures of the Far East." THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
 5. "The Middle Ages." THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
 6. Sunday Reading for January 1 and 8. THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
- #### *Second Week* (ending January 16).
1. "History of the United States." Chapters XXVII. and XXVIII.
 2. "American Literature." Pages 221-239.
 3. "Physiology and Hygiene." Chapter II.

4. "Canadian Literature." THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
5. "Home Life of New York Authors." THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
6. Sunday Reading for January 15. THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Third Week (ending January 23).

1. "History of the United States." Chapter XXIX.
2. "American Literature." Pages 240-259.
3. "Physiology and Hygiene." Chapter III.
4. "Drinks." THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
5. "Pottery." THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
6. Sunday Reading for January 22. THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Fourth Week (ending January 31).

1. "History of the United States." Chapters XXX.
2. "American Literature." Pages 260-279.
3. "Physiology and Hygiene." Chapter IV.

4. "Municipal Government." THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
 5. Sunday Reading for January 29. THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FIRST WEEK IN JANUARY.

1. Roll-Call—Quotations from Bryant, Whittier, or Poe,—the literary characters included in the week's reading in "American Literature"—the circle to tell from which one each quotation is taken.
2. The Lesson. (For those circles who try to follow in the main, the *Suggestive Programs*, the best way to cover the whole lesson for the evening is for the leader or teacher of each book or subject to ask not more than ten or fifteen general questions, and then allow the members to bring up any difficult point they may have found in their reading at home, or to ask any question. There is not time to go into details.)
3. Questions on the Constitution, found in *The Question Table of THE CHAUTAUQUAN* for November 1887.
 Music.
4. Recitation—"Annabel Lee." *By Poe.* Or "Dickens in Camp." *By Bret Harle.*
5. Paper—Comparison of "Snow-Bound", by Whittier, with "The Cotter's Saturday Night", by Burns, and "Winter Evening", in "The Task", by Cowper.
6. Table Talk—The Preamble and Article I. of the Constitution of the United States. Each clause should be read and fully discussed.

SECOND WEEK IN JANUARY.

1. Roll-Call. News Items.
2. The Lesson.
3. Paper—Mrs. Stowe and her Literary Works.
 Music—Song "Old Folks at Home."
4. Recitation—"Drifting." *By T. B. Read.* Or "An Order for a Picture." *By Alice Carey.*
5. Table Talk—Article II. of the Constitution. Bring out the fact that the design regarding the presidential election, expressed in Amendment XII., has been frustrated, and that the present method is practically an election directly by the people.
6. Debate: Resolved That it is the duty of the best citizens to seek municipal offices.

THIRD WEEK IN JANUARY.

1. Roll-Call. Quotations from the American humorists. (A plan something as follows would afford much amusement. On the meeting previous to this one, some one should write on slips of paper the names of the humorists. After shuffling them well each member should draw one, keeping to himself the name. On this evening he is to personate that character, using his funny sayings, until the circle guesses who he is.)
2. The Lesson.
3. Paper—Aaron Burr. (His connection with Blennerhassett, and his love and grief for his daughter are points not to be overlooked.)
 Music—Song "Battle Hymn of the Republic."
4. Paper—What shall we eat and What shall we drink?
5. Reading—Abraham Lincoln's Address at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg.
6. Table Talk—Articles III., IV., V., VI., and VII. of the Constitution.

FOURTH WEEK IN JANUARY.

1. Roll-Call—"A winter bouquet from the poets." Quotations about flowers.
2. The Lesson.
3. A Vote of the Circle—The favorite American author and the favorite American book of each member, with reasons for both.
 Music.
4. Paper—American Colleges and Universities.
5. Table Talk—The Amendments to the Constitution.
6. Debate: Resolved That politics can never be purified as long as the saloon remains in existence.

If thought best by the circles the program for the last week may be omitted and in its place one substituted which will be suited for College Day. The paper on American Colleges and Universities could be transferred to such a program; or each of the leading institutions of learning could be made the theme of separate papers. The questions of the utility of a wide-spread higher education, of the system of co-education, of the higher education for women, with others of like character, will be found interesting and profitable for discussion.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."—"Let us Keep Our Heavenly Father in the Midst."—"Never Be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

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| 1. OPENING DAY—October 1. | 11. SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday. |
| 2. BRYANT DAY—November 3. | 12. SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday. |
| 3. SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday. | 13. INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of C. L. S. C. at Chautauqua. |
| 4. MILTON DAY—December 9. | 14. ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua. |
| 5. COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday. | 15. COMMENCEMENT DAY—August, third Tuesday. |
| 6. SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday. | 16. GARFIELD DAY—September 19. |
| 7. FOUNDER'S DAY—February 23. | |
| 8. LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27. | |
| 9. SHAKSPEARE DAY—April 23. | |
| 10. ADDISON DAY—May 1. | |

It can not be repeated too often. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle fails in its purpose if its readers do not go on with higher courses of reading and study. This scheme aims only at arousing intellectual interests and in

cultivating a love for substantial and instructive reading. It can not do more, but if it can do this it gives its followers a priceless possession. If it does this the fact becomes evident in the higher pursuits of its members; for this reason

every sign of growing activity in the work of Seal Courses is looked upon by the C. L. S. C. authorities with particular interest. Several proofs of such interest have come to us this month as is shown by the reports given of the Broadway Circle of CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, of the GOUVERNEUR, NEW YORK Circle, the Clover of LIME RIDGE, PA., and of the post graduate readers at DEFIANCE and CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Is there another circle in existence with such a make-up as the class of '82 of ATHOL, MASSACHUSETTS? Here are six Pioneers, every one of whom belongs to the Order of the White Seal, one of whom belongs to the Guild of the Seven Seals, and two of whom have completed the necessary reading for the fourteen seals which will admit them to that exalted brotherhood. The zeal of the class has never abated since its organization nine years ago.

An anxious letter reaches us from a C. L. S. C. worker whose energy and hopfulness have led her to long continued efforts in forming a circle. In this letter she says: "Our meetings are always well attended and enjoyed, but it seems impossible to introduce any work. We take THE CHAUTAUQUAN, but such is the objection to anything solid that we can scarcely find time for as much as a half hour's reading from its pages. All the party seems to care for is a good time. I feel so discouraged at times as to be tempted to throw up the whole thing in despair. What would you advise?"

What would we advise? Well, *not* to "throw up the whole thing." A meeting well attended and enjoyed surely is something to be thankful for, and a half hour of reading is better than none. Our friend's trouble is not an uncommon one, we fancy, among local circle leaders. Her ideal of a circle is far higher and better than that of the circle, and only patience and tact and wisdom will ever lead them up to her standard. Then patience, and tact, and wisdom is what we would advise. Are there not leaders who have been through experiences like the above and come out triumphant, who have something to advise? If so, let us hear it.

Many of our readers will remember Helen Campbell's interesting article in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for July, 1887, on "Guilds for Workingwomen," in which she described in detail the New Century Guild of PHILADELPHIA. It is a pleasure and encouragement to discover that among the ambitious and earnest women who form this society, a Chautauqua circle of some sixteen members has been formed. We shall hope to hear more of the circle.

The Warner Brothers, of BRIDGEPORT, CONN., have opened to their eleven hundred factory girls a club house of elegant proportions and equipment. Within its walls will be exactly the place for the circle which already exists among the girls, to thrive and grow.

A friend writes us of his discovery in the Ohio Industrial Schools for Girls, at WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, of a circle of fourteen members. They are from among the teachers and matrons of the institution, ladies of fine culture as well as good hearts.

THE NORTHWESTERN CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

Local Circles and readers in Nebraska will be interested in knowing more of the Assembly which held its first meeting at Long Pine, Neb., from July 21-28, 1887. Through an oversight the report was not sent us in time for publication with those from other similar gatherings.

The assembly at Long Pine owes its organization to the untiring efforts of the Rev. G. W. Martin, presiding elder of the Long Pine District, of the M. E. Church, and the Rev. C. H. Frady, agent of the American Sunday-school Union. Long

Pine is in the Niobrara Valley, about forty miles from the northern boundary of the state, and about midway of the state, east and west. The place of meeting is in a grove, in a picturesque canyon of the Long Pine—a tributary of the Niobrara River. There are several very fine springs on the grounds—one of them used by the Assembly, furnishing clear, soft water at the rate of seventy-five to one hundred gallons per minute. The grove is mainly of deciduous trees, while the sides of the canyon are adorned with Rocky Mountain pine, red cedar, and other trees and shrubs.

The officers of the Assembly are as follows: the Rev. G. W. Martin, President, North Platte, Neb.; the Hon. J. S. Davison, Vice-President; W. J. Courtright, Secretary; C. R. Glover, Treasurer; the Rev. C. H. Frady, General Manager, Neligh, Nebraska; the Rev. J. G. Evans, D.D., Superintendent of Instruction, Onarga, Ill.; Normal Teachers, Prof. J. D. Stewart and Prof. James Lisle, M. A.; Children's Department, Mrs. L. H. Blackburn, M. A.

At the session in July lectures were delivered by Dr. Evans, Prof. Lisle, Prof. C. E. Stevens, Prof. C. E. Bessey, of the Nebraska State University, the Rev. J. Askin, the Rev. A. Abbott, Miss Ida Evans, M. A., and others. Prof. C. W. McConnell, of Kearney, Neb., had charge of the music, in which he was assisted by the Long Pine Cornet Band. A fine Normal Class was organized, and the Chautauquan course of study diligently pursued. On Grand Army Day, His Excellency J. A. Thayer, governor of the state of Nebraska, presided.

The management of the Assembly is planning to utilize many of the natural objects of the place. A museum is begun where will be preserved whatever will help to illustrate the natural history and antiquities of the locality and the surrounding country. The cabinet of Prof. Lisle, which was exhibited at the recent meeting of the Assembly, is made the basis of the museum, of which he is appointed curator. He solicits contributions of characteristic minerals, ores, fossils, shells, woods, and other objects, for many of which he is prepared to exchange petrifications and other objects characteristic of this locality.

LOCAL HISTORY.

The interest in local history is encouraging the excellent practice of giving to the circles names of historical significance. At least two examples of this tendency come in the mail bags of the month. At MADISON, CONNECTICUT, a club calls itself the Dighton Rock, and at MT. CARMEL, ILLINOIS a new circle is known as the Mound-builders. It is as sensible a practice to follow in selecting a name, as we know.

The LEWISTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, club is evincing considerable interest in the subject of local history; a pleasant chapter of their discoveries will be looked for soon.

A member of the NANTICOKE, PENNSYLVANIA, Circle, Mr. Will S. Monroe, sends us some interesting notes on the Wyoming Valley.

"We live in the heart of the valley which Bayard Taylor declared to be the fairest on the face of the earth—the beautiful Wyoming. Here lived the Shawnees, the Nanticokes, the Mohicans, and a division of the Delawares. The valley was early settled and the inhabitants were prominent participants in the French and Indian wars. Here, also, was fought one of the bloodiest of the Revolutionary battles—the Massacre of Wyoming. This too was the site of the early missionary work in the country and here the self-sacrificing Christian nobleman, Count Zendorf, labored earnestly and long for the conversion of the natives. Our valley figures prominently also in the Pennimite and Kankee War and is in many other ways associated with the growth of the country's history.

The valley has been a favorite theme in literature even with writers beyond her own borders. The homage that has been paid to her is not, however, more devout than her beauty demands. The poet Campbell's masterpiece, his "Gertrude of Wyoming", while an absolute creation of a prolific fancy, has so much of the semblance of real inspiration that we are all proud to claim it as our own. That mock-earnest composition of Fitz-Greene Halleck's, "Wyoming", and the poems of Mrs. Sigourney and others have given us a name of some note in general literature.

Then, too, we are rich in local prose and song; for here was born the well-known "Edith May" who was the leading verse writer of *Graham's Magazine*, *Sartain's*, and the *Home Journal* during the time of Willis and Morris. Here lived Louise Palmer Smith, who in the decade between 1860 and 1870 gave rare promise in her contributions to the columns of *Harper's*, *Graham's*, and the other well known magazines of that day. Homer Greene who won the \$1,500 prize given last year by the *Youth's Companion*, and Miss Anna Dickinson, the well known lecturer, both live here, as also does Dr. Hollister who had the finest collection of Indian relics in this country, and for which he was offered \$10,000 by the Smithsonian Institute not long since.

This valley, too, was the site of the English poets', Coleridge and Southey, long cherished pantisocracy.

The Chautauqua movement in Wyoming Vally is rapidly growing. The third assembly here was held at Mountain Grove in August. Local circles are organized in nearly all the towns, and in a few weeks we expect to organize a county C. L. S. C. association.

REORGANIZED CIRCLES.

CANADA.—The circle at GUELPH, ONTARIO, has resumed work.

MAINE.—Some good friend of the C. L. S. C. in BRUNSWICK has inserted in a local paper of the city a summary of the chief facts in the report of the C. L. S. C. for 1886-'87 prepared by Miss K. F. Kimball and published last August in the *Assembly Daily Herald*. It is surprising reading to those unfamiliar with the circle, and deserves a wide circulation by the friends of Chautauqua. Reports of reorganizations are coming in thick and fast from Maine. At WILTON the circle opened with an addition of six members; the Whittier Circle of NORTH BERWICK, now in its third year, reports twenty-seven members and its secretary announces a new organization of ten formed in the town, under the name of Vincent; at WEST SUMNER, the Molly Ackett Circle has started out "in good working trim"; the WEST PEMBROKE class began on time and with full ranks; all the old members are held at SEDGWICK; the circle at SEBATTUS has extended its roll; also the Pine Tree Circle of SACCA-RAPPA; at RICHMOND the readers have begun their gatherings; the Arlington of DEERING reports a membership of thirteen; and the Willis of PORTLAND announces reorganization.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Three circles from this state report a return to work; they are the Clio Club of GREAT FALLS, the Monadnock of HOLLIS, and the St. Paul's Circle of MANCHESTER.

VERMONT.—At WEST BERKSHIRE and SWANTON the circles are again meeting regularly.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The New England Chautauqua Association held a meeting in BOSTON on November 2. Counselor Edward Everett Hale gave an address on "The Companionship of Books."—The Garnet Circle of WALPOLE, after one year of experience, starts off with some forty members doing all or a part of the readings. At the request of the members the books and THE CHAUTAUQUAN have been added to the public library. It is believed that

readers will be gained by this plan. It is a good method. We would suggest that the circle write for a quantity of the C. L. S. C. circulars, and if permission can be secured, place them in the library also.—The Alpha of UXBRIDGE promises that this year will be its best—which means much in a circle which has steadily improved with each year of its life.—Only encouraging signs attended the Hawthorne reorganization at PITTSFIELD; new members, fresh interest, and increased ambition promise a profitable year.

—There are six members at present in the Delphic Circle of NORTHBRIDGE. A useful device is employed by the members in their United States History readings. Outline maps are drawn of North America and filled in with places of interest as the reading progresses.—On October 26 a pleasant reception took place in EAST BOSTON in honor of Chancellor Vincent. The members of Hurlbut, Pearson, Haven, and Bates Circles had the pleasure of greeting the Chancellor and of listening to remarks from him and from Prof. Sherwin.—Circles at FOXBORO (the Star), LUNENBURG, and WEST BOYLSTON are again at work.

RHODE ISLAND.—The circles of the state are steadily reporting reorganization, many of them with increased numbers. Four this month send in encouraging accounts of return to duty: the Aryan of HOPE VALLEY, the Delta of WARREN, and the circles at PASCOAG and NEWPORT.

CONNECTICUT.—The Silver City Branch of the C. L. S. C. at MERIDEN rejoices in a president of exceptional ability, a membership of twenty-nine, and plenty of apparatus. This fortunate circle has secured by its energy a small collection of geological specimens, a fine microscope, an electrical kit, and access to six large telescopes.—The Philomathean of GREENVILLE, Arbutus of MANSFIELD CENTER, Argonaut of MIDDLETOWN, and Pearl Street Circle of NEW HAVEN all have sent in notice of reorganization.

NEW YORK.—The Ad Astra of BROOKLYN with true Chautauqua liberality has determined to open its doors to any student who wishes to unite with it.—A most gratifying growth is recorded in the Minneford Circle of CITY ISLAND; in two years it has grown from three members to thirty-seven. The Minneford has found a capital plan for conducting the lesson; three members are assigned a chapter and each required to ask of the remaining members of the circle, in the order in which their names appear on the roll, three questions on this chapter. Each chapter of the lesson is taken up in this way. The critic's report also is made a prominent and interesting feature of the circle.—The interesting Owahgena Circle at CAZENOVIA has taken in a few additional members this year. The studies of the present year the club finds particularly delightful.—From GOUVERNEUR a correspondent writes: "The circle has been reorganized for another year's work and all members, old and new, graduates and under-graduates, are taking hold of the work with a good deal of spirit."—We must expect good things of a circle which can say of itself, "We did not miss one meeting last year!" Such is POUGHQUAG Circle. Ten members form the organization.—Other New York State circles reporting "at work" are the Star of ROCHESTER, the ARGYLE Circle (twenty members); the ALBANY, (twenty-three members); No Name, and De Kalb, of BROOKLYN; the Irving, of NEW YORK CITY; Aletheia, of BUFFALO; Longfellow, of EAST AURORA; the GREENPORT and ITHACA Circles; Pakatakan, of MARGARETVILLE; Oatka, of PAVILION CENTRE; Ingoldsby, of STILLWATER (six members), and the SOMERS CENTRE and HOOSICK FALLS Circles.

NEW JERSEY.—A varied work is done by the Broadway Circle of CAMDEN. The twenty-five members, mainly graduates, are reading the masterpieces of English literature,

taking up the productions of eight different authors. The circle also reads THE CHAUTAUQUAN and holds semi-monthly meetings with programs covering the current course.—Five names have been added to the MADISON roll, giving over twenty.—The circle at PLAINFIELD has reached the extraordinary size of sixty-five, and Miss Kimball proudly writes of it: "There are no local members."—The Adelphians of WHITE HOUSE STATION are entering on their fourth year of work and expect to graduate six members this year. The circle has a furnished room, and a circulating library at its disposal—a splendid nucleus for forming a spirited Seal Course circle next year!

PENNSYLVANIA.—A rousing report comes from CHESTER, our correspondent declaring that at last the city is awakening to the sound of Chautauqua bells. The circle numbers thirty with an average attendance of forty, a reversal of figures unusual but satisfactory. Many are requesting that auxiliary circles be formed to accommodate members.—At LIME RIDGE the Clover has been reorganized with twenty-one members. The four Pansies, we are glad to note, have not abandoned the circle, but are found among its most enthusiastic workers. The Clover announces its ambition to be one of the most interesting circles in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.—In PHILADELPHIA the Tabernacle M. E. Circle has reorganized with twenty-two members; all are members of the United Circle of Philadelphia and have the advantages it affords.—The program of the initiatory meeting of the South Side Circle of PITTSBURGH is before us—and a good one it is.—"New members coming in constantly, a revival among the old," is the word from the West Bellevue Branch of ALLEGHENY.—The circle at OIL CITY tendered a reception to the Meadville Club in November. The occasion was most enjoyable. An elegant home was thrown open to the hundred or more guests who assembled and the evening spent in brief speeches, music, and social conversation. The circles found that the work of the C. L. S. C. is a tie quite strong enough to bind even strangers together.—From the following Keystone towns come reports of a return to work: ALLEGHENY, Wallace Bruce; BEAVER, EAST SMITHFIELD; GREENVILLE, the Clover Leaf; HOPEWELL, IRVINE, Brokenstraw; PUNXSUTAWNEY; PHILADELPHIA, Jefferson and Gethsemane; REYNOLDSVILLE, Mountain Circle fifteen members; KANE, Mountain Circle, thirty-three members; SINKING VALLEY; SCOTTDALÉ; and TUNKHANNOCK.

SOUTHERN CIRCLES.—From WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, the secretary of the Hawthorne writes: We are somewhat smaller in number than in former years but our energy is in direct inverse ratio. We have started out with greater enthusiasm than ever.—The president of Foundry Circle, WASHINGTON, D. C., announces that thirty are already in their number and more are coming.—At UNION BRIDGE, MARYLAND, sixteen members were enrolled at reorganization. The circle at CUMBERLAND of the same state, has also begun meetings again.—Seven members are enrolled at NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.—A member of the class of '85 writes us from ORLANDO, FLORIDA, that a class of twenty-five is in operation there doing "solid work."—A local paper of NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, gives an extended notice of the reorganization of the Audubon Circle of that city, and pays the C. L. S. C. a high compliment as an instructive and entertaining scheme of reading.—At BOONEVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, the Eclectic is at work, twenty members enrolled, and an outlook of more to come. The weekly meetings are reported to be highly interesting.—A circle called the Alamo and composed of seven members is in operation at DENTON, TEXAS. The programs

in THE CHAUTAUQUAN form the basis of their work.

OHIO.—It is a pleasure to start the Ohio list with a circle of postgraduates. At DEFIANCE this particular club is formed and the courses it is pursuing are those for the Botany and Garnet Seals. An excellent circle is anticipated for the members are "all workers". Two of the Pansies at Defiance went to Chautauqua last summer and since their return have stirred up great enthusiasm, bringing in ten new members. Surely this what is meant by "going to seed".—Another organization which evidently believes in Chancellor Vincent's remark that the C. L. S. C. looks forward forty years, is the nine-year-old circle at CINCINNATI. The club unites the social and intellectual by giving monthly entertainments with study meetings alternating. Several of the members pursue the regular course. A full set of the books is kept upon the tables of the Young Men's Union at the Presbyterian Church parlors for the convenience of the members desiring to use them.—A unique CINCINNATI club is called the Post-office Circle. The name explains the *personnel*. There are four members.—The circle at GENEVA has an enrollment of forty.—Wonderful enthusiasm has characterized the opening of the year at MILLERSBURG; some fifty persons had entered the circle at last reports, and others were expected.—Similar news is from MARIETTA, where it is said that "no previous year in the circle's history has been enrolled a more enthusiastic band of students."—The Epworth Circle of WALNUT HILLS, CINCINNATI, has now nearly fifty members.—A goodly list of additional reorganizations is before us. It includes circles at SYLVANIA, WAPAKONETA, NEW LISBON (thirty members), OBERLIN (Lowell, sixteen members), STEUBENVILLE, TOLEDO (St. Johns), WEST LIBERTY (Mackochee), XENIA (nine members), HOCKINGPORT, MOGADORE, and LOUDONVILLE.

INDIANA.—The WATERLOO Circle has reorganized with nine members.—The eleven members at WORTHINGTON are again meeting regularly.—The Pleiades of BLOOMFIELD are one short this year, six names being on the books.—Reorganization has taken place at GOSHEN.—The UNION CITY Circle has sixteen members this year.—There has been a gain of eleven in the SOUTH BEND Circle, twenty-eight being enrolled. The name Dr. Kettring has been chosen in honor of a friend who took a deep interest in the enterprise.—RUSHVILLE, MILROY, and GOODLAND report a return to work.

ILLINOIS.—An unusual privilege was enjoyed by the circle at PRINCETON on Bryant Day; it was a sketch of the poet's life by his brother, the Hon. J. H. Bryant, whom the town is proud to claim as a citizen.—That zealous company of Chautauquans at EVANSTON send out a most complete and attractive announcement this year. It contains a list of all the officers, the Memorial Days and Vesper Services to be observed, a schedule of the subjects with names of leaders for the regular study nights, directions for joining the circle, and this cordial invitation:

The Evanston C. L. S. C. extends a cordial invitation to all interested to join them in the readings of 1887 and 1888. The work this season promises to be unusually interesting.

To those not able to pursue the course diligently, the public meetings will offer an opportunity for something more than a glimpse of the work.

Some who meet with other local circles in the neighborhood, and many who feel unable to take the full course as loyal Chautauquans, wish to avail themselves of the privileges of these public meetings.

All such are cordially welcome, while to the closer students, every opportunity will be given on the study nights for loyal work.

Already the circle has had a delightful public night with President Cummings of the Northwestern University, who gave a talk on a recent trip abroad.——The Vincent Circle of CHICAGO, we are glad to see, has adopted the suggestion of THE CHAUTAUQUAN to discuss thoroughly the magazine articles in this year's course on Public Questions; they spent much time over Dr. Barnard's paper in the October issue. The result of the discussion was a ringing declaration of faith in the Constitution.——The circle of fifteen at STERLING reports that it "thoroughly enjoys every moment of the weekly meetings."——At ROCKFORD a fine class has begun its fourth year of work. Is it the kind of stuff Seal course classes are made of? We shall hope to discover so next fall.——From STREATOR comes this notice: "We have here a very interesting and energetic circle, all workers, no drones; fifty-eight members at present, and additions at each meeting. Bryant's Day was observed with a very interesting program; about one hundred persons were present."——Sixteen members are in the class at GRANT PARK, two of whom are graduates.——The old circle at ONARGA has twenty members this year. A new club of thirty-five has recently been formed, twenty of whom are or have been teachers. Such material should accomplish wonders. Fifty-five Chautauquans in a town of twelve hundred is a remarkably good showing.——Notices of reorganizations, without further particulars, have been received from circles at AURORA (the Tennyson) ALBION, CARLINVILLE, SPRINGFIELD (Lincoln, ten members), MONMOUTH (Puritan), GRIGGSVILLE, GRAND CROSSING, FREEPORT (twenty-three members), ELGIN, ENGLEWOOD (Harvard), NEWTON, and CHICAGO (two circles, the Belden Ave., and the M. B.).

KENTUCKY.—An exchange gives this pleasant account of an evening with the circle at COVINGTON; evidently this was a "special meeting".

"Covington, Ky., has one of the 'banner' circles. We had the pleasure recently of attending one of the meetings. It happened to be on Halloween, and, instead of the regular program, the society adjourned after the opening exercises to the home of one of the members to make some scientific investigations of cake and ice-cream. The circle, as usual, bent on getting new information, tried this time to get a glimpse of future events by the mystic revelations of rings, keys, buttons, thimbles, and coins concealed in cake. Of course some of the members were doomed to bachelor and maidenhood; some, alas! were always to work for a living; some were to be rich; some were to take journeys; some were to enter the blissful state of matrimony, and not a few were to die, sooner or later. What becomes of those who were not included in this last division is more than we know. From the experience of this evening's proceedings we became convinced that our Chautauqua friends in Covington believe in recreation as well as study, for both in proper proportions enable them to make their circle a pronounced success."

——The Progress of DANVILLE began a second year's work in September. The Progress was formed about the middle of the last C. I. S. C. year, so that it has taken hard work and much courage for them to reach the point where they can "begin square".——The South Side Circle of HOPKINSVILLE has reorganized with fifteen members.——The prospects are for a delightful circle at MILLERSBURG this year.——Mt. STERLING has exactly doubled its membership. The seven of a year ago are fourteen.

MICHIGAN.—Report of reorganization comes from the Bickford Circle of PONTIAC where a membership of twenty-two is enrolled, from the Linna Schenck Circle of FENTON, the EATON RAPIDS Club, ADRAIN Circle, the seventeen members of the DETROIT Circle, the club at BANGOR where D. Jan

there has been a large accession of new members, the circle of twenty-two at BERRIEN SPRINGS, and the CLARKSTON Circle.

WISCONSIN.—A Chautauqua Union has been formed at MILWAUKEE, open to all circles which may be organized in the county. Nine organizations are represented in the union, the Alpha, Plymouth, Grand Avenue Congregational, Calvary, Delta, Pilgrim or West End, South Side, Clover, and Edelweis. The constitution under which the union has organized is compact and strong.——The Perseverance of LANCASTER has reorganized.——Several new members have entered the circle at BELOIT.——The Ripton Circle is doing thorough work.

MINNESOTA.—The Atlantis at HASTINGS has nearly doubled its force. At a recent meeting a general discussion occurred on the question, "Why are there more women than men in our Chautauqua circles, churches, and insane asylums,—and why are there more men than women in our legislative halls, political gatherings, and prisons?" The Atlantis has prepared a neat folder containing outline programs for the entire year's work. Other exercises are added to these programs at the discretion of a standing program committee.——The Mistletoe of LE ROY begins the year with nineteen members. The roll-call is made a prominent feature and is managed in a unique way, the members being divided into two sides with leaders; the losing side is obliged to give an entertainment at the end of the quarter.

——There are nearly forty members at FARIBAULT this year.——The North Star of AUSTIN has reorganized with encouraging prospects. The circle numbers about twenty. A visit to a roller flour mill has been a feature of their fall work.——From MONTEVIDEO a reader writes: "We have the best circle here we have ever had."——Fifteen members at REDWOOD FALLS and a prospect of more.——An interesting company of about sixteen is at work at LIVERNE.——The EXCELSIOR Circle has reorganized.

IOWA.—The Seal spirit is strong in Iowa. From LYONS a graduate writes of the success and enlargement of their circle and indicates that the '87's are loyally remaining in its ranks; and from HUMBOLDT another Pansy writes, "I am going right on with the class of '88."——The Vesta of LEON is two years old and formed of seventeen married ladies. They are most decided in their expressions of the pleasure and benefit their readings and meetings have been to them.——"We are five in number," so writes the Wooden Shoe Circle of PELLA, "but a host in the resolution to make this course of study a success."——Fourteen persons form the Harmony of COIN.——Ingleside of NEVADA comes to its fourth year with twelve seniors who expect to graduate. They are most enthusiastic over the year's prospects.——Reorganizations have been effected by the Geranium Circle of HOPKINTON, the Havergal of OSAGE, and the circles of TIPTON and ANAMOSA.

MISSOURI.—The Olive Circle of KANSAS CITY has resumed work, and is in a most flourishing condition, having been reinforced by many new members. It now numbers over thirty. Meetings are held regularly each week. The work of the course is faithfully performed, besides much outside work in the way of papers, etc. The meetings are also delightful social reunions.——The Richardson of SEDALIA has resumed its work, also the circle at St. JOSEPH.

KANSAS.—The Oak Dale of SALINA now numbers twenty-four members and additions are made at every meeting. The circle is finding the study of the contemporaneous history of Europe useful in the study of the United States History and makes it a feature of each evening's work. In connection with the regular reading the circle is taking up Ameri-

can Literature as suggested in the October issue of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*.—The fourth year of work has begun at VALLEY CENTER.—Circles have reported reorganization from BURRTON, BALDWIN, NEBOSH FALLS, MANKATO, and WELLINGTON.

NEBRASKA.—The CRETE Circle is largely increased this year.—At WYMORE many new members have entered the circle.—The outlook at HOLDREGE is excellent.

COLORADO.—Some fifty persons form a union in DENVER, which holds monthly meetings and is divided into small circles meeting weekly. Bryant Day was celebrated by the union.—LEADVILLE boasts a circle of five.—At ALMA the readers are meeting regularly.—The Rocky Mountain Circle of EVANS now numbers ten.

DAKOTA.—The Eozoic of RAPID CITY has reorganized for thorough work. The class comprises most of the old members and many new ones, making in all an enthusiastic gathering of twenty-eight. The plan laid down in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* is followed.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—A class of thirty is meeting at WAITSBURG and is thoroughly interested in its work. One of the former members of this circle, Miss Sophie G. Preston, has gone to China as a missionary, but has her books and magazines with her and expects to read.—The vicissitudes of the Venice of LA CONNER were many last year, but it has come through bravely and promises to be a success in the future.

CALIFORNIA.—From ST. HELENA comes an announcement of the circle's reorganization with twenty-one members.

NEW CIRCLES.

CANADA.—The Bald Rock Circle of CANSO, NOVA SCOTIA, organized with sixteen members. The plans for the work are well laid, and good work is expected.—The village of LAKEFIELD, ONTARIO, has a circle of eighteen busily working.—Students in BRANTFORD who gave up the course last year, have reorganized with fresh enthusiasm.—A circle has been formed in WINGHAM, and efforts are making to enlarge its membership.

MAINE.—New organizations are reported in SARGENTVILLE, UNION, BRISTOL, ANSON, PRESQUE ISLE, and STEEP FALLS.—Fifteen are studying at WARREN. Concerning the circle name the secretary writes, "We are to be known as the Cyrus Eaton C. L. S. C., in honor of a late resident of this town, who, studying at home and alone, acquired such proficiency as to gain prominence among literary men of this state. Though he had only a common school education to start with, he acquired among other scholarly attainments, such a knowledge of five languages, that though blind for many years, he was still able to converse in them shortly before his death, which occurred at the age of ninety years. We thought his example was a good one for us."—Sixteen form the Merriconeag, of WEST HARPEWELL.—The Acadian Circle of SOUTH BERWICK begins with seven members, and a prospect of more.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—In FREMONT, thirteen belong to the Puritan Circle, and have adopted the motto, "Work and Win."—MANCHESTER Circle holds its meetings in a church parlor, and has the pastor for instructor.—Nearly thirty members are enrolled in the new circle at PETERBORO.—The Granite, of ROCHESTER, begins with high resolves as to thorough work.—The circle at DOVER is known as Cochew, and has eighteen members.—Twelve applications are sent from BRISTOL, and the same number from WOLFBOROUGH.

VERMONT.—The BENNINGTON Branch issues a program, with blank spaces for the place of meeting, the date, and

names of the participants. A noteworthy feature is a debate, the last number of the evening.—Fifteen new names are sent from GRAFTON.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The following from BOSTON: "A new circle has been formed in that portion of the suburbs formerly called Dorchester. We have chosen the name of Shawmut in remembrance of the early days of our city, before it was rechristened by the English settlers. All of our members are ready and willing to work, and the meetings are full of interest."—Twenty-nine young people form the Bates Circle of EAST BOSTON. They, with the other circles of that place, enjoyed a lecture by Dr. Vincent, and gave him a public reception. All members wore their white badges.—Hopeful Circle, of SOMERVILLE, recently formed, has twelve members.—A social and literary club in NORTH LEOMINSTER that has studied a variety of subjects for the past two years was recommended by the committee on this year's work, to join the Class of '91, and very wisely decided to do so.—Circles have been formed in LUDLOW CENTER, LAWRENCE, HAVERHILL, EAST HUBBARDSTON, WALTHAM, NANTUCKET, and the Newman of CHARLESTOWN.—The Architects of SALEM take for their motto,

"For the building that we raise,
Time is with materials filled."

RHODE ISLAND.—Delta Circle, of NEWPORT, has already a membership of fourteen.

CONNECTICUT.—Dighton Rock Circle, of MADISON, is much interested in the study of American History, and is doing most excellent work.—Circles at MANCHESTER, NORTH LYME and HARWINTON, have formed.—The circle in NEW HAVEN of which the Rev. Phebe Hanaford is president, hesitating between the name of a flower and a gem for their circle name, made the happy combination, Rose-quartz.

NEW YORK.—The twenty-six members of Bryant Circle, NEW YORK CITY, under the leadership of the pastor of Fifty-sixth Street Church, are evincing much interest.—JAMESTOWN has over one hundred members.—The members of a family in BALDWINVILLE form a pleasant Home Circle.—Fifty blanks for application are called for from BINGHAMTON.—In SCIOVILLE and vicinity there are twenty-two members for '91.—ROCHESTER circles continue to increase. The newest one is the Asbury C. L. S. C., with thirty members.—Efforts for forming a circle in PORTVILLE have met with success.—Several graduates are taking the course with the fifteen new members at HONEOYE FALLS. A much larger membership is expected.—CAZENOVIA's new circle is named the Clio.—BROOKLYN has three new circles, one yet nameless, one connected with the Nostrand Avenue Church, the other, composed principally of young people, called the Lacseptia.—The circle of MCGRAWVILLE, numbering thirteen members, is named Mistletoe, and has for its motto, "No success without labor."—Other organizations are at ALBANY, ASHLAND, BUFFALO, CHARLTON, COMMACK, CORAM, GREEN LAWN, HARRISVILLE, JAMAICA, PERRY CENTRE, PERRYSBURGH, THERESA, TOTTEVILLE, VERNON CENTRE, WALTON, WILSON, and YORKSHIRE CENTRE.

NEW JERSEY.—The circle at FORT LEE is making strenuous efforts to promote an understanding of the C. L. S. C. work and to interest others in it. A large number of circulars have been distributed, and many new students will doubtless be gained.—PATERSON Circle has increased to over a hundred members.—ELIZABETH, KINGSTON, and TRENTON have flourishing circles.

PENNSYLVANIA.—PHILADELPHIA has six more circles,

four yet unnamed, the others known as Franklin and Whittier. — Edwards Circle, of ERIE, begins with eleven members. — A good beginning was made in October by BANGOR Circle. — PITTSBURGH's new circle includes three graduates in its list of twenty-three names. — LEETONIA's circle of five includes one graduate. — The Pleiades, of WATERFORD, celebrated Bryant Day. — The remaining new circles reported from this state are at ELWYN, EQUI-NUNK, FANNETTSBURGH, GRANT, JAMESTOWN, LENHARTSVILLE, MARTINSBURGH, MIFFLINTOWN, NEWVILLE, RENOV, SCRANTON, SPRUCE GROVE, SUNBURY, TURTLE CREEK, WEBSTER, WISSAHICKON, and WOODLAWN.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. — Two growing circles, one named the Capital, are at work in WASHINGTON.

MARYLAND. — There are twenty members in the SALISBURY Circle. — Two enthusiastic classes have formed in BALTIMORE; and one is named the Martin Luther Circle.

GEORGIA. — GRIFFIN Circle began with well organized forces in October.

FLORIDA. — Magnolia Circle, of EUSTIS, entered upon its work in season, and numbers thirteen members.

MISSISSIPPI. — Much interest is shown in the NATCHEZ Circle. — BOONEVILLE Eclectic sends four new names, and HAZELHURST nine.

TEXAS. — Good beginnings are reported from HOUSTON, AUSTIN, and FORT WORTH.

OHIO. — A trio in CHATFIELD meets weekly to review the lessons. — The Central Congregational is added to the circles of CINCINNATI. — The following have recently organized circles: BLOOMINGTON, CLARIDON, DELPHOS, GRANVILLE, HARSHMAN, JOHNSTOWN, LONDON, LYONS, McCONNELLSVILLE, MALTA, MARION, PAINESVILLE, POMEROY, SHINROCK, SIDNEY, STEUBENVILLE, UPPER SANDUSKY, URBANA, WINDHAM, and WYOMING.

INDIANA. — Hall Place Circle, of INDIANAPOLIS, has eighteen members. — MOOREFIELD Caledonia Circle consists of seven students. — ATTICA, BRISTOL, and RICHMOND have circles.

ILLINOIS. — The seventh circle in AURORA was inaugurated by a number of young people who wished to take a systematic course of reading. — Six circles in CHICAGO are added to the large number there: the Cuttyhunk, the Bolton, the Centenary, the Westminster Church, another of eighteen members, and still another of six. — Six young ladies in FREEPORT have joined the Class of '91. — The Fidelia is a circle of ladies in OAK PARK, who meet weekly in the afternoon. — ROBINSON Circle has thirteen members, and more are hoped for. — A "circle of farmers' boys and girls with a few older people to encourage them", is a YORKVILLE organization. — The Helpers, three in number, of TAYLOR RIDGE, meet the first and third Friday evening of each month. — New students have enrolled from BUSHNELL, CATLIN, DANVILLE, DUNDEE, LAKE VIEW, MARSEILLES, NEWARK, ROCK FALLS, SCOTLAND, STERLING, and SHERIDAN.

KENTUCKY. — An enthusiastic member of '90 has organized a class in LEBANON. — Irving Circle, of LEXINGTON, is busily at work. — GEORGETOWN Circle numbers eight, FLEMINGSBURG eleven.

MICHIGAN. — As usual, a large increase in C. L. S. C. membership is reported from this state. The new circles of the month are in ATLANTIC MINE, CADILLAC, FLAT ROCK, HOWELL, MANISTIQUE, NEW BUFFALO, SHERMAN, and STANTON.

WISCONSIN. — Vincent is the name chosen by the NEW LONDON Circle. — MILTON Circle organized with nine members. — MONROE promises a flourishing circle.

MINNESOTA. — ST. PAUL has a new circle named the Oxford. — Itaska Circle was recently organized in MINNEAPOLIS. — Fourteen members in HAMILTON begin with the determination of doing the whole four years' work.

— The circle in MANTORVILLE makes use of the public press to give a full explanation of the course of study. A strong and vigorous class is confidently expected. — LAKE CITY and PLAINVIEW send new names.

IOWA. — The Round Table, of CENTERVILLE, was organized by the M. E. pastor, and starts out with considerable interest. — The Zetaganian, of JESUP, takes as its motto, "We strive to keep bright." — Other circles are found at ATLANTIC, BANCROFT, BURT, CHARITON, GOLDFIELD, HOLSTEIN, PELLA, RANDOLPH, REDFIELD, ROCKFORD, and SIOUX CITY.

MISSOURI. — A new ST. LOUIS circle, after some discussion about a name, decided upon the name of the Plainfield Secretary, and is now known as the Kimball Local Circle. — Melrose Circle, KANSAS CITY, has eight members. — Clyde Church Circle, twenty-five. — A circle has been started in the State Normal School at KIRKSVILLE. — STURGEON has nine members, MONTGOMERY CITY, twelve.

ARKANSAS. — The KINGSLAND Mutual sends ten applications for membership. — New circles have formed at LONOKE and MORRILLTON.

COLORADO. — The following circles report increasing numbers and much interest: BOULDER, FORT COLLINS, LYTLE, NEW WINDSOR, STERLING, and TRINIDAD.

KANSAS. — The circle at WELLINGTON has twenty-four members. — Weekly meetings are held by the DODGE CITY Circle. — The Hawthorn Wreath, of LEAVENWORTH, spent an enjoyable evening listening to a lecture on the polarization of light. The program was completed by character sketches of Columbus, Franklin, and Webster, with music interspersed. — Organizations have been effected in ARKANSAS CITY, BURLINGTON, GREENSBURG, INDEPENDENCE, JACKSON, McCUNE, and PITTSBURG.

NEBRASKA. — Five ladies form a circle in NEBRASKA CITY. — Interested workers are busy in DU BOIS, DAVID CITY, FILLEY, OSCEOLA, and PLUM CREEK.

DAKOTA. — A graduate of '86 and eight '91's form HURON Circle. — The Little Pilgrims, of ALEXANDRIA, are six in number. — Four years ago when FAULKTON was of less than a hundred in population, and twenty-five miles from a railroad station, a small circle was organized there and worked with some discouragements for two years and then gradually dissolved. The place is now an important railroad center, and the growth has been rapid. The former president called a meeting of all interested in the C. L. S. C. work, and the result was a circle of nearly fifty. — The Alphas, of BOWDLE, are enjoying the studies. — Circles have formed in BROOKINGS, LEOLA, RUGBY, and WEBSTER.

UTAH. — Six in BEAVER are taking the course. — The Volunteers, of OGDEN, are six in number, two of whom are studying for the White Seal.

NEW MEXICO. — Much enthusiasm is evinced by the class in GEORGETOWN.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY. — MONTESANO has an interested circle.

OREGON. — A member of '89 formerly of Maine, has crossed the continent and carried her interest in the C. L. S. C. to her new home, PENDLETON, where she has organized a circle of twenty-eight members.

CALIFORNIA. — "Chautauqua sentiment is strong in LOS ANGELES," so the secretary writes. — About forty members form the Houghton Circle, of OAKLAND, and the enthusiasm increases with the membership.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

CLASS OF 1888.—"THE PLYMOUTH ROCK."

"Let us be seen by our deeds."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. A. E. Dunning, Boston, Mass.
Vice-Presidents—Prof. W. N. Ellis, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Florence Hodges, Deadwood, Dakota; Miss Mary E. Scates, Evanston, Ill.; James M. Hunter, Barre, Ontario; the Rev. W. N. Roberts, Belleville, Ohio; Mrs. D. A. Cunningham, Wheeling, West Virginia; Mrs. D. A. Dodge, Adrian, Michigan.

Secretary—L. Kidder, Conneville, Pa.

Eastern Secretary—Miss C. E. Coffins, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Treasurer—The Rev. L. A. Stevens, Tonawanda, N. Y.

Items for the class column should be sent to Wm. McKay, East Norwich, Long Island, N. Y.

A pastor's wife, a member of '88, writes of the influence of the C. L. S. C. in her own broad field of work. She says, "I began this systematic course, solely to help along some young girls and boys in my husband's congregation, but as usual in such cases, I have myself received marked benefit. One life of great promise has come to be the first sheaf of the harvest. . . . I could also speak of one who is now in ——— University, studying with the view of being a minister. My Chautauqua list of boys and girls is a lengthy one."

Another '88 in one of our large Eastern cities, who took the course to encourage a young friend, adds, "But he did not finish with me, as he concluded that although nearly twenty years old he would go to school again. I really think that his thirst for knowledge was revived by these readings."

Nearer and nearer the goal approaches. Remember,

"The heights by great men reached, and kept,

Were not attained by sudden flight;

But they while their companions slept,

Were toiling upward in the night."

Sleep not '88's!

CLASS OF 1889.—THE ARGONAUTS."

"Knowledge unused for the good of others is more vain than unused gold."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. C. C. Creegan, D.D., Syracuse, N. Y.

Vice-Presidents—The Rev. S. Mills Day, Honeoye, N. Y.; the Rev. J. H. McKee, Little Valley, N. Y.; the Rev. J. B. Steele, Jackson, Tenn.; Miss Genevieve M. Walton, Ypsilanti, Michigan; Mrs. Jennie R. Hawes, Mendota, Ill.; Mrs. J. A. Helmrich, Canton, Ohio; Miss Ella Smith, Meriden, Conn.; Miss Mary Cienahan, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; G. A. Brashear, Pittsburg, Pa.; the Rev. S. H. Day, Rhode Island.

Treasurer—The Rev. R. H. Bosworth, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. E. N. Lockwood, Ripon, Wis.

Corresponding Secretary—The Rev. H. C. Jennings, Faribault, Minn.

The South African Branch of the C. L. S. C., which was organized in the fall of 1884, expects to graduate fifteen or twenty members with the Class of 1889. These readers, who would naturally have graduated in 1888, have been thrown behind a year by unavoidable delays in getting books. We shall gladly welcome them into the ranks of 1889.

Our attention has frequently been called to the fact that the C. L. S. C. can flourish in any part of the world, however isolated or uncongenial that spot may be. This characteristic of the Circle has again been shown in the case of a member of '89, in New Mexico, who knows of no other Chautauqua reader within thirty miles. She writes, "I can not hope to be benefited in the same degree that I would

if I belonged to a local circle, and have at times faltered, but would become inspired again while reading, and wonder how I could ever have thought of giving up. Some of the readings have come to me like a 'pocket' of new gold to the delving miner. I have just entered upon the third year and am determined to hold out to the end. What would I have done in this isolated home had not these Chautauqua blessings presented themselves to me?"

CLASS OF 1890.—"THE PIERIANS."

"Redeeming the Time."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. D. A. McClenahan, Allegheny, Pa.

Vice-Presidents—John Lee Draper, Providence, R. I.; the Rev. Leroy Stevens, Mount Pleasant, Pa.; Charles E. Weller, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Dr. Edwards, Randolph, N. Y.; Miss Anna L. Sanderson, Toronto, Canada; George H. Iott, Chicago, Ill.; A. T. Freye, Crestline, Ohio; Miss Helen Chennault, Ft. Scott, Kan.; S. M. Delano, New Orleans, La.; Miss Sarah Young, Danville, Ky.

Eastern Secretary—Mrs. Ada O. Krepps, Brownsville, Pa.

Western Secretary—The Rev. H. B. Waterman, Griggsville, Ills.

Treasurer—Mrs. E. P. Wood, 252 General Taylor Street, New Orleans, La. Items for this column should be sent to the Rev. H. B. Waterman, Griggsville, Ill.

"Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring." If we are members of the Class of '90, let us *do our work*. We must not even think of the possibility of graduating in '91. Drifting is out of the question. Every determined effort which we make to carry out our purpose in spite of adverse circumstances, will give us new confidence. The "will to do" is half the battle.

A peep into the home of one of the Pierians tells the oft-repeated story of what the Circle does for busy mothers. The opening of the past year found one busy with the care of a "wee laddie" only three months old, but the Chautauqua books and magazine have proved household companions. In due time the memoranda have been filled out and sent to headquarters with the announcement, "most of the books I have read the second time."

All Pierians ought to feel more sure of their relation to the C. L. S. C. to-day, than they did a year ago when they first gave allegiance to the Class of '90, albeit some are still at work on the unfinished reading of '86-7. They have had a year's experience in the work, and though to some it has been a year of trial and discouragement, we feel sure that they have nevertheless made real progress.

Two members of '90, who are the captain and first mate of a sailing vessel, send their first year's memoranda from their temporary home in Ecuador. They write, "We found much enjoyment in the C. L. S. C. studies during a long voyage of five months from the Gulf of Mexico here, via Cape Horn.

A mother with six little people under her care has accomplished all of the first year's work of the Class of '90, even to the filling out of the memoranda. She writes, "My readings for the past year have strengthened me for many trials, smoothed over many rough places, and given me courage and hope in times of despondency and weakness."

The secretary has received notice of missionary work done by many members of the Class of '90, in organizing new circles of the Class of 1891. While we strive to hold our own in point of numbers, let us help '91 to go far beyond our high-water mark of 25,000. Last year a large number of circles were made up entirely from our class. Such circles

should welcome to their meetings the new recruits with a cordiality that is sincere, and enthusiasm that is unabated.

CLASS OF 1891.

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. J. M. Durrell, Lawrence, Massachusetts.
Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Melrose, Massachusetts; Professor Dutche, Missouri; Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap, Michigan.
Secretary—Chas. E. Colston, Hannibal, Missouri.
Treasurer—Frederick Holford, Springfield, Ohio.

The Class of '91 grows steadily and rapidly. Within the past four weeks more than five thousand names have been added to the membership rolls, and Russia, China, France, and the Hawaiian Islands have contributed their share in making up the month's record.

In a certain pigeon-hole in the C. L. S. C. Office at Plainfield are securely packed away several hundred memoranda belonging to different years and classes. Many of these papers are filled out with great care, but they lack *signatures*, and the students who have given time and labor to this work, necessarily lose all credit for it by this fatal omission. Let the Class of '91 be warned in time. It must not repeat the mistakes of its predecessors.

Before this number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN reaches every subscriber, the memoranda for '87-8 will have gone out from the Plainfield Office to all members of the circle. The twelve page White Seal memoranda are ready to be sent on application, and we hope that every member of '91 will send for the larger paper at once. The filling of the twelve page paper is not required, but we are anxious to see the Class of '91 take the lead in doing thorough work. A little time given to the memoranda each month will accomplish great results in a year. To the front, '91.

Here are two testimonies worth thinking on; the first comes with a request for circulars. "The studies are charming and I can not be satisfied to enjoy such a feast of good things without sharing it with others"; the second reads, "I have done the best I could, but fear that my answers are far from right. I have been deaf since I was a child, have no education to speak of and have poor health and family cares, but I have read faithfully every thing in the books and THE CHAUTAUQUAN. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life and hope and pray I may be able to keep on."

POST GRADUATE CLASSES.

The Order of the White Seal at the present date (Nov. 18) numbers more than sixteen hundred members; the League of the Round Table more than five hundred; and the Guild of the Seven Seals between seventy-five and one hundred.

Among the most welcome letters to the C. L. S. C. Office are those which bring words of greeting from graduates of the earlier years. A member of '82 in acknowledging the little Order of the White Seal certificate recently sent her, writes, "I never was connected with any organization which gave so much real satisfaction and profit as the C. L. S. C." Another "Pioneer" writes, "White Seal just received with notice that I am a member of the order to which it refers. Glad there is such an institution as the C. L. S. C. It aided toward fitting me for my present vocation of a journalist."

From an '87 comes the characteristic sentiment, "Once a Chautauquan always a Chautauquan." Another classmate from the Pacific Coast writes, "I was born and raised on the frontier and had no educational advantages save three months' schooling and what I have been able to 'pick up'. I have read all the Required Readings prescribed for the Class of '87, and if entitled to it would be glad to have the diploma. I have been delighted and benefited far beyond the cost of my four years' reading."

Nearly two hundred members of the Pansy Class have indicated their desire to enter the competitive examination for next year, and have specified in what course their reading will be. The order of choice from highest to lowest numbers is as follows: "Regular Course," twice as many as any other; "Garnet Seal"; "Bible Course"; "American History and Literature"; "Normal Seal" and "Psychology"; "Shakspeare"; "German Literature".

From an '86 we learn that the Circle "has been a continual joy to me, and lightened my sorrows much. Indeed I hardly know how I could otherwise have borne them. I consider the C. L. S. C. a great work and to me a blessing inestimable."

The class history of '85 will, it is now hoped, be ready for distribution before New Year's. The seventy-five cent book is to be bound in white leatherette, and the title stamped on it in lavender, the class color.

The Adams Circle at Topeka, Kansas, named in honor of the veteran vice-president of the Class of '85 for the current year—Mr. John W. Adams—has 60 members and is doing better work this year than it has ever done in any previous year.

On October 23, President Underwood, '85, and wife, celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. No invitations were sent out, but the members of a local teachers' union (in New Haven) to the number of about fifty, gave them a very complete and pleasant surprise. A bride's cake and a bright silver dollar for each year of their wedded life, were among the substantial testimonials of esteem presented.

CHAUTAUQUA UNION CLASS BUILDING.

COMMITTEE.

President—S. Knight, '87, 414 Olive Street, St. Louis, Missouri.
Secretary—The Rev. H. B. Waterman, '90, Griggsville, Illinois.
Treasurers—The Rev. R. H. Bosworth, '89, 230 Rodney Street, Brooklyn, New York; The Rev. Frank Russell, '87, Oswego, New York; Mrs. D. A. Cunningham, '88, Wheeling, West Virginia.

At the meeting of the committee at Chautauqua last August, it was found that something over \$500 had been paid in, and more subscribed for the Union Building. It was thought advisable to begin as soon as \$2,500 should be in hand.

Dr. Russell was appointed to confer with the Assembly architects in reference to plans for the building. After conferences with the gentlemen some changes were agreed upon that will greatly improve the building. Specifications will soon be given, and cuts of both external and ground views will be issued. Every member of the five interested classes should take at least one of the 25 cent shares in the building. The money can be sent to one of the treasurers named above.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

The battle between man and the saloon rages, and it is likely to increase in intensity till the end comes, because the saloon is an unnatural product in our civilization. Veterans in the contest of to-day have witnessed, alternately, success and failure in all the organized movements of temperance people. But there will not be any permanent backward steps in the temperance reform,—all signs of the times point forward.

There seem to be but two special and well-aimed movements to reach the life of the saloon and destroy it. One, by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the other, by the Temperance Political Party. Strangely enough, the one uses moral, and the other proposes legal, means; the one is composed wholly of women, and the other of men. They are intensely in earnest, and moved by a powerful conviction that the American system of saloons must and shall be overthrown. These two organizations are using as their weapons, literature and the platform, the ballot and prayer, to compass their end. No better agencies can be employed for the promotion of a just cause.

That the atmosphere of our towns and cities is surcharged with temperance electricity is evident from the clashing of political forces and the sensitive condition of society on the issues of total abstinence and prohibition. Temperance seems to be the only great moral problem that looms above our social or political horizon. All else has assumed the quiet of an established order of things; and this order of things is now being almost forgotten in the wild scramble for office, power, and patronage, but thoughtful and good men should stop and consider that a canker is eating at the very vitals of the government.

We present to our readers in this impression of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* a number of letters on "The Saloon in Politics", prepared by men of different religious and political beliefs, living in different states and sections of the country. As men of wide observation and large experience they are used to studying great moral and political questions, and their diagnosis of the case is clear and comprehensive. Some of the statements made are alarming, not that we would be alarmists, but here is an organized powerful force, which, while it is ostensibly earning bread and making money, is generating an evil spirit in our citizens, which seeks to dominate the ballot box and control our elections. The saloon is much more to be dreaded than the orders of anarchists and socialists, because it breeds and fosters these classes.

Washington Gladden's facts tell of the iniquitous proceedings in the Ohio Legislature, how under the garb of law and order legislation is conducted, but it is the spirit of rum and the influence of the saloon. United States Senator Blair, on the authority of Mr. Robert Graham, lays before us the figures concerning elections in New York City, in 1884. Just before the presidential election of that year there were one thousand two political conventions; ninety-six were held next door to saloons and six hundred thirty-three were held in saloons.

These facts are like well-aimed bullets, they hit the mark, as do the sentiments expressed in the other letters. But what shall be done? This is the old question always asked about the treatment of social or political evils. "Line upon line and precept upon precept." Let every good man move for reform now. Much longer delay will place our great political organizations in the hands of the sellers and drinkers of spirituous liquors. The thing grows odious and the danger is appalling. If our political system is dictated from the saloon, Nebuchadnezzar's midnight revel and doom is a bit of history that may be repeated on this continent. We ask our friends to peruse these letters with care and then extend their circulation in their neighborhood. Put the sentiment into the air, that the saloon is a desperately wicked

and dangerous institution, and hold it before the public eye till every community shall see it and until it is wrought into a common belief.

This nation has no external foes to excite fear, we are at peace with all the world, save indeed *within* ourselves. It is our internal foe that is doing us injury. Here we must contend. The foes of one's own household may do him the most harm. The axe is laid at the root of our liberties and our free institutions. It is in the hands of dangerous men who seek to cut down every organization and institution that stand in the way of the saloon. The church of Jesus Christ should take the alarm, and move her line of battle a little farther to the front, not being afraid to receive the fire of the enemy, pushing the battle to the doors and on the very floor of the saloon and in God's name set up her banners.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE ANARCHISTS?

Some months ago the country was startled from its accustomed quiet by the perpetration of an unusual crime; and it was learned upon subsequent investigation that there existed quite a number of men who, banded together in the name of Liberty, were prepared to use internal machines and spread terror in a peaceful community. Naturally the indignation of the public was aroused, and people began to ask themselves, what shall be done with the anarchists? Some urged that the law was at fault, and that unusual methods of procedure were necessary to procure safety against so unusual a crime. Others, versed in the lessons which history teaches, were unwilling to resort to extreme measures until it was clearly shown that the evil was too great to be controlled by the law as it now stands.

It is the aim of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* to guide its readers into scholarly methods of discussion, and on this account it does not shrink from suggesting severe and difficult lines of thought. Now there are two ways in which we may deal with anarchists; but in choosing the one or the other, we are in reality choosing between two quite distinct theories of political organizations. Thus we may, following in the steps of Germany, or of Russia, extend the power of the police until it touches the lives of citizens at every point; or we may, holding still to the theory of English liberty which we have thus far followed, continue to rely for personal security on the strict enforcement of personal responsibility. It is possible that the Germans are right and that we are wrong. It is possible that security is sacrificed in this country to the uncertain benefits of freedom. But if this be the point at issue it should be argued fairly and openly. We should not delude ourselves in professing to think that we can greatly extend the police powers without abandoning our cherished ideas of political and personal liberty.

It may be that all are not familiar with the theory upon which American and English criminal law is based, and on that account are urging the adoption of unusual methods with the anarchists. Yet this theory can be simply stated. "It starts with the assumption that every man who knows the law is free to obey it or not as suits him best, but to this liberty is attached full responsibility for all his acts which effect in any way other members of society. . . . This arrangement is regarded by jurists as the most practicable method of preventing wrongs, for if men can only be brought to act under a keen sense of personal responsibility, it is believed they will endeavor to keep within their clear legal rights. It thus appears that personal responsibility and personal liberty are the counter forces which hold the units of our nebulous society in their proper spheres."

Our conclusion then is that we should do nothing with the anarchists as anarchists unless we are prepared to abandon the political theory upon which American society is based. It would

be a dangerous thing to recognize the profession of anarchistic sentiments as a new sort of crime. Anarchists should be granted as full liberty of thought and of speech as is granted to other citizens, but like other citizens they should be held to strict responsibility for all their acts. It is believed that our law as it stands is adequate to deal with this difficulty. It punishes him who murders and him who is accessory to murder either before or after the act. It punishes seditious speeches and seditious writings. It prohibits the drilling of armed men unless organized under the laws of the state. It gives the municipal police the right to disperse crowds that threaten to become disorderly. It is even willing to bind men over to keep the peace. It does not, then, seem necessary to deal with anarchists as anarchists, but it is of the utmost importance that law should be enforced in every case against anarchists who commit criminal acts. The theory of personal liberty tempered by personal responsibility, though severely tried, has not yet proved itself wanting.

FROM GRÉVY TO SADI-CARNOT.

On December 2, M. Jules Grévy, President of the French Republic, resigned, and on the following day M. Marie François Sadi-Carnot was elected to the vacancy, by 616 votes of the 826 cast by the Chamber of Deputies and the Congress of the Senate. M. Grévy, the retiring president, has been a prominent member of the Republican faction in France since the revolution of 1848; in 1879 he was elected president of the Republic and in December, 1885, just before the expiration of his first term of seven years, was re-elected. His present resignation had its cause in a muddle of personalities and politics. President Grévy's son-in-law, M. Wilson, had been suspected of having a hand in what has been proved recently to have been for some fifteen years a very profitable business in France among office-holders—the sale of decorations in the Legion of Honor. Late in October last, a committee was chosen by the Chamber of Deputies to investigate M. Wilson's part in the scandal. The majority of the committee were the political enemies of President Grévy, and glad of an opportunity to weaken his power and smirch his record. The hostile press took up the matter, and personal abuse ran high. President Grévy demanded that his son-in-law be tried in the regular way and declared that if the trial must be biased by party hatred and personal abuse and made political capital for his opposers, he should resign; from this position, however, he was dissuaded. As the committee of inquiry pursued the investigations it was found that M. Wilson had been doing a fine business in "serving his friends" for handsome considerations. The Chamber of Deputies demanded his prosecution, and he was forced to quit the Elysée—the president's home.

The monarchists and radicals went wild with joy over the disgrace of the president, each fancying that here was a lever with which to pry conservative Republicanism off its base and obtain opportunity to set up the form of government they desired. Crowds filled the streets hooting and shouting *a bas Grévy*; the Republicans deserted the president; the ministry dissolved; no politicians could be found willing to form a new cabinet; the president was forced to resign. It was a sad sight for Christendom,—this man who for forty years had been a strong prop of Republican principles, twice president of the National Assembly, twice president of the Chamber of Deputies, and in his second term as president of the Republic, torn from his position, put out of a palace, deprived of a yearly income of \$120,000 and a living fund of \$60,000, soiled with hateful accusations, his family relations sundered, and his old age made miserable,—because he had a scamp for a son-in-law and had been weak enough to try to shield his wrongdoing. But there was a graver question, and all the world held its breath. Would the Republic live? Would it go down as the president had? Was it to be the downfall of a man or a government?

There was no conspicuous leader, no Thiers, or Gambetta, or MacMahon, to take the place. M. Ferry, the leading candidate on the first ballots, was killed by the Parisian mob

which shouted itself hoarse, denouncing his record, his supposed German sympathies, and his royalist support. The streets were placarded with denunciations of him, and the socialist leaders harangued the crowds, urging revenge if he should be elected. The deputies remembered the blood shed by that mob in other years and M. Ferry was abandoned. M. De Freycinet was the next in favor, but the factions could not unite on him. A compromise candidate was necessary. One was found in M. Sadi-Carnot. He had been in the cabinets of both M. Ferry and M. De Freycinet and their friends would accept him; Radicals and Opportunists were willing to support him. He was elected by a united Republican vote; the Monarchists retired disgusted and foiled.

The new president is fifty years old and comes from a family noted for its strong Republican principles. He has served as minister of Public Works and as Minister of Finance, and made a reputation in both places for exact and careful work and for honorable and honest dealing. He is not a great or brilliant man, but he will, to judge from his past record, be a conscientious and hard-working president. His first speech after his election when he addressed the press principally, urging upon it the wisdom and duty of calming the public mind, was sensible and appropriate and well received on all hands. The worst feature of the change is the precedent it establishes. If a French president can be ousted from his office without formal impeachment and for other cause than high crime and misdemeanor, the average French Republican has still much to learn of that principle: we have found so essential in this Republic, that he who honestly holds an office must be protected in it, unless convicted of crime, until the natural expiration of his term.

The feeling throughout the world is one of satisfaction that this crisis has been passed without bloodshed or revolution, and that the French Republic can continue its eighteenth year a little wiser probably than it began. England, Germany, and Russia are pleased with the result and the belief is strong that the chances for continued peace in Europe are strengthened by the outcome. In France, save the scowls of Monarchists, there are no signs of discord, all factions of Republicans again unite in the cry, which the whole world helps swell, *Vive la République!*

EVERY MINISTER AN EVANGELIST.

The constant task of the church is to lead men to repentance. It is a duty which weighs most heavily upon the pastors, for they are the leaders of the church. It is their first and constant business to preach repentance. But the obligation is not exhausted by such preaching. It ought to be accompanied by intelligent and careful planning to produce fruit by gospel preaching. This includes all possible efforts to stir up the church to hearty co-operation with the pulpit. It includes calls to present repentance, public calls, and personal calls. It includes every kind of method by which souls may be saved.

Suppose that every pastor who reads these lines should say to himself: "My chief business shall be to get men converted. I will put my whole brain and heart into the work. I will seek the salvation of souls with all the strength and zeal I possess, and I will not rest until the sinners in my congregation have all been reached by both public and personal appeals, reached not once but often, and until each one of them has deliberately refused to repent." Does any pastor believe that such a vow and such work would remain barren? Does any one fail to realize how much power he adds to his preaching by being in deadly earnest to reach his end? He has set himself a definite task and rallied to the labor of it, every power of his nature—and he will succeed.

It begins to be assumed that for some inscrutable reason pastors can not succeed in revivals, especially when they are good pastors. It is a dangerous assumption. It cuts away from the pulpit its central support. Evangelists are good in the right place; but at best they are lieutenants of the pastors, and pas-

tors who can not order the battle ought to make haste to learn their primary business. We suspect that in many cases the pastor who doubts his power to lead a revival, has never thoroughly tried, or tried but once or twice. Let the diffident brethren try again and put their whole souls into the trial.

There ought to be this year a revival in every church in the land. No pastor who preaches to unconverted men has a right to assume that he can not move them to repentance. Such men are in all our congregations. They are perhaps waiting for the whole-souled invitation of a pastor who cares for their souls. We do not make light of the task. It is the severest given to men on earth. But it can be done by any pastor who will do it with all his might. The Lord has furnished us with perfect weapons for the attack upon sleeping consciences, for penetrating the habitual indifference of men, for moving them to action. Many a pastor has been astonished by the effects of his plain

sermons on the perils of sin, by his efforts to convince men of their personal danger. The Book abounds with truth adapted to the revival sermon, and human life re-preaches the lessons of the Book. For example, the empty lamp is in all our homes and the shut door is behind us all. This divine lesson in gospel opportunity is taught by the memory and conscience of every sinner. Our task is to hold up the light until it streams into men's souls.

Why not try this year as we have never tried before? We are passing away; our congregations are passing away. Death and Judgment are at the door. The church needs revival life and fire. The land needs gospel peace and rest. God has called us to the work of saving perishing souls. With Him is no lack and His grace knows no limit except our refusal of its sweet invitation. Let the cry go forth: A REVIVAL IN EVERY CHURCH.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The present issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN bears the imprint of 1888. It is with growing hopefulness and promise that for the eighth time we wish our readers a Happy New Year. Our fast lengthening subscription list, compelling us to print this year 65,000 monthly copies, convinces us that our readers find the magazine more welcome than ever. An effort will be made to have it still more desirable in the future. May the new year increase the capability, the good-will, the earnestness of Chautauquans everywhere, and may 1888 be indeed to them and to all the world a Happy New Year.

The grave meaning in the opening of the Fiftieth Congress was almost hidden in the many diverting features of the occasion. The twenty-six new senators to be sworn in, their gait, coats, attitudes in the performance of the ceremony, and the floral tributes they received were the main attractions in the Senate. In the House the new men were scrutinized freely, the changes in familiar faces commented on, and the amusing process of seating members by means of a blindfolded page and a box of marbles, watched with lively interest. It was a curious and animated scene and gave certain glimpses into the character of the members of both Houses for which, after actual hard work has begun, there will be scarcely an opportunity.

A welcome deputation from Great Britain to the United States is the peace arbitration committee. It comes with the approval of the best sentiment in the English Parliament, trades-unions, and country at large. Its object is to secure a treaty between the two countries, which shall provide for the settlement of all difficulties by arbitration. Memorials have been passed in several leading cities of the East where the deputation has been cordially received, urging Congress to give early attention to this wise and humane measure. What better New Year's gift can Congress give the country than a treaty with Great Britain, engaging that henceforth all disputes between us which negotiation can not settle, arbitration shall?

The fourteenth annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union held in Nashville, Tenn., in November, was distinguished by remarkable spirit, hopefulness, and hard work. A telling address from the president, Miss Frances E. Willard—a favorite contributor to THE CHAUTAUQUAN—was one of the most widely noticed features of the session. Perhaps it should be added, too, that Miss Willard's skill as a presiding officer, was commented upon by the masculine observers of the convention as something most remarkable. That the W. C. T. U. appreciates its president, her re-election by a vote of 313 out of 320, demonstrates.

A popular caricaturist enjoins Congress "to dew more work and talk a *lecture* less." Couple to this ex-President Grévy's famous motto, "Politics is only a kind of business: it is of supreme importance, but should always be treated with the same rectitude and the same simplicity," and we have two admirable principles upon which to run the Fiftieth Congress.

A resolution is going the rounds of the national political conventions, aimed at killing "political personalities." It is quite doubtful if even after a unanimous vote in favor of the measure, the various parties will have the grace to hold their peace entirely when there is a good opportunity to say an ungenerous thing. If the recorded vote serves, however, as but the smallest check on the flow of personal abuse usual in important elections, it will be gratefully received by the public.

A strong issue like that of temperance invariably breaks down the color line—in time of action, at least. At the Prohibition contest in Atlanta, so thoroughly were the whites and blacks united that the situation was well described in the words of an old colored gentleman, who watching the scene, was heard to say, "Bless de Lawd! I've lived to see de culled folks as good as de white." At the annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville there were present several colored delegates. They were received most courteously, sitting on committees, speaking, and mingling socially, without any visible distinction.

There has been inaugurated in New York City a "Students' Movement" whose object is to encourage Christian life and work among the students of colleges and schools. Sunday night meetings are held when addresses are given by representative citizens and college men. Such a movement is appropriate wherever there are students. They are in the most buoyant, hopeful, and usually susceptible stage of life. Put Christianity before them in a manner which appeals to their manliness and their honor and in a company composed of what they feel to be their own, and large interest is invariably awakened. The "Students' Movement" has in it an opportunity to bring into the Christian life thousands of our young men and women.

What President Cleveland believes Congress ought to do this winter, his annual message most clearly shows. The gist of it is: The present laws require more money to be collected from the people than the Government needs to pay its bills. This money ought to be at the disposal of the people. Something must be done. The President is to be congratulated on offering a novelty in messages. His discussion of one theme only, is from a lite-

rary point of view, if nothing else be considered, most striking and effective.

"What we used to call New England has become New Ireland" writes an American contributor to an English review. A fact which an article in the October number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* on the "Irish in the United States" proved by some most interesting statements. But this same article showed also that quite as appropriately it might be said that what we call New York has become New Ireland.

Grave discussions of the legality of that new device of the business world, the "trust", are diligently conducted in law reviews, economic pamphlets, and commercial journals. The question in its simplest form seems to be, shall the law allow all the stock invested in an industry, as, for instance, paper bag making, to be combined in the hands of a few associated persons, so that they shall be able to maintain a monopoly in the trade. Two or three great "trusts" in the country undoubtedly will do no wide-spread harm; it is only when we think of the price and circulation of all the necessities of life at the dictation of combinations, that the question becomes startling.

It is becoming more and more evident that the United States did a very profitable stroke of business when it bought Alaska. According to the last report of its governor it is turning out gold bullion at a rate of about \$100,000 per month, is doing a fishery business of \$3,000,000 a year, and has a yearly fur trade of over \$2,500,000; coal, marble, and lumber are also among its resources. When the day comes that the nineteen-twentieths of the half million and more square miles of the territory now almost unknown to civilization, are open, we shall undoubtedly find ourselves the possessors of a most valuable farm.

No higher words of praise can be said of Dr. McCosh's work for Princeton College than what he himself so justly said on the occasion of his recent resignation, that he leaves the institution in a healthy state, intellectually, morally, and religiously. That this is due to his energy and judicious management all recognize. One could wish the college no better fortune than that his successor may be a man of equal vigor, integrity, and culture.

There is no fact that promises better things for the future welfare of the human race than the constantly increasing interest manifested in all matters pertaining to health. Among the many pertinent subjects discussed at the recent meeting of the American Public Health Association, none was more important than that of the destruction of the refuse in cities. The method received with the greatest favor was that of large garbage crematories. It was shown that already a few cities had made a satisfactory trial of this means and had reported that all débris could be utterly consumed without giving off offensive gases or smoke. Boards of Health, generally, are now closely studying the matter, hoping soon to settle for all time this vexed question.

Among the novelties in the line of inventions is the water bicycle. On this little craft Professor Alfonso King, its originator, made a successful trip across the New York Harbor, a distance of three miles, in forty-five minutes. The feat was accomplished, too, during a high wind and over a rough sea, thus leaving no question as to the ability of the instrument to accomplish its design. It is a question, however, whether the design was worthy of the genius and energy displayed in the result, for it is hard to conceive of any pleasure or profit accruing from paddling through the water on a "wheel".

The expression, *Lo, the rich Indian*, would form a pleasant variation in the old familiar strain which for so long has fallen upon the ears of mankind. In the case of the Osage tribe, of

Idaho, it would be no misnomer. They actually pose as the last remaining example in the United States, of a real aristocracy. A visitor to their reservation makes the following report: "Besides the land of the reservation which belongs to them by a title hard to assail, they have about \$7,000,000 bearing five per cent interest in the hands of the government. They are paid about \$250,000 a year in cash. The entire tribe numbers only 1,600, so that they are actually the richest body of people we have."

Even if the bright hopes regarding the completion and the successful operation of the Panama Canal have to wait a long time yet before being realized, great good in at least two other lines has already resulted from it. French and American inventive genius have entered into rivalry, and products in the form of most effective machinery have been added to the real wealth of the world. In the desperate struggle between men and the obstinate forces of nature, means have been devised for overcoming the latter, which will render every succeeding encounter of the kind less deadly and less costly.

If statisticians continue making reports of the following practical and auspicious character, it may not be, in any sense of the word, a visionary view to anticipate in the future a return of the physical type of manhood which marked the primitive age of the world. From figures obtained from a number of clothiers in several of the largest cities in the United States and Canada, Dr. Edward Atkinson conclusively shows that the American man is gaining steadily in size and weight. The clothiers unanimously report that within the last few years they have been obliged to adopt a larger scale of sizes. Right in line with this, Dr. M. P. Hatfield has published in his "Physiology and Hygiene", the text book used by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for the present year, statistics which strengthen the proof of what has been for a long time believed, that the average length of life is steadily increasing.

After a recent accident on an English railway by which the company suffered serious loss, the employees held a meeting and voted to contribute their wages for a specified time toward relieving their employers. This company has made a business of devising and helping through practical schemes for assisting its men in saving money, in establishing a superannuated fund, and in carrying on useful enterprises. The employees were glad of an opportunity to show gratitude. There is but little danger of discord when mutual helpfulness is the rule. Men who like Mr. Vanderbilt in New York and the Warner Brothers in Bridgeport, Conn., establish club-houses for the benefit of their working people, and assist them in schemes of economy, will find that, as a rule, content and grateful appreciation are returned.

It is to be hoped that the year of imprisonment allotted to Herr Most will be a term long enough to enable him and his followers to get this fact into their minds: nobody in America, anarchist or conservative, can break the peace by seditious language without punishment. If they believe in anarchy, nobody in this country will interfere. But what everybody does object to, is that they should attempt to stir up a riot against Americans on account of what they believe.

Another instance of the newspaper's making a jump at a conclusion without waiting for sufficient reason to form a premise, is found in the case of Dr. Joseph Parker of London. It is a matter of congratulation that Dr. Parker fully vindicated himself to the committee of Plymouth Church of the charge brought against him of taking \$700 for his eulogy of Mr. Beecher, which the committee had supposed was to be his contribution to the statue fund. He showed that he had actually expended \$810 in order to get the opportunity to deliver the eulogy and he followed this up with a gift of \$700.

Curious historical students who are minded to look up the anniversaries belonging to 1888, will find them to be in honor of several very important events. The tenth anniversary of the overthrow of the Carolingian empire comes this year, the fifth of the battle of Otterburn, the third of the defeat of the Invincible Armada, the second of the English Revolution, and several of the states will celebrate the centennial of their signature to the Constitution.

To help fight the battle for the passage of an International Copyright law, the Author's Readings, given in New York City, netted the sum of \$4,000. It is to be hoped that when the League again presents it to Congress something decisive will be done. The feeling grows stronger that America must free herself from reproach and protect her authors.

Among the intelligent outgrowths from the law which compelled children to go to school, yet left them ignorant of any useful service, are the kitchen gardens in connection with some of the ward schools of New York City. There the children are taught to perform various housekeeping duties which not only enable them to make their own homes more neat and attractive,

but also, in time, to command fair wages as domestic servants. Only the devices which make the poor efficient self-supporters, are lasting in effect. The kitchen garden does something of this nature. Besides it is simple in plan and management; qualities which recommend it for trial in any community.

Volapük—the so-called universal language—is said to have seventy societies, ten periodicals, a literature of ninety-six books, and one hundred thousand disciples. If its supporters are willing to confine its sphere to commercial intercourse, very well; but one can not imagine a machine-made language conveying delicate shades of meaning or having the grace and strength of our all-sufficient English.

The recent report of the United States Life-saving Service furnishes many items of interest. The present system was established in 1871, and since then has saved vessels and cargoes to the value of nearly forty-eight million dollars, and has rescued about thirty-five thousand people. The Service has charge of two hundred eighteen stations, through which during the last fiscal year, there were rescued six million dollars' worth of property, and over six thousand lives.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR JANUARY.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

P. 245. "Utopia." The word is derived from two Greek words, *ou*, not, and *topos*, a place. It is more commonly written Utopia. It was the name given by Sir Thomas More in his political romance to an ideal community established on an ideal island, and governed by ideal laws, all existing in the highest state of perfection. See also THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October.

"Pantisocracy." This scheme was an attempt to put into actual practice More's Utopian dream. Coleridge and Southey together with Lovell, another poetical English enthusiast, endeavored to found a commonwealth on the banks of the Susquehanna River, in which all property was to be held in common, from which all the evils and turmoils of political life were to be excluded, and where selfishness was to be proscribed.

"Talleyrand," tal-lā rang. A French statesman. Shortly after the death of the French king in 1793, a warrant was issued against Talleyrand, who being then in England, sailed for the United States. While here, he closely studied American institutions. In his later life he published a pamphlet entitled "Memoir of the Commercial Relations of the United States in 1797." See also THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November.

"Volney," Constantine François, Count, vul-nā. (1757-1820.) A French author. During the French Revolution he was imprisoned for ten months as a Girondist. In 1795 he came to the United States where he remained for about three years. He published a book after his return, called "Descriptions of the Climate and Soil of the United States of America."

"Chateaubriand," François August, shā-tō brē āng. (1768-1848) A French author and statesman. In 1791 he came to the United States, intending to seek for the north-west passage. He presented a letter of introduction to President Washington, who in conversation alluded to the many obstacles in the way of his intended expedition. "But sir," said the young Frenchman, "it is less difficult to discover the polar passage than to create a nation, as you have done." Chateaubriand explored the regions around the Great Lakes, and for a long time lived among the Indians. The beauty of the country and the wild life of those those days made a deep impression upon him.

P. 247. "Montesquieu, Charles de Secondat, Baron. (1689-1755.) A French author. His greatest work was the book to which a reference is here made, "The Spirit of Laws." See Wilkinson's "Classic French Course in English."

P. 256. "Genet," Edmond Charles, zheh-nā. (1765-1834.) He was removed from his position but continued to remain in the United States; he settled in New York, took out naturalization papers, married a daughter of George Clinton, the fourth vice-president, and died at Schodack, N. Y.

"Hawkins," Sir John, M. P. (About 1520-1595.) A rear-admiral in the fleet sent to meet the Spanish Armada, and, jointly with Drake, commander of a large fleet sent against the Spanish colonies in the West Indies in 1595.

P. 262. "De Foe," Daniel. (1661-1731.) A voluminous English author, who published over two hundred works. His masterpiece was "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

"Cook," James, Captain. (1728-1779.) An English navigator. He circumnavigated the globe in high southern latitudes. In 1776 he left Plymouth in the ship *Resolution*, accompanied by Captain Charles Clarke (about 1730-1812) in the *Discovery*, to search for the north-west passage between the Atlantic and Pacific. After spending some months in explorations on the way, he reached latitude 70° north and then returned to the Sandwich Islands to pass the winter, where he and four of his men were killed by the natives. After his death, Clarke took command of the expedition.

"Vancouver," George. (About 1755-1798.) An English navigator and author who accompanied Captain Cook in two of his long voyages. He was placed in command of an expedition sent to make a coast survey north of latitude 30°. He published a large work called "Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean and Round the World." Vancouver's Island was named after him.

"Krusenstern," Adam John. (1770-1846.) A famous Russian traveler, the first from that country, who sailed around the world. He also published a large book giving an account of his voyages and discoveries.

"La Perouse," Jean François. (1741-1789?) A French navigator. He fought for the Americans in the Revolution. In 1786 he sailed in command of an exploring expedition to the eastern coast of Asia, and from there went to Botany Bay from which place the last letter received by his friends from him, was dated, February 7, 1788. Nearly forty years later it was discovered that he and his crew had been shipwrecked at Vanicoro.

P. 266. "Michilimackinac," mish'il-e mak'in-aw.

"Os-we-gatch'ie."

- P. 267. "*Slatu quo*." "The state in which."
 P. 271. "Godoy," Manuel. (1767-1851). A Spanish statesman. The king, Charles IV., gave him the title "Prince of Peace," because he was instrumental in bringing about peace with France in 1795.
 P. 272. "Count de Montmorin," Armand Marc. (1745-1792.) A French statesman. He was executed during the French Revolution.
 P. 273. "Directory." The name given to the executive government of the first French republic.
 P. 285. "Montezuma." The name of two Mexican emperors who reigned in great splendor during the fifteenth century.

OUTLINE SKETCH OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

- P. 197. "Bohemians". A term applied to literary men and artists of irregular habits, who live by whatever work in their line they can find to do.
 P. 198. "*Ponçisto*." Greek words expressed in English letters, meaning literally, "where I may stand." They are the very words Archimedes, the great Greek geometer, used when after one of his discoveries he exclaimed, what, translated, reads, "Give me *where I may stand* and I will move the world."
 P. 207. "Tyrtæus," tir-tee'us. A renowned Greek poet, supposed to have lived about 685 B. C. The Spartans led by his martial songs marched to victory in their wars against the Messenians.
 "Körner," Karl Theodor. (1791-1813.) A famous German poet, author of some of the most spirited martial lyrics in that language.
 "Cromwell's Ironsides." A regiment of Puritan troops organized by Cromwell, "who were well-nigh invincible in battle, but whose camp was a convective for prayer and praise."
 "*Laus Deo*." "Praise to God."
 P. 210. "Doric." Pertaining to Doris, a division of ancient Greece. Applied to literature it designates that in which severity is "tempered with gravity and joy," and is especially suited to war and religious festivals.
 P. 215. "Gaboriau," Émile, gâ-bô-rê-ô. (1835 —.) A French author.
 "Wilkie Collins." (1824—.) An English novelist, author of "The Woman in White," "Poor Miss Finch," etc.
 "Jules Verne." (1828—.) A French author who has gained his reputation by his mock scientific romances.
 P. 216. "*A priori*." "From the cause to the effect."
 P. 219. "Baudelaire," bô-de-laïre. (1821-1867.)
 P. 223. "*Beau monde*." "The fashionable world."
 P. 225. "*Wanderjahre*." "Traveling years." The title of one of Goethe's books was "Wilhelm Meister's *Wanderjahre*," from which the word is taken.
 P. 231. "*Morceaux*." Morsels, bits, passages.
 P. 232. "*Oratio soluta*." Unfettered composition.
 P. 233. "Culte." Worship, great admiration.
 P. 235. "*Camaraderie*." Companionship.
 P. 244. "Dahlgren." The name of a heavy shell gun. So called from its inventor, John Adolf Dahlgren (1809-1870), an American naval officer. He was the author of several works pertaining to the art of warfare and to the construction of military weapons. He was made commander of the navy yard at Washington at the breaking out of the Civil War and was then at the head of the squadron employed in the siege of Charleston.
 P. 246. "*Ante bellum*." Before the war.
 P. 249. "Rabelais," François, râ-beh-lâ. (1483?-1553.) A French author. When very young he joined the Franciscans, but finding monastic life decidedly uncongenial, he left the convent without gaining the consent of those in authority. He devoted himself to linguistic study and became master of several languages. He also studied medicine and began practicing it in Lyons. The pope absolved him for the breaking of his monastic vows. In his greatest literary work, "The Life of Gargantua and Pantagruel," he satirizes society in general and the order

of monks in particular. It was immediately denounced as heretical, but the king, Francis I., protected the author. See *Beers' "Classic French Course."*

"Punch." An English comic weekly newspaper established in 1841. The *Charivari* is a French daily paper; and the corresponding German publication is the *Fliegende Blätter*.

P. 257. "*Cicerone*," sis-e-rô'ne. One who shows strangers the curiosities of a place.

P. 259. "*Vraisemblance*." Likelihood; probability.

P. 270. "Balzac", Honore'. (1799-1850.) A distinguished French novelist. Among the most popular of his works are "Eugenie Grandet", and "Balthazar Claes." Victor Hugo pronounced a fervid eulogy over his grave. His writings have been translated into nearly all European languages.

"Turgénieff," Ivan, too'r zhe-nef'. (1818-1883.) A Russian poet and novelist. He was banished to the provinces on account of his liberal sentiments, and although after several years the sentence was revoked, he chose then to reside abroad, mostly at Paris and Baden.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

"Physiology and Hygiene" was omitted from the *Outline*, the *Program*, the *C. L. S. C. Notes*, and the *Questions and Answers*, by mistake, in the December issue. It will appear in January, February, and March instead of in the months designated in the "C. L. S. C. Circular."

P. 10. "Gobelin factory." An establishment belonging to the French government, in which carpets and tapestry are produced. It is located in Paris, and took its name from two brothers named Gobelin who lived during the fifteenth century, and who discovered a new process in the manufacture and method of using scarlet dyes. Their house soon obtained such a reputation, that the king, Louis XIV., bought it and converted it into the royal manufactory, in which furnishings and decorations of all kinds were made. During the French Revolution the house fell into neglect, but in the time of the Bourbons it again flourished. In 1871 it was partly burned by the Communists. Among the beautiful hangings are pictures of the Massacre of the Mamelukes, a portrait of Louis XIV., and the Assumption.

P. 11. "Ep i-the'li-al."

"Hindoo on the banks of the Ganges." In so great reverence do these people of India hold the waters of this sacred river that they desire to die upon its banks, and many are carried there in their last hours by friends.

P. 13. "Dyn-a-mom'e-ter." An instrument designed to measure the force or power of men and animals. Later it was modified so as to test the power of machines, and the strength of materials. It is now so constructed as to be used as a meter of the power of engines. "It usually consists of a spring to be compressed by the applied force, and an index and scale, and often a contrivance for registering automatically the result."

P. 17. "Margaret of Navarre." (1492-1549.) The eldest child of Charles of Orleans, Count of Angoulême, and Louise of Savoy. She was sister to Francis I. of France, over whom she exercised great influence. Her beauty, talents, and culture rendered her a very distinguished personage. After the death of her first husband, the duke of Alençon, she married Henry D'Albret, King of Navarre. She sympathized with the Protestants and did all in her power to protect them from persecution, and would herself have been treated as a heretic had it not been for the protection of her royal brother. She was the author of several works in prose and verse. Her daughter, Jeanne D'Albret became the mother of Henry of Navarre.

"Hibernicism." A form of speech peculiar to the Irish people. Hibernia was the ancient name of Ireland. The term "Irish bull" is often applied to the errors of speech for which this people are proverbial, an inadvertent contradiction of terms. The latter expression was derived from the name of an Irish lawyer, Obadiah Bull, who was notorious for his blunders.

P. 18. "The grand Lama." "It is a doctrine of the Hindoos

that the confinement of the human soul—an emanation of the divine spirit—in a human body is a state of misery, and the consequence of frailties and sins committed during former existences. But they hold that some few individuals have appeared on this earth from time to time not under the necessity of terrestrial existence, but who came to promote the welfare of mankind. . . . These appearances are continued to the present day in the Lamas of Thibet.”—*Bulfinch's Mythology*.

P. 21. “A-re’o-lar.”

P. 22. “Fascia,” fash’e-a.

P. 24. “Maspero,” Gaston Camille Charles. (1846 —.) A French Egyptologist, through whose efforts the remarkable sepulchral relics of the ancient Egyptian royal personages were brought to light in 1881.

P. 25. “Tamerlane”. (1336-1405.) The name is a corruption of Timour Lenk, that is Timour, the lame, who was an Asiatic conqueror, one of the greatest warrior kings who ever lived. He aspired to the dominion of all the countries once under rule of Genghis Khan, the great Mogul conqueror. After Tamerlane had conquered Bagdad, he left piled up in the public places of the city, 90,000 slaughtered human beings.

“Meg-a-lo-sau’rus” (from two Greek words meaning great lizard), “Dī-nō-the’ri-um,” (terrible beast), “Chei(ki)-ro-the’ri-um” (from two words meaning hand and beast, so called because the foot-prints were broad like a hand), “Pli-o-sau’rus” (greater lizard), “Pter-o-dac’tyl” (from two words meaning wing and finger).

P. 30. “Per i-os’tē-um” (around the bone).

P. 31. “Syn ō’vi-a.”

P. 33. “Sā’crum”—“Nū’cle-i.”

P. 35. “La-mel’læ.”

“La-cu’næ” Small openings or depressions.

“Can a lic’u-li.” Small channels.

“Saint Ursula’s maidens.” An old British legend says that Ursula was the daughter of a Christian prince who lived about the fourth century. She consented to marry a pagan prince to save her parents and country from the ruin her refusal would bring, but obtained a delay of three years. During this time ten noble maidens were her constant companions, each of whom like herself had 1,000 attendants. As they were going to France they were driven by adverse winds to Cologne where all were martyred by the Huns.

P. 39. “Achilles,” a-kil’leez. The hero of Homer’s “Iliad.” A bitter quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon over the ownership of the captives taken in battle, and the wrath of the former on being obliged to yield to the commander-in-chief, form the opening of the poem.

P. 41. “Widow Bedott.” The heroine of a series of humorous articles entitled “Widow Bedott Papers,” which first appeared in *Neal’s Saturday Gazette*, a journal published in Philadelphia. They were contributed by Miss Berry, and afterward were published in book form.

P. 43. “Darius Green.” The hero of a humorous poem by J. T. Trowbridge.

P. 44. “Coccyx,” kok’six.

P. 45. “Falstaff.” A character appearing in Shakspeare’s “Henry IV.” and “Merry Wives of Windsor,” represented as a boastful, witty, and mendacious knight.

P. 46. “Fire the Ephesian dome.” The night on which Alexander the Great was born, the magnificent temple of Diana in Ephesus was burned to the ground by the act of an incendiary,

named Erostratus, whose only object was, by this means to render himself famous.

P. 47. “Rigor mortis.” Rigor of death.

“Si’ne qua non,” “An indispensable condition.”

P. 48. “Saint Vitus.” “A Sicilian child martyr of the fourth century. His parents were heathens but he was instructed in Christianity by his nurse. His father, Hylas, having given him up to the magistrate for punishment as a Christian, he escaped with his nurse and her husband to Lucania, but while there was put to death under Diocletian. He is honored on June 15 in the Latin Church. This saint was believed to grant relief to his devotees from the dancing malady.”—*Lippincott’s “Biographical Dictionary.”*

P. 51. “Malaise.” Uncomfortableness.

P. 88. “Leberwurst.” Liver sausage.

P. 89. “Bishop Asbury,” Francis. (1745-1816.) The first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born in England, and died in Virginia. In 1771 he was sent by John Wesley as a missionary to the New World. “During his American ministry he traveled over 270,000 miles through the entire extent of the country; preached about 16,500 sermons, or nearly one a day for forty-five years; presided at 224 annual conferences; and ordained more than 4,000 preachers.” He never married. His “Journals” are his only literary work.

P. 94. “Chyle,” kile.

P. 95. “Trā-bē’cu-læ.”

P. 98. “Fi-brin’o-gen.”

P. 101. “An’eū-rism.” A soft, throbbing tumor caused by the rupture or the expansion of the coats of an artery.

P. 103. “Leucocytes,” lū’ko-sites.

P. 107. “Hæm o-glō’bin.”

P. 108. “Hæm-a-to’blasts.”

P. 109. “Mes’en-ter-y.” “A membrane in the cavity of the abdomen which retains the intestines and their appendages in a proper position.”

P. 110. “Henry Bergh.” (1823 —.) An American philanthropist and reformer, founder in 1866 of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

P. 113. “St. Anthony.” (About 251-356.) One of the Christian Fathers. It is said of him that he literally obeyed the injunction, “Sell that thou hast and give to the poor,” and withdrew to the desert where he lived as a hermit. Once when he was preaching at Rimini, seeing that the eyes of many were closed to the light of the gospel, he suddenly called on those who wished to do so to follow him to the sea-shore. When there he addressed his words to the fishes, calling upon them to hear the gospel of salvation. Instantly the shore was thronged with fishes of all sizes and all kinds who in every possible way manifested the deepest interest in the words he spoke to them. They “testified in a thousand ways their wish to pay homage to the Almighty, and the tribute of their mute praise. The crowd on the shore could not restrain their admiration, and cried with one voice, Come, let us laud and magnify God. . . . And Anthony turning round said, . . . ‘Let the fishes of the sea teach man to praise the Lord.’ The ‘heretics’ were confounded, fell at the preacher’s feet, and would not arise till he had given them absolution.”—*Brewer’s “Dictionary of Miracles.”*

P. 124. “Galen.” (About 131-210.) A famous Greek physician, medical writer, and philosopher.

“A-nas to-mō’ses.”

P. 125. “En-do-thē’li-um.”

NOTES ON REQUIRED READING IN “THE CHAUTAUQUAN.”

LITERATURES OF THE FAR EAST.

1. “Pentaur.” See *C. L. S. C. Notes* in the November issue of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. Besides Professor Goodwin’s translation of Pentaur’s poem, mentioned there, Professor Lushington has made one which may be found in “Records of the Past”

Vol. II.; another translation of the same work is that by Brugsch Bey, a celebrated German archaeologist; while the most complete of all is the one by De Rougé, a French Egyptologist.

2. Rameses II. See the *C. L. S. C. Notes* in the November issue. There is a marked difference in the statements of his

torians regarding the time in which Rameses II. lived. Perhaps the weight of evidence is in favor of the date, 1388-1322, though if the great German Egyptologist, Georg Ebers (1837 —) is correct in supposing Pentaur, who celebrated his victories, to be contemporaneous with Moses, the date in the former number of the magazine is nearer correct. Rameses II. was the third king in his dynasty, but the second of a long line who bore this name.

3. "Grassmann," Hermann Gunther. (1809-1877.) A German Sanscrit scholar, author of several linguistic works.

4. "Brahmanas". Ancient writings furnishing descriptions of ceremonies prescribed in the Vedas, and numerous legends bearing on them.

5. "Upanishads". Writings containing speculations depicting the Brahminical system of pantheism.

6. "Vedangas". Books which explain the language, the mythology, and the astrology of the Vedas.

7. "Max Müller". (1823 —) An eminent German-English scholar and Orientalist. He studied at several of the leading universities in Germany, giving special attention to Sanscrit. His stupendous edition of the Rig-Veda with the Indian commentary, consisting of six volumes, was finished in 1874. Each volume contains over twelve hundred pages. He has written several works on science, religion, history, mythology, and comparative philology. Since 1865 he has been director of the Bodleian Library, of Oxford, England.

8. "Mr. H. Fox Talbot". (1800-1877.) An English author. He was the real discoverer of the process of photographic art. Daguerre made the discovery at the same time, but anticipated him in publishing it. In his later life, Talbot devoted himself to deciphering cuneiform inscriptions.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

1. "The Lombard League". The prosperous and freedom loving cities of northern Italy were determined to manage their own municipal affairs. The rule of the bishops and counts was thrown off by them. They all united in 1167 in a league to support the pope.

2. Frederick II. the "Wonder of the World." On account of his extraordinary natural gifts and his accomplishments, Frederick II. received this title. "He knew several languages, and, in intercourse with the Saracens in Sicily, had acquired a familiarity with the sciences. In many of his ideas of government he was ahead of his time." *Fisher's "Outlines of Universal History."*

3. "The Salic Law." There can be found no clause in the old Salic law excluding females from the throne, but it came to be believed as part of the law from the fact that for three hundred forty-one years no woman ever held the position of ruling queen, for the simple reason that during all that time every king left a son to succeed him. "Thus the principle of heredity, and heredity in the male line, had taken root." The Salic laws were compiled after the Franks had established themselves in Belgium and were originally written in Latin.

HOME LIFE OF NEW YORK AUTHORS.

1. "Croaker poems." The name was taken from an amusing character named Croaker in Goldsmith's comedy, "The Good-Natured Man."

2. "Mayne Reid". (1818-1883.) An Irish novelist. He fought in the United States Army against the Mexicans in 1846-47. In the latter part of his life he resided in London. Among his most popular works was his series of stories for boys.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

1. "Fire clay" is a refractory clay, that is, it is infusible or requires an extraordinary degree of heat to fuse it. It is nearly pure silicate of alumina. Pottery clay is fusible. It contains lime and magnesia, with more or less oxide of iron. Mixed with

water it is very plastic. The finer varieties are used for earthenware; the coarser for drain pipes and heavy ware. Kaolin (the name is derived from *Kao-ling*, the name of the place in China where it was first known to be found) is the variety of clay used in the manufacture of porcelain. It is a silicate of alumina with traces of potash, lime, iron, and magnesia.

2. The references made to documents in this article are quoted mainly from Bishop's "History of American Manufactures" and Prime's "Pottery and Porcelain".

3. The historian referred to is E. B. O'Callaghan, M.D., LL.D., an Irish-American. (1803-1880.) He published many books, among them a "History of New Netherlands" from which the reference here used is taken.

4. Delft is a town of the Netherlands, formerly celebrated for its potteries. The Delft ware was covered with a white enamel, giving it the appearance of porcelain. Much of this ware was brought over from Holland by the early Dutch settlers and may frequently be found in American collections.

5. "Hamilton", Alexander. The first secretary of the treasury.

5. "Wedgewood". (1730-1795.) A famous English potter. As a youth he worked in a pottery in Staffordshire. When about thirty years old he established a manufactory of his own where he made a cream-colored ware called by his name. The decorations of the ware were very beautiful and won him royal favor. He afterward executed copies of vases, cameos, and sculptures. His ware was of great durability. The influence of Wedgewood in refining public taste was marked.

7. "Biscuit." After ware has been burned once it is known as "biscuit" ware; after the biscuit has been dipped into the glaze and fired, it is called glazed.

8. "Printed." The process of printing designs on pottery was discovered in the eighteenth century. The process is simple. Copper plates are prepared bearing the patterns for a variety of dishes. Sheets of thin paper are placed on these and an impression taken in oil colors. The patterns are then cut apart and placed in the proper position on the ware, and an acid applied which loosens the oil imprint, and transfers it to the ware; the paper is then removed. Colors can be applied to the patterns if desired.

9. "Flint and feldspar." The different varieties of clay, the "fat" and "lean"—that is those which are very plastic and lose much bulk in firing, frequently twisting out of shape, and those which shrink but little—are mixed frequently to secure a body which will not lose its shape when fired. This object is also attained by the use of flint or feldspar, silicious minerals which when mixed with "fat" clay give sufficient strength to enable it to stand firing. All potters use different formulas for mixing—experience being the only really safe guide to follow.

10. "Royal Worcester." The English pottery making this ware was established in 1751. It was first known as Worcester, but becoming popular, "royal" was prefixed to the title. The present style of the ware most common is an ivory ground with gold decorations. The mark is a circle inclosing four W's, surmounted by a crown.

11. "Belleek." This china is made in Belleek, Ireland. The manufactory dates from 1857. The peculiarity of the ware is its luster and the shell-like forms it employs. The mark is a device of tower, harp, hound, and shamrock spray, printed in color.

12. "Dust-tile." The materials for making these tiles are ground fine and instead of being made into paste, are left in a dust moistened only enough to take off dryness. The tile is made in a press of which the pressure is so great that the tile remains solid enough to be fired.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES FOR JANUARY, 1888.

THE SUN.—Continues its northern journey, begun at 10:00 p. m., on the 21st of last month, and makes such good headway that the days increase forty-five minutes in length, or an average of

nearly one and one-half minutes per day. The times of its rising for the 1st, 11th, and 21st, are 7:24, 7:23, and 7:19, respectively; and the times for its setting on the corresponding days, are 4:44, 4:53, and 5:04, p. m.

THE MOON.—Presents the following phases: Enters its last quarter on the 6th, at 6:34 a. m.; becomes new on the 13th, at 3:30 a. m.; enters first quarter on the 20th, at 11:41 p. m.; and is full on the 28th, at 6:10 p. m.; is nearest the earth on the 8th, at 7:36 a. m.; and farthest from the earth on the 20th, at 7:48 p. m. The moon is totally eclipsed on the 28th, eclipse beginning at 4:22 p. m.; totality beginning at 5:22; middle of totality at 6:12; end of totality, at 7:01; and end of eclipse, at 8:01, p. m.; magnitude, 1.647; rises on the 1st, at 8:25 p. m.; on the 11th, at 5:33 a. m.; sets on the 21st, at 12:27 a. m.

MERCURY.—Has a direct motion of $54^{\circ} 22' 15''$; on the 1st, rises at 6:51 a. m., sets at 3:49 p. m.; on the 11th, rises at 7:19 a. m., sets at 4:21 p. m.; on the 21st, rises at 7:40 a. m., sets at 5:02 p. m.; on the 3rd, at 8:00 p. m., is farthest from the sun; on the 12th, at 10:36 p. m., is $3^{\circ} 49'$ south of the moon; increases in diameter, $0''.2$.

VENUS.—Is a morning star, rising on the 1st, at 3:54; on the 11th, at 4:13; on the 21st, 4:31 a. m.; has a direct motion of $38^{\circ} 26' 45''$; diameter on the 1st, $18''.8$, on the 31st, $15''.2$; on the 2nd, at 11:00 a. m., is $1^{\circ} 51'$ north of the planet Jupiter, whose diameter is at the same time $31''$ (the two planets presenting an interesting sight to the naked eye, on the 2nd, from 4:00 a. m. till broad daylight); on the 9th, at 6:36 p. m., is $2^{\circ} 16'$ south of the moon; on the 18th, at 3:00 p. m., is on the directly opposite side of the sun from the earth.

MARS.—Is a morning star, rising on the 1st, at 12:19 a. m., on the 11th, at 12:02 a. m., and on the 20th, at 11:43 p. m.; makes a direct motion of $11^{\circ} 17'$; diameter increases from $7''.4$ on the 1st

to $9''.4$ on the 31st; on the 5th, at 7:00 a. m., is 90° west of the sun; on the 6th at 3:46 p. m., is $2^{\circ} 46'$ south of the moon.

JUPITER.—Has a direct motion of $5^{\circ} 18' 30''$; is also a morning star, rising on the 1st, at 4:08 a. m.; on the 11th, at 3:37 a. m.; on the 21st, at 3:06 a. m.; diameter increases from $31''$ on the 1st to $32''.6$ on the 31st; on the 2nd, at 11:00 a. m., is $1^{\circ} 51'$ south of Venus; on the 9th, at 6:10 a. m., is $4^{\circ} 12'$ south of the moon; on the 24th, at 6:00 p. m., is eight minutes south of (Beta)¹ *Scorpii*.

SATURN.—Shines nearly all night, rising on December 31st, at 6:37 p. m., and setting on the 1st, at 8:57 a. m.; rising on the 10th, at 6:54 p. m., and setting next morning, at 8:16; rising on the 20th, at 5:10 p. m., setting on the 21st, at 7:34 a. m.; has a retrograde motion of $2^{\circ} 31' 45''$; diameter, $19''.1$; on the 23rd, at 9:00 a. m., is in "opposition", that is, is on the directly opposite side of the earth from the sun; on the 28th, at 8:20 a. m., is $1^{\circ} 10'$ north of the moon.

URANUS.—Has a direct motion of $10'$ up to the 22nd, then a retrograde motion of $3' 16''$ the rest of the month; its diameter increases $0''.2$; is a morning star, rising on the 1st, at 12:42 a. m.; on the 11th, at 12:04 a. m., and on the 20th, at 11:24 p. m.; on the 6th, at 6:22 a. m., is $4^{\circ} 27'$ south of the moon; on the 7th, at 7:00 p. m., is 90° west of the sun; on the 9th, at 2:00 p. m., is $1^{\circ} 40'$ south of Mars; on the 21st, at 3:00 p. m., is stationary.

NEPTUNE.—Rises on the 1st, at 1:54 p. m., and sets on the 2nd, at 4:02 a. m.; rises on the 11th, at 3:19 p. m., sets on the 12th at 3:22 a. m.; rises on the 21st, at 12:34 p. m., sets on the 22nd, at 2:42 a. m.; has a retrograde motion of $21' 30''$; diameter, $2''.6$; on the 23rd, at 3:43 a. m., is $3^{\circ} 26'$ north of the moon.

OCCULTATIONS (MOON).—On the 21st, *Mu Ceti*, beginning at 7:25, and ending at 8:51 p. m.; on the 22nd, *f Tauri*, beginning at 6:30 p. m.; all Washington Mean Time.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

HALE'S "HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES."

1. Q. What was the condition of the country during the four years succeeding the disbandment of the army of the Revolution? A. It passed through a most critical period, as it was almost without law.
2. Q. What caused great complications in business affairs? A. The fact that each state had its own custom-houses and its own rates of duties.
3. Q. What led to the meeting which called the convention that made the Federal Constitution? A. A local question regarding the fisheries of the Potomac and Chesapeake.
4. Q. To what body had the dominion of the vast tracts known as Western lands been ceded? A. Congress.
5. Q. What system was adopted for the settlement of these lands? A. Grants were given to companies of men who moved together and supported each other.
6. Q. What region is still known as the Western Reserve? A. A tract on Lake Erie in the state of Ohio, formerly owned by Connecticut.
7. Q. Who led the first practical measure in the direction of establishing a national unity? A. Washington.
8. Q. When and where did the Convention which drew up the Constitution, meet? A. May 25, 1787, in Philadelphia.
9. Q. What had served as a model for all the state constitutions, and through them, of nearly all constitutions drawn up since? A. A short letter, written by John Adams.
10. Q. Where did Mr. Adams find the suggestions made in his letter? A. In a book called "The Spirit of Laws", published by the French author, Montesquieu.
11. Q. Where did Mr. Adams find his authority for the scheme of dividing the legislative power into two houses? A. In the division of the English Parliament.
12. Q. What two difficult tasks had the convention to accomplish? A. To separate local powers from national powers, and to induce the states to concede to the government the power needed for national administration.
13. Q. What did the convention decide national duties to be? A. The charge of all foreign relations; the assurance of peace and republican government to the states; the regulation of their commerce, their currency, and their mails; and the securing of equal justice to all.
14. Q. Aside from these duties, in what other great matters were the states restricted? A. They were forbidden to establish a state religion or any order of nobility.
15. Q. What two serious difficulties had the convention to meet? A. The jealousy the small states felt toward the larger ones, and the jealousy

between the commercial states of the North and the agricultural states of the South.

16. Q. How were these difficulties met? A. Each state was entitled to two delegates, and it was agreed that three-fifths only of the value of the Negro slaves should be taxed, and three-fifths of their numbers should be counted in the population as voters.
17. Q. How was the Constitution to be accepted? A. By conventions of the people in at least nine states.
18. Q. In what states was the opposition most bitter? A. In New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia.
19. Q. When did the real birth of the nation occur? A. With the acceptance of the Constitution.
20. Q. When did the first presidential election take place? A. In November, 1788.
21. Q. Where did the first inauguration occur? A. In New York, where the government went into operation.
22. Q. How many members composed the first cabinet? A. Four.
23. Q. What was the first important work done by Congress? A. The funding of the national debt.
24. Q. What caused France to become dissatisfied with America? A. The latter did not assist France in establishing a republican form of government.
25. Q. What has always been regarded as one of the central documents in American politics? A. Washington's farewell address to the American nation.
26. Q. What were the three great steps in the nation's prosperity for the first fifty years? A. The development of the cotton industry; the commercial pre-eminence gained; and the creation of the Western States.
27. Q. Who was the inventor of the cotton-gin? A. Eli Whitney.
28. Q. What unexpected advantages did European warfare give to America? A. The maritime commerce of the world fell largely into the hands of the neutral powers, of which America was the largest, and a vast "carrying trade" was continued for years.
29. Q. Who was the first American minister to the Court of St. James? A. John Adams.
30. Q. By what means was war between France and the United States averted in 1800? A. A convention was held which served as a temporizing act.
31. Q. For how long a time has the effect of that convention been felt? A. It has the merit of at least putting off war with France until the present day.

32. Q. What was the first arrangement proposed in the Constitution regarding the election of president and vice-president? A. That the one receiving the greatest number of votes should be president, and the one receiving the next highest number, vice-president.
33. Q. Why was this a bad arrangement? A. Because it placed in the two highest offices, representatives of the two great parties.
34. Q. What president was not elected until the thirty-sixth ballot was taken? A. Thomas Jefferson.
35. Q. Where were his inaugural ceremonies celebrated? A. At Washington, being the first ever held there.
36. Q. What great event abroad marked Jefferson's administration? A. The successful resistance to the claims of the Barbary powers.
37. Q. Who compelled the dey of Algiers to sign a treaty renouncing all claim to tribute? A. Commodore Decatur.
38. Q. Who at this time was virtually in command of the politics of the world? A. Napoleon Bonaparte.
39. B. Over what part of the New World had Napoleon become the arbiter of its destinies? A. The Valley of the Mississippi.
40. Q. How did America come into possession of Louisiana? A. Napoleon in 1803, finding that war was again inevitable, sent for the American envoys in Paris and sold them what was then known as Louisiana, for \$15,000,000.
41. Q. What remark did Napoleon make regarding this transaction? A. "I have given England her rival".
42. Q. How had Napoleon come into possession of this great tract? A. Spain had been compelled to surrender it to France.
43. Q. What vice-president of the United States has been a fugitive from justice? A. Aaron Burr.
44. Q. Of what treason was Burr afterward suspected? A. "It was believed he meant to dismember the Union, and found an independent empire beyond the Alleghany Mountains of which he was to be the head."
45. Q. What was Napoleon's "Berlin decree"? A. An order declaring the British Islands and all their ports in a state of blockade.
46. Q. What effect had a blockade in international law at that time? A. Ships bound to the blockaded ports were fair prizes for the blockader, a fact which was a great blow to American commerce.
47. Q. What was the British theory of impressment? A. That a man once a British subject was always so, and the nation claimed the right to search any American vessel and take therefrom any English born subjects as soldiers for its wars.
48. Q. To what did this lead? A. To the war of 1812.
49. Q. What battle in this war was fought after the treaty of peace was signed? A. The battle of New Orleans.
50. Q. What great importance in the history of the nation has this war? A. It tested the power of the government, and proved to the nation that it was a nation.

BEERS' "OUTLINE SKETCH OF AMERICAN LITERATURE."

1. Q. What injustice to American books does the want of an international copyright cause? A. They have always had to contend against the cheap reprints and translations of foreign works.
2. Q. Has literature proved a lucrative profession in the United States? A. The number of those who support themselves by it is very small.
3. Q. To what profession have most American men of letters resorted in order to gain a livelihood? A. Journalism.
4. Q. To what calling did Bryant devote the early years of his manhood? A. The practice of law which he continued for nine years.
5. Q. Of what paper was Bryant for half a century the editor? A. The *Evening Post*.
6. Q. What are Bryant's best poems? A. Those in which he draws lessons from nature, or sings of its influence on the soul.
7. Q. Of what season did Bryant especially take delight in writing? A. Autumn.
8. Q. In what characteristics was Bryant's verse unsurpassed? A. In gravity and dignity.
9. Q. What furnishes the pronounced local color in Whittier's poetry. A. The Merimac and its region.
10. Q. What awoke the poetical instinct in Whittier? A. A copy of Burns' poems.
11. Q. What of interest attaches to Whittier's first published volume? A. It shows his early interest in Indian colonial traditions.
12. Q. Of what reform did Whittier become the poet? A. The anti-slavery movement.
13. Q. What descriptive poem is Whittier's masterpiece? A. "Snow-Bound."
14. Q. What especial merits does Whittier's verse possess? A. Strength and fervor.
15. Q. What is the fate of the great majority of writings of any period? A. They are doomed to sink into oblivion.
16. Q. What exercise might well inspire the literary critic with humility? A. The reading of prophecies in old reviews to which time has quietly given the lie.
17. Q. What writer emerges with ever increasing distinctness from among the literary men of his time? A. Edgar A. Poe.
18. Q. Of what was Poe an extreme instance? A. Of what used to be called the "eccentricity of genius."
19. Q. To what lengths did his egotism carry him? A. He imagined that Longfellow and others constantly plagiarized from him.

20. Q. In what did the best side of Poe's character come out? A. In his domestic relations.
21. Q. Whom did Poe expose with ferocious honesty? A. Literary cliques, feeble bards, and incapable critics.
22. Q. What was the distinctive mark of Poe's poetry? A. Its unearthliness.
23. Q. Of what novel, while it was appearing as a serial, did Poe correctly ravel the plot and predict in advance the *finale*? A. Dickinson's "Barnaby Rudge."
24. Q. What was Poe's literary creed? A. That the aim of poetry should be to produce an indefinite pleasure.
25. What passion do Poe's writings most frequently excite? A. That of physical fear or of superstitious horror.
26. Q. Upon what does the literary reputation of N. P. Willis rest? A. Upon his Scripture poems written in blank verse.
27. Q. Who was one of the most widely traveled literary men of America? A. Bayard Taylor.
28. Q. What translation made by Taylor is one of the glories of American literature? A. Goethe's "Faust."
29. Q. What poet has made the most original American addition to the songs of the world? A. Stephen C. Foster.
30. Q. What is the most popular novel ever written in America? A. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
31. Q. What books gave Donald G. Mitchell a lasting place in literature? A. His "Reveries of a Bachelor," and "Dream Life."
32. Q. Over what American poet is there the most widely dissenting estimate? A. Walt Whitman.
33. Q. Who first secured for the peculiarly American type of humor a reception abroad? A. Charles F. Browne, under the name of Artemus Ward.
34. Q. Who is the most eminent of all the other American humorists? A. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain).
35. Q. What article by Edward Everett Hale did much to strengthen patriotic feeling in one of the nation's darkest hours? A. "The Man Without a Country."
36. Q. What writers taking for their themes characteristic Western life have acquired a great popularity? A. Bret Harte and John Hay.
37. Q. What author has made himself famous by his sketches of Creole life in New Orleans? A. George W. Cable.
38. Q. What peculiar traits mark the novels of James and Howells? A. They are analytic in method and realistic in spirit.
39. Q. What field did Mr. James create for himself? A. The international novel.
40. Q. Who is almost the only successful American dramatist? A. Mr. Howells.

HATFIELD'S "PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE."

1. Q. To what in this book is the body in its various parts likened? A. To a house.
2. Q. What is said concerning all that man's ingenuity has yet devised for the safety and comfort of his home? A. He may find them all foreshadowed in the structure of his own body.
3. Q. What is health? A. A prompt and cheerful compliance with the terms upon which we hold our bodies.
4. Q. When does disease occur? A. Never until the laws of health have been broken.
5. Q. What parts of the body are treated of under "Mosaics and Tapestries"? A. The skin and its appendages, such as the hair, nails, etc.; germinal matter; cartilage; and connective tissue.
6. Q. What causes the fine powder which covers and protects the whole surface of the body? A. It is formed of the dead cells which are pushed up by the incessant growth of new cells below.
7. Q. What other name is given to germinal matter? A. Protoplasm.
8. Q. To what is more than half of the weight of a healthy body due? A. To the water which it contains.
9. Q. What parts of the body are likened to the beams and rafters of a house? A. The human skeleton.
10. Q. What form the cushions of the bodily structure? A. The periosteum, and the joint cartilages.
11. Q. What are the "servants"? A. The muscles.
12. Q. How many separate bones are contained in human skeleton? A. Two hundred forty.
13. Q. If only one-fifth of a life-time is occupied with the ossification of its cartilages, how long ought man to live? A. At least one hundred fifty years.
14. Q. What do recent statistics show regarding the average life-time of man? A. That there is a gratifying increase in its length.
15. Q. What other fact is a most significant one? A. That many prominent men are still hard at work at an age past that which was once thought to be the limit of efficient work.
16. Q. Into what four classes are the bones of the body usually divided? A. Into long bones, short bones, flat bones, and irregular bones.
17. Q. How many bones are brought into action by the process of walking? A. Sixty-two.
18. Q. Describe the arrangement of the ribs in the human skeleton? A. There are twelve on each side, seven of which are attached to the breast bone, and five are free, and are called the floating ribs.

19. Q. How many small bones, called vertebrae, are closely fitted together to form the backbone? A. Thirty-three.
20. Q. How many bones compose the skull, and how many the face? A. There are eight bones in the former and fourteen of the crookedest bones in the body in the latter.
21. Q. What most important division of the muscles is made? A. That separating them into the two classes of voluntary and involuntary muscles.
22. Q. Of what does all the work done in this world essentially consist? A. Of simply moving something.
23. Q. In what way only can health be preserved? A. By manual labor.
24. Q. Why do life insurance companies often refuse to take risks on the lives of those who work in breweries, or largely use malt liquors? A. Because of the tendency of liquor to produce fatty degeneration of the heart.
25. Q. What is paralysis? A. A loss of muscular power either temporary or permanent.
26. Q. What is the best method of averting paralysis? A. Systematic exercise for all the muscles.
27. Q. What does Herbert Spencer declare is the first requisite for continued success? A. That man should be a good animal.
28. Q. What elements ought food to embrace? A. All of those found in the body, the number of which chemists place at fifteen.
29. Q. What objections are offered to the use of water or any drink at meal time? A. It is unnecessary, as more than half of all food is water, it becomes a substitute for the much needed saliva, and it further interferes with digestion.
30. Q. What is a most frequent cause of typhoid fever? A. The drinking of impure water.
31. Q. Judging from their structure and their chemistry, what ought to be the last part of the body to decay? A. The teeth.
32. Q. What teeth are never replaced? A. The six year molars.
33. Q. What is the character of the enamel which covers the teeth? A. It is the hardest substance in the body.
34. Q. How long has the art of dentistry been practiced? A. It was known to the Romans, for Horace speaks of false teeth, and gold fillings have been found in the teeth of Egyptian mummies.
35. Q. What purpose does the saliva serve? A. It lubricates food and so aids in swallowing, and in the stomach it transforms the starch in the food to sugar.
36. Q. Is digestion a simple process? A. On the contrary, it is an exceedingly complex process.
37. Q. What results from any interference at any stage of its process? A. Dyspepsia.
38. Q. What is chyme? A. The substance into which the food is converted after it has been for some time mixed with the gastric juices of the stomach.
39. Q. What is chyle? A. The substance into which chyme is converted after it passes from the stomach and is mixed with bile and other juices.
40. Q. What is lymph? A. It is substantially like chyle except that it contains no fat, or nearly none.
41. Q. What becomes of the chyle and lymph? A. The small lacteals containing them unite to form larger trunks until finally they culminate in the thoracic duct, which runs along the spinal column and empties its contents into the venous circulation, thus supplying the real food to the body.
42. Q. What is scrofula? A. An inflammation of the lymphatic glands, caused by the deposition in them of foreign matters.
43. Q. What is the most important element found in the blood? A. Fibrine, as, if it were not for that, coagulation could not occur and the slightest incision into a blood vessel would cause death.
44. Q. What is fibrine? A. It is composed of tiny white thread-like appearances found in freshly flowing blood, which are literally the threads upon which life hangs.
45. Q. What minute particles are found in the blood? A. The white and the red corpuscles.
46. Q. To what have each been likened? A. The white corpuscles, to body guards, whose duty it is to overwhelm all invaders; and the red, to liveried servants charged with the care of feeding the germinal matter of the body.
47. Q. What are the requirements for keeping the blood in a healthful condition? A. Plain diet, sensible methods of dress, and an abundance of out of door exercise.
48. Q. When and by whom was the discovery of the circulation of the blood made? A. In 1619, by William Harvey.
49. Q. Is heart disease as widely prevalent an evil as is generally supposed? A. No, the majority of cases of sudden death can be traced to other causes.
50. Q. Into what two classes are the blood vessels divided? A. The arteries, of which there are two hundred seventy, which carry the blood out from the heart; and the veins, which are at least equal in number, and which carry the blood back to the heart.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

AMERICAN LITERARY MEN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

1. What distinguished statesman's chief literary work was his "Autobiography"? A. John Adams.
2. What soldier and statesman's fame rests upon his contributions to the *Federalist*? A. James Madison.
3. What writer aroused the colonial spirit by his works, "Common Sense" and "Crisis"? A. Thomas Paine.
4. What statesman, orator, and author delivered an eulogy upon Washington and gave the proceeds to the Mount Vernon Fund? A. John Jay.
5. What president of the United States was a professor at Harvard and published "Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory"? A. John F. Kennedy.
6. What one of the greatest orators of the world is said to be a "master of English style"? A. William Pitt.
7. What Abolitionist did much for the cause by his contributions to and editing of *The Liberator*? A. William Lloyd Garrison.
8. What eminent historian was minister to England under Polk's administration? A. John C. Calhoun.
9. What distinguished historian has been minister to Austria and England? A. John Quincy Adams.
10. What prominent poet, novelist, and traveler died while minister in Germany? A. John G. Whittier.
11. What graceful and polished writer was minister to Spain when Isabella was a child and the regents ruled? A. John C. Calhoun.
12. What romancer was appointed collector of customs at Salem, Massachusetts, under Polk's administration? A. John G. Whittier.
13. What statesman is author of "A Constitutional View of the War between the States"? A. John C. Calhoun.
14. What poet and novelist was consul to Venice in 1861? A. John G. Whittier.
15. What essayist, critic, and poet has been minister recently to England and formerly to Spain? A. John G. Whittier.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

1. During the Revolutionary War by what names were the colonists who adhered to the Crown known? Those who were in sympathy with the cause of independence? A. Tories and Loyalists.
2. What was the origin of the Federalist and Anti-Federalist parties? A. The Federalist party was formed by Alexander Hamilton and the Anti-Federalist party by Patrick Henry.
3. Who were the first leaders of the Federalists? A. Alexander Hamilton and James Madison.
4. By what name was the Anti-Federalist party afterward known? A. The Democratic-Republican party.
5. Name some distinguished Anti-Federalists. A. Patrick Henry, George Mason, and James Madison.
6. What led to the overthrow and the final extinction as a party, of the Federalists? A. The opposition to the Federalist policy of neutrality during the Revolutionary War.

7. What was the Hartford Convention? A. A meeting of Federalists in 1814 to discuss the war with England.
8. What name was taken by the party opposed to the Jeffersonian Democracy, and who were the first leaders? A. The National-Republican party, led by John Adams.
9. What gave to the Loco-Focos their name? A. The locomotive engine.
10. What was the great question in the election of 1844? A. Slavery.
11. The Wilmot Proviso laid the foundation for what new party? A. The Free-Soil party.
12. Who were the Hunkers and the Barnburners? A. Members of the Free-Soil party.
13. What was the leading principle, and what the motto of the American party? A. The principle of non-interference with slavery; the motto, "No Union with Slavery."
14. Why were the members of the American party called Know-Nothings? A. Because they refused to answer questions about their views on slavery.
15. On what issue were the people divided in the election of 1856? A. Slavery.
16. What four candidates were nominated to succeed President Buchanan, and what was the platform of each party represented? A. Fremont (Republican), Fremont (Republican), Fremont (Republican), and Fremont (Republican).
17. What stand regarding the Southern States was taken by the Republican party at the close of the Civil War? A. The Republican party stood for the restoration of the Union without slavery.
18. What two parties nominated Horace Greeley as Grant's successor? A. The Republican party and the Democratic party.
19. What new party appeared in the election of 1876, and who was their presidential candidate? A. The Greenback party, with James B. Weaver as candidate.
20. Define the platforms of the principal political parties of the times.

THE WORLD OF TO DAY.

POINTS OF INTEREST IN CITIES.

1. What city of Germany has the grandest Gothic building in the world? A. Cologne.
2. In what Swiss city is Thorwaldsen's famous statue of a dying lion? A. Lucerne.
3. In what public square have pigeons been fed at two o'clock each day for 700 years? A. St. Mark's Square, Venice.
4. To what Italian city do travelers go to visit Dante's tomb? A. Ravenna.
5. What European city contains the largest palace in the world? A. St. Petersburg.
6. Near what city of Spain is the palace called by the Spaniards the eighth wonder of the world? A. Seville.
7. In what Russian city is the largest bell that was ever made? A. Moscow.
8. In what German city is the Emperor's favorite promenade, *Unter den Linden*? A. Berlin.
9. What and where is the *Champs-Elysees*? A. A famous boulevard in Paris.
10. In what Belgian city is the belfry of which Longfellow wrote: "Thrice consumed, and thrice rebuilt, Still it watches o'er the town"? A. Bruges.
11. What city calls its harbor the Golden Horn? A. Constantinople.
12. What city calls its harbor the Golden Gate? A. San Francisco.
13. In what city of Germany is a peculiar dramatic performance given at intervals of ten years? A. Weimar.

14. What is the most northern city in the world?
15. What Chinese city is said to be the dirtiest city in the world?
16. In what Asiatic city is the largest fortress of the British Dominion?
17. What city of Scotland contains the Auld Brig mentioned in Burns' "Tam O'Shanter"?
18. What city mentioned by Dickens in "The Holly Tree" was once a famous resort for English runaway couples anxious to be married?
19. In what city of the United States are both sides of each street furnished with streams of running water?
20. What is the only walled city of America?
21. What American city is built at the greatest altitude?
22. What is the oldest town of America?
23. The narrow crooked streets of what New England city were once cow paths?
24. What city of the United States is the most extensively engaged in the manufacture of pottery?
25. In what Southern city are door bells to be found on the fence posts, and cisterns on top of the houses?

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. What is the meaning of Dakota?
2. What is the capacity of St. Peter's Church at Rome?
3. Where are the United States mints?
4. When is Maundy Thursday, and why so called?
5. What is the height of Trinity Church steeple, New York City?
6. When was the coinage of silver dollars authorized?
7. What is the area of the Pacific Ocean?
8. What is a *vade mecum*?
9. Where is the Library of Congress?
10. What was an ancient use of asbestos cloth?

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The breadth of view and earnestness of spirit that characterize Dr. Vincent's writings, are not wanting in his new book, "The Modern Sunday-school."* The result of many years of careful study of methods and successful labor in all departments of this branch of church work is here set forth. It deals with both facts and theories, and is packed close with helpful suggestions. In a clear and vigorous style are presented positive views regarding the work to be done by the Sunday-school in furthering the ends of the church,—training its members in fidelity to its authority, services, enterprises, and Head. Deserving special mention is the emphasis given to the fact that the most effective school is the home; the office of the Sunday-school teacher is duly exalted, but the influence of home is placed first, and a strong point is made in favor of the teacher's recognizing this influence to neutralize it when baleful and to utilize it when advantageous. The book is stirring and elevating, and will command the attention of all who are interested in the spread of Christian culture.

The frequent but unfounded assertion that American literature is in a state of decadence, needs no more convincing refutation than the production of such a book as Dr. Fisher's "History of the Christian Church".† No better literary work was ever done. Under the five heads, Missions, Polity, Christian Doctrine, Christian Life, and Christian Worship, all of the historical effects of Christianity are grouped. In a brief summary of the ancient schools of philosophy, the author shows the service they rendered to Christianity by kindling aspirations which could be satisfied only by the gospel of Christ. The vast subject has been brought within the compass of one medium sized volume, but in the thorough analysis no topic of even minor importance has been omitted. A glance at the perfectly arranged table of contents gives the impression that the book is a cyclopedia in itself, but the reading of a very few pages is sufficient to bring the conviction that it is anything but cyclopedic in its style. The whole is woven into a clear, continuous, and deeply interesting narrative.

Dr. Withrow's "History of Canada"‡ is a book well deserving the popularity which it has gained. In few, well-chosen words, and bright, effective manner it relates the annals of that nation. In the earlier part of the narration the treatment is necessarily similar to that found in the histories of the United States, but after the time of the Revolution the lines widely diverge. The history of the separate provinces, the establishment of the Confederation, the Fenian invasion, and the Red River rebellion form especially interesting chapters. Bound into the same volume is a concise but strong sketch of Canadian literature by G. Mercer Adam.

The modern style of historical narrative is at its best in Susan Coolidge's "Short History of Philadelphia."§ The phraseology is careful, clear, and unpretentious. From the large mass of materials at her disposal she has

*The Modern Sunday-School. By John H. Vincent. New York: Phillips and Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston and Stowe. Price, \$1.00.

†History of the Christian Church. By George Park Fisher, D. D., LL. D. With Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$3.50.

‡Canadian History and Literature. By William H. Withrow, and G. Mercer Adam. Toronto: William Briggs.

§A Short History of the City of Philadelphia. From its Foundation to the Present Time. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1887. Price, \$1.25.

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ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE CHAUTAUQUAN FOR DECEMBER.

HISTORICAL SOBRIQUETS.

1. Peter Stuyvesant. 2. William Kieft. 3. The Swamp Fox and the South Carolina Game Cock. 4. George Washington. 5. Benjamin Franklin. 6. The Green Mountain Boys. 7. Henry Lee, of the Revolution. 8. Henry Clay. 9. John Quincy Adams. 10. William Henry Harrison. 11. General Wayne. 12. Because of his success at the battle of Tippecanoe. 13. Zachary Taylor. 14. Andrew Jackson. 15. Martin Van Buren. 16. John C. Fremont. 17. Thomas Jefferson. 18. Because he stood with his men like a stone wall at the battle of Bull Run. 19. General Joseph Hooker. 20. Abraham Lincoln.

PERSONAL LINES.

1. On his seventieth birthday in response to the sentiment, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, O King! live forever!" 2. Hawthorne's "Dolliver Romance". 3. Alice and Phoebe Cary. 4. Longfellow. 5. J. G. Saxe. 6. Lydia Maria Child. 7. Agassiz. 8. Holmes. 9. James T. Fields. 10. James Freeman Clarke. 11. Whittier. 12. Harriet Beecher Stowe. 13. R. H. Stoddard. 14. Thackeray.

NOTABLE WOMEN OF MODERN TIMES.

1. Ellice Hopkins, of England. 2. Clara Barton, president of the American Red Cross Society. 3. Ida Lewis. 4. Florence Nightingale. 5. Margaret Fuller. 6. Agnes Weston. 7. Dorothea Dix. 8. Drs. Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell. 9. Dr. Mary Jacobi-Putnam. 10. Emily Sartain. 11. Mary Kies, in 1809, for a method of weaving straw with silk or braid. 12. Maria Mitchell. 13. Rosa Bonheur. 14. Caroline Herschel. 15. Emily Faithfull. 16. Alice E. Freeman, Amelia B. Edwards, and Maria Mitchell. 17. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. 18. Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood. 19. Harriet Hosmer. 20. Sojourner Truth. 21. Mary A. Livermore. 22. Mrs. Jennie C. Croly (Jennie June), in 1863. 23. Jennie Collins, founder of Boffin's Bower. 24. Dora d'Istria, a Wallachian authoress, one of the most learned women of the age. 25. Harriet Martineau and Frances Power Cobbe.

made a fine and wise choice. With a quick sense of what the popular reader will be interested in, she seizes upon the main facts and the brightest illustrations, leaving details to specialists and book-worms. It is a book of generous sentiments, warm in its admiration of good deeds, and quick in its resentment of cruelty and injustice; in short, quite a typical popular study in local history. A most suggestive study for those who are interested in municipal affairs, is the closing chapter on the organization of the city in 1886.

Like Macaulay, Mr. McMaster is led by his genius to trace back to their sources all the ramifications leading from his subject. His "Benjamin Franklin",* besides meeting all the requirements of a model biography, is a great repository of facts in early American history. As the "life" of the great philosopher and statesman emerges from these, one sees not only an exceedingly graphic representation of the man, but also of all the associations and impelling powers which helped to shape his career. Unlike Macaulay, however, whose style is marked by its diffusiveness, McMaster is concise to the verge of being laconic, but the evils which have a tendency to adhere to conciseness are all obliterated, and his work is luminous, connected, and comprehensive. The book shows remarkable powers of discrimination, and possesses rare merit and interest.

The story of the cruel evictions of Irish tenants at Bodeke near Limerick, in the summer of 1887, is still in the public mind. An eye-witness' account of the scene has been published in "Bodeke",† in the "Questions of the Day" series. The sympathy of the writer is entirely with the tenants—it is difficult to see how it could be elsewhere—and consequently the narrative is somewhat highly colored. The bare facts are enough to condemn the whole infamous system of Irish landlordism. Were such scenes rare, the result of shiftlessness of tenants, or of the exceptional cruelty of a landlord, "Bodeke" might be overlooked, but when we remember that since 1849 Ireland has seen over a half million people turned from their homes in a similar way, it becomes a ringing appeal for justice and right.

The popular conception of the hopeless condition of Russia will bear modification, but "Slav or Saxon"‡ does nothing of that kind; it emphasizes only the facts which show her cruelty, power, and sly, patient, and resistless methods of assimilating peoples and extending boundaries. In these qualities the author finds a menace to Saxon civilization and to free government. The menace is undoubtedly there, but it is as undoubtedly seen by all the world—and "forewarned is forearmed." The very elements of unrest, the demand for free speech, the recent outburst of literary power, which the author points out, show that Russia has within her elements to modify his alarmist view. The book contains a great amount of well-arranged information.

The Congo Free State has a population of 43,000,000, trade with it is absolutely free to all nations, gin is the leading currency. Every civilized person

*Benjamin Franklin. By John Bach McMaster. In the series "American Men of Letters." Edited by Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. Price, \$1.25.

†Bodeke. A Chapter in the History of Irish Landlordism. By Henry Norman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. Price, 75c.

‡Slav or Saxon. A Study of the Growth and Tendencies of Russian Civilization. By Wm. D. Foulke, A.M. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. Price, \$1.25.

ought to know the frightful effects of these facts. They are told with impetuous indignation in Mr. Hornaday's "Free Rum on the Congo".* It is a heart-sickening recital of the debauching of a people already low enough by nature to make their civilization a Herculean task. The conference which opened their country to trade made not one provision for protecting the race against the vice of civilization. Mr. Hornaday appeals to all Christendom to arouse against the wrong and compel the Powers to restrict the awful traffic. The circulation of this little book will do more good now to help such a movement than anything else.

The city's menace to the best form of civilization, which the author of "Modern Cities"† points out, is no new theme. Every careful observer of city life, every thoughtful reader of the city newspaper understands it. Nor are the causes he gives unfamiliar; the social composition, immigration, poor tenements, crowding, unhealthy quarters, few pure pleasures, form the same weary list which racked the brains of all the reformers. It is in insisting upon religion as the only antidote to the threat of the city and in describing and suggesting plans for placing it before the poor and degraded that the author becomes suggestive and stimulating. His knowledge of the various schemes for carrying on evangelical work employed in London, Paris, and Germany is accurate and complete, and his criticisms on the methods, keen and practical. The chapter devoted to "suggestions regarding Christian work for our cities" is liberal in tone, rich in experience, and replete with ideas for even skilled workers among the masses.

That fine series of appreciative critical essays, familiar to all students of recent literature as the "Victorian Poets"‡ has been increased by a full review of the achievements of English poetry in the past twelve years. It is interesting to note how loyal Mr. Stedman remains in his later essay to his former estimate of Tennyson, how he modifies his earlier rather irritable judgment of Browning, and how frankly he confesses his feeling in regard to Matthew Arnold to be altered. The new chapter follows the earlier work in its honesty, its carefully debated judgments, and its evident perfect familiarity with the writings it discusses. Mr. Stedman is a well balanced critic, vigorously insisting on obedience to poetic law, yet fully appreciating the value of the "fine madness" in the poetic brain. These qualities are pronounced in the estimates he makes in his new chapter. If there is anything to be complained of in the addition, it is the attempt to cover so much ground. The criticism is less satisfactory than it would have been if confined to fewer subjects.

An admirable collection of Robert Browning's lyrics, idylls, and romances is out. All Brownings' glorious qualities are at their best in these selections. His high inspiration swings him clear of the obscurities in which he sometimes flounders. The melody is well sustained and follows the thought with marvelous sympathy. There is less of that ragged versification so irritating to those who never having thoroughly learned him cannot forgive his sins against poetics. He is less burdened with conflicting ideas and imageries. He who would learn to love Browning, let him read these lyrics and idylls.

"*Virginius Puerique*" and "*Memories and Portraits*"§ are most delightful reading. Their fresh and clever style touched with humor is charming. The reader follows the pleasing train of thought, now assenting, and again dissenting with open protest,—but it is a surprise when after reflection, he finds himself, in most cases, willing to accept the author's conclusion. Nothing better can be said of a book than that it entertains and at the same time sets thought astray.

It is a pity that a book so beautifully printed and with such an esthetic binding should have no better excuse for existing than the poem of "Eudora".¶ The heroine whose golden hair "when left to fall unbound, in sunny waves trailed coiling on the ground"; a "dreaming, foolish boy" who falls in love with her at first sight; an otherwise grammatical hermit who says "I bless ye both"; and a few other puppets move to the music of such lines as

"He held dear father's coat in such a way

It was impossible for him to play."

The landscapes by W. Hamilton Gibson are exquisite bits of work, but the figure drawings by H. Siddons Mowbray are of about equal merit with the poem.

For the girls Miss Alcott** has woven of common flowers, such as pansies and May flowers, a garland that is redolent of a helpful spirit and good works. It gives in a natural and charming style the experience of seven girls who had awakened to the idea there was something they could personally do to make life brighter for the burdened. An excellent book to give to a thoughtless, selfish girl.

* *Free Rum on the Congo, and What it is Doing There.* By Wm. T. Hornaday. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association. 1887. Price, 75c.

† *Modern Cities and Their Religious Problems.* By Samuel Lane Loomis. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

‡ *Victorian Poets: Revised, and extended, by a Supplementary Chapter to the fiftieth year of the Period under Review.* By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1887. Price, \$2.25.

§ *Lyrics, Idylls, and Romances.* From the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, \$1.00.

¶ *Virginius Puerique, Memories and Portraits.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00 each.

¶ *Eudora, A Tale of Love.* By M. B. M. Toland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$2.50.

** *A Garland for Girls.* By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$1.25.

A book delightful on account of its utter informality is "The Saône."* In short chatty letters is given the description of a summer's voyage on this river. Accompanying the letters, and in exact keeping with them, are the illustrations, fine, clear, and charming. The book is the result of a carefully planned expedition consisting of three persons, the author, Mr. Hamerton, the artist, Mr. Pennell, and a military friend. From the united efforts of such workers one would expect great things, and his expectations are fully met.

A book chiefly of local interest is "Life Notes or Fifty Years' Outlook."† At the close of his college life, Dr. Hague, the author, was called, in 1838, to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Providence, R. I., and from there to Boston in 1830. His book of reminiscences of his life-time is written in a quiet, meditative manner, which must be peculiarly pleasing to personal friends or to those conversant with the scenes and events described, but which fails to attract the general reader.

The author of "Pre-Glacial Man"‡ looks upon the account given in Genesis, of the creation and the early periods of the world as an inspired allegory. This he proceeds to expound, claiming to "put to rest" a number of "old beliefs". When in his progress, he reaches the time of Cain and Abel, whom he understands to be typical characters representing the beginning of religious strife, he is ready to draw some remarkable conclusions. The divine plan regarding mankind, in its inception and unfolding, and freed from all that has been difficult to the human understanding, is explained (?). To earnest orthodox Christian people the work appears as a vain attempt to transform the Bible into "a cunningly devised fable."

The same graceful figure drawing and delicate taste in design shown in Miss Lathbury's holiday books of preceding years, appears in "Twelve Times One."§ In some instances the lithographic work falls in justice to the original, yet the reproduction as a whole is very acceptable. Each illustration is accompanied by descriptive verses.

In a very strong and sympathetic little story¶ Mrs. Field most effectively shows the aim, discloses the power, and pictures the results of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. As a literary effort it is worthy of commendation, and that it is thoroughly competent to accomplish the purpose which animates it—that of extending the influence of the Chautauqua Movement—none who read it can question.

The "Gesta Romanorum"|| is one of a series of small books called the "Knickerbocker Nuggets". This new and dainty edition of the charming translations of those old Roman tales appears at a most fitting season. There could be no more delightful way of spending a few hours during the holiday time than in reading these classic fables of magic lore, to which later writers on similar themes are largely indebted, and which show the early phases of such superstitions as sorcery and witchcraft. In its outward form the book is unique and pleasing.

A large variety of part-songs, choruses, anthems, and hymns, has been compiled by Mr. Charles Whiting** for use in public schools. It is vastly superior to the majority of collections made for this purpose, as many of the best American, English, and German composers are represented. The adoption of such books, instead of the trashy ones that too often find their way into the schools, would do much toward cultivating a popular appreciation for choice music.—It is a pleasure to find the "Index of Composers" in a Sunday-school hymn book †† including such names as Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Schumann, and Weber, and the "Index of Authors" showing a poetic standard equally high. Such an effort to educate a correct taste for music that is also worship, deserves hearty support.—A belief that it is the duty of the Christian congregation to participate in portions of every Divine service, has led to the preparation of the responsive readings and songs of praise in "Aids to Common Worship".‡‡ A carefully arranged yearly scheme of the portions of Scripture best fitted for public service, and a calendar commemorating the principal dates in the life of the Savior, add to the value of the work.

"The Lesson Commentary for 1888"§§ represents a vast amount of painstaking work. In the expositions, reflections, and applications, over two hundred authors are quoted from. Especially helpful are the "practical lessons"

* *The Saône.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With 148 illustrations by Joseph Pennell and the author. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, \$5.00.

† *Life Notes or Fifty Years' Outlook.* By William Hague, D.D. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

‡ *Pre-Glacial Man and the Aryan Race.* By Lorenzo Burge. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Price, \$1.00.

§ *Twelve Times One.* By Miss M. A. Lathbury. New York: Worthington Company. Price, \$1.75.

¶ *The Evolution of Mrs. Thomas.* By Mrs. Mary Field. For sale at the General Office of the C. L. S. C. Price, 10 cents.

|| *Select Tales from the Gesta Romanorum.* By the Rev. C. Swan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

** *Part-Song and Chorus Book.* By Charles E. Whiting. Boston: D. C. Heath and Company.

†† *Songs of Worship for the Sunday-school.* Edited by Waldo Pratt. New York: The Century Co.

‡‡ *Aids to Common Worship.* New York: The Century Co.

§§ *The Lesson Commentary on the International Sunday-School Lesson.* 1888. By the Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D., and the Rev. Wesley O. Hoar, M.A., U.S.N. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, \$1.25.

and "hints to teachers." The maps are clearly printed and the subjects for the numerous illustrations well chosen.—"Standard Bible Lessons" follows the general plan of the above. The maps are colored, and the book is supplemented with temperance, missionary, and Christmas exercises.

A few brief and simple homilies, full of tact, earnestness and sympathy with a child's temptations and struggles, form the little volume compiled from some of the manuscripts of the late Dean Stanley. Pastors will find these "Sermons for Children"† helpful as models of that difficult kind of pulpit discourse, and youthful readers will be surprised to discover what attractive reading sermons may be.

Prang's Christmas and New Year Cards‡ come laden with the spirit of the holiday season, which one of the cards expresses by saying,

"Come bring the holly,
Let's be jolly."

These cards are as attractive and artistic as one could wish. Innumerable subjects in coloring both dainty and gorgeous, offer a variety that will suit individual tastes. They will make beautiful and popular souvenirs.

*The Standard Eclectic Bible Lesson Commentary. By S. M. Jefferson, A. M. Gilbert, and J. W. Monser. Cincinnati: Standard Publishing Company. Price, \$1.00.

†Sermons for Children. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

‡Christmas and New Year Cards. Boston: L. Prang & Co.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Earth in Space. A Manual of Astronomical Geography. By Edward P. Jackson, A.M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Classics for Children: Washington and his Country, being Irving's Life of Washington. Abridged for the use of schools. By John Fiske. Rob Roy. By Sir Walter Scott. Complete with notes and glossary by D. H. M. Boston: Ginn and Company.

The Globe Readers. Book VI. Compiled and edited by Alexander F. Murison, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co.

The Art of Projecting. A Manual of Experimentation in Physics, Chemistry, and Natural History with the Porte Lumiere and Magic Lantern. By Prof. A. E. Dolbear, M.E., Ph.D. Illustrated. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

Third Natural History Reader. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. Illustrated. Boston: Boston School Supply Company.

Stories of Our Country. Compiled and arranged by James Johannot. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Exercises in English Grammar. By A. G. Bugbee. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen, Publisher.

Outlines of Natural Philosophy. By J. D. Everett, D.C.L., F.R.S. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

How to Teach Vocal Music. The Teacher's Eclectic Manual and Course of Study in Vocal Music. By Albert Andrews. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

Miss West's Class in Geography. By Frances C. Sparhawk. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

Health Lessons. A primary book. By Jerome Walker, M.D. New York: D. Appleton and Company

Italian Grammar. By C. H. Grandgent. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Our New Arithmetic. First Steps in Number, extending over a period of four years. By Wm. M. Peck, A. M., assisted by Mary S. Warlow and Harriette K. Williams. New York: A. Lovell & Co.. Price, 30 cts.

Intermediate Fridays. No. 1. Choice selections for recitations by boys and girls from eight to twelve years of age. Grammar School Fridays. No. 1. Selections in Prose and Verse for declamations and public readings by young people and adults. Chicago: The Interstate Publishing Company.

Baker's Dialect Series: Negro Dialect Recitations, Irish Dialect Recitations, Yankee Dialect Recitations, Medley Dialect Recitations. The Grand Army Speaker. The Reading Club, and Handy Speaker, No. 18. Edited by George M. Baker. Boston: Lee and Shepard, publishers. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

Golden Miniatures. Second Series. Six Volumes. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Price, cloth and gilt edges, 50 cents each.

Young Knights of the Cross. A Hand-book of principles, facts, and illustrations for young people who are seeking to win the golden crown of pure and noble character. By Daniel Wise, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, 90 cents.

Only a Year and What it Brought. By Jane Andrews. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. Illustrated. Price, \$1.00.

Millennial Dawn. Vol I. The Plan of the Ages. Pittsburgh, Pa.: Zion's Watch Tower.

The Berean Question Book, The Berean Beginner's Question Book, The Senior Lesson Book on the International Lessons for 1888. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe.

St. Paul's Problem and Its Solution. By Faye Huntington. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.

Stall's Lutheran Year Book and Historical Quarterly. Containing an Almanac, Calendars, and Daily Readings for 1888. By the Rev. Sylvanus Stall, A.M. For sale by all the Lutheran Publication Houses and Book Stores in the United States.

Year-Book of the United Brethren in Christ. Dayton, Ohio: United Brethren Publishing House. Price, 10 cts.

The Coming Revival. Edited by the Rev. E. S. Lorenz, A. M. Dayton, Ohio: W. J. Shuey, Publisher.

English History: Edward III. and his Wars, 1327-1350. Arranged and edited by W. J. Ashley, M.A. The Misrule of Henry III. Selected and arranged by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An Illustrated Handbook on Africa. By the Rev. Edward Davis. Reading, Mass.: Holiness Book Concern.

English Cathedrals: Their Architecture, Symbolism and History. Compiled by E. W. Boyd. New York: Thomas Whitaker.

Famous Art Galleries and Works of Art in England, and on the Continent. Compiled by E. W. Boyd. Albany: Press of Brandom & Speed.

Ça Ira! or Danton in the French Revolution. A Study. By Laurence Gronlund, A.M. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

PARAGRAPHS FROM NEW BOOKS.

SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.—It was our misfortune in boyhood to go to a District School.

In winter we were squeezed into the recess of the farthest corner, among little boys who seemed to be sent to school merely to fill up the chinks between the bigger boys. Certainly, we were never sent for any such absurd purpose as an education. We were read and spelled twice a day unless something happened to prevent, which *did* happen about every other day. For the rest of the time we were busy keeping still. And a time we had of it! Our shoes always would be scraping on the floor, or knocking the shins of urchins who were also being "educated". All of our little legs together (poor, tired, nervous, restless legs, with nothing to do) would fill up the corner with such a noise, that every ten or fifteen minutes the master would bring down his two-foot hickory ferule on the desk with a clap that sent shivers through our hearts to think how that would have felt if it had fallen somewhere else; and then, with a look that swept us all into utter extremity of stillness, he would cry, "Silence! in that corner!" Stillness would last for a few minutes, but little boys' memories are not capacious. Moreover, some of the boys had great gifts of mischief, and some of mirthfulness, and some had both together. The consequence was, that just when we were the most afraid to laugh, we saw the most comical things to laugh at. Temptations which we could have vanquished with a smile out in the free air, were irresistible in our little corner where a laugh and a stinging were very apt to woo each other. So we would hold on and fill up; and when we would hold on and fill up too; till, by and by, the weakest would let go a mere whiffet of a laugh, and then, down went all the precautions, and one went off, and another and another, touching off the others like a pack of

fire-crackers. It was in vain to deny it. But, as the process of snapping our heads and pulling our ears went on with primitive sobriety, we each in turn, with tearful eyes and blubbing lips, declared "we didn't mean to", and that was true; and that "we wouldn't do so any more", and that was a fib, however unintentional, for we never failed to do just so again, and that about once an hour all day long. . . . Oh, dear! can there be anything worse for a lively, mercurial, mirthful, active, little boy, than going to a winter district school? Yes. Going to a summer district school! There is no comparison. The last is the Miltonic depth below the deepest depth.—From Eleanor Kirk's "Beecher as a Humorist." *

CHOOSING THE PROPER MOMENT.—If any one wishes to attain an object, he must not only choose the proper moment, but grip it tightly as well. Even a senseless mouse-trap is aware of that fact, for whatever has once escaped from it does not return. How much more, therefore, ought deliberating man to ponder the question of time, when it is of import to him to carry his point and to reduce probable opposition to a state of nullity!

Fortunately I am to some extent acquainted with my husband's inner life, even though it be not quite devoid of hidden corners, and I wait for a favorable opportunity of presenting for his approbation, wishes that I have in view. Of course it must be before he has been to his office, where the correspondence nuisance claims his entire attention, and it is just as necessary that it should not follow a sleepless night. For many years I have tried the state of the barometer by breakfast. If, for instance, he takes great gulps of

* Beecher as a Humorist. Compiled by Eleanor Kirk. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert. 1887.

boiling hot coffee without scalding himself, it is best to leave him quite to himself, for sheer hurry and worry prevent his giving his attention; but if he only sips it, and butters another half roll for himself, and then a quarter, and lastly a tiny piece, then his cup may be tenderly replenished, and he stays and listens quietly.—From *Julius Stinde's "Frau Wilhemine."**

RUNNING THE LA CHINE.

Through the leaping

And boiling and thundering waves they went sweeping
And surging, a sense as of rapidly sinking
Within them, a tardy and cowardly shrinking
From fury still madder to come. And yet faster
They swept through this turbulent hell of disaster,
Where ruin and wreck seemed forever at home.
Through the billows of green and the breakers of foam,
Sinking down with a tremor and thrill o'er the ledges
Beneath, and careening far over the edges
Of cataracts highest, the stout vessel tossed
Like a shell in the surf, its swift course often crossed
By the oututting rocks that so cruelly waited
To crush it, but always as happily fated
To shun its hard foes, and each moment confounded
By terrors yet greater.

The thunders resounded

In mightier music majestic; the leap
Of the waters was wilder and fiercer; the sweep
Of their desperate will conquered being and breath
As the gasp of the dying is conquered by death.
Still the pilot peered out on the tempest before,
Undismayed by its terrible tumult and roar,
And the captain stood silent and stern at her bells,
With a look as intense as if tolling farewells.

* Frau Wilhemine. The concluding part of the Buchholz Family. By Julius Stinde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

'Twas a mad, irresistible race with the devils
Of furious flood, where there turbulent revels
Are maddest,—a race to remember as glorious,
Once you have won it, and panting, victorious,
Through its wild pleasure and peril at last
To the tortuous channel below you have passed,
And you know by the quieter waters serene
As the sunset, you safely have run the La Chine.

—From "Geraldine."*

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—He relates that when a boy he attempted ten times to read Milton's "Paradise Lost," but was mortified, even to shedding tears, that he could not conceive what it was in the work that his father and mother so much admired. He smoked tobacco and read Milton at the same time, and from the same motive,—to find out what was the recondit charm in them that gave his father so much pleasure. After making himself sick four or five times in the attempt, he mastered the art of smoking; but he could never master Milton. But in later years, when his mind had matured, the "Paradise Lost" was a source of delight to him.

He was a warm personal friend of Alexander H. Stephens, who related the following amusing anecdote about him: "On a certain occasion, when the House [of Representatives] was in session, a dispute arose between Hardin and others of the Illinois delegation as to the proper pronunciation of the name of their State. Some insisted that it was 'Illinoy', others that it was 'Illinois.' Harding at length appealed to the venerable John Quincy Adams. 'If one were to judge from the character of the representatives in this Congress from that State,' said he with a malicious smile, 'I should decide unhesitatingly that the proper pronunciation is *All noise*.'"—From Charles M. Barrows' "Acts and Anecdotes of Authors."†

* Geraldine. A Souvenir of the St. Lawrence. Boston: Ticknor and Company. Price, \$3.50.

† Acts and Anecdotes of Authors. By Charles M. Barrows. Boston: New England Publishing Company. Price, \$1.50.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR NOVEMBER, 1887.

HOME NEWS.—November 1. A gasoline explosion in St. Louis destroys three buildings, and fatally injures nine persons.

November 2. Writ of error in the Chicago anarchists' case denied by the U. S. Supreme Court.

November 3. The New York Chamber of Commerce adopts a resolution favoring the British Peace Commission.—An express train near Grand Junction, Colorado, robbed by a number of masked men.—Death in Albany, of Henry A. Holmes, Ph.D., LL.D., state librarian of New York.

November 4. Secretary Lamar appointed to succeed the late Justice Woods upon the Supreme Bench.—A company incorporated in Chicago for the construction of an elevated railway, with a capital of \$20,000,000.

November 5. Difficulties with the Crow Indians culminate in a sharp fight in which Sword Beaver and four of his followers are killed.

November 8. State elections in Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.—The Sunday Observance convention opens in Elgin, Ill.

November 9. Clara Louise Kellogg is married to Carl Strakosch.

November 10. Dr. James McCosh resigns the presidency of Princeton College.—Opening of the Seaside Institute, a home for working girls, in Bridgeport, Connecticut.—The condemned anarchist, Lingg, commits suicide. The sentences of Fielden and Schwab commuted to imprisonment for life.

November 11. Engel, Fischer, Parsons, and Spies hanged in Chicago for conspiracy in the Haymarket murders of May 4, 1886.

November 13. Dr. Joseph Parker, of England, preaches in Plymouth church, Chicago.

November 14. Horse-car stables with 157 horses burned in Brooklyn.

November 15. Resignation of Land commissioner Sparks.

November 16. Fourteenth annual convention of the W. C. T. U. opens in Nashville, Tennessee.—Unveiling of a statue of John C. Breckenridge, in Lexington, Kentucky.

November 19. Three hundred representative temperance leaders meet in Boston to discuss plans for the no-license movement.—Death of the poetess, Miss Emma Lazarus.

November 20. Barnum's circus property is burned at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

November 21. First meeting of the fishery commissioners in Washington.—Opening of the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, in New York City.—Forest fires in Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee.—National Grange opens its annual session in Lansing, Michigan.

November 23. A disastrous storm on the Lakes.

November 24. General observance of Thanksgiving day.—Unveiling of the statue of Deacon Samuel Chapin, in Springfield, Massachusetts.

November 25. Third annual meeting, in Brooklyn, of the American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education.

November 26. Receptions are given Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the British envoy, by Secretary Bayard and English Minister West.

November 27. The burning of a furniture factory in Grand Rapids, Michigan, throws 500 men out of employment.

November 29. High level bridge across the Mississippi at Dubuque, Iowa, opened for travel.

November 30. Iowa soldiers' home at Marshalltown, dedicated.—The Pennsylvania Peace Society celebrates its twenty-first anniversary.—Prohibition convention meets in Chicago.

FOREIGN NEWS.—November 1. Extensive damage done by gales on the English coast.

November 2. Death of Madam Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind), the Swedish singer.

November 3. Opening of Truro Cathedral, by the Prince of Wales.

November 6. A monument to Garibaldi is unveiled at Tunis.

November 7. Official announcement of the extinction of cholera in Italy.

November 8. Baron Hirsch distributes 100 million francs among all the European charity institutions.

November 12. Specialists decide that the German Crown Prince's throat trouble is cancer, and that there is no hope of recovery.

November 14. The Agricultural Building of the Belgian government destroyed by fire.

November 18. The Czar of Russia visits Emperor William in Berlin.

November 19. The Dutch steamer *W. A. Scholten*, en route from Rotterdam to New York, is sunk by a collision with the *Rosa Mary* in the English Channel, and 112 lives lost.

November 20. Five thousand London Socialists and Radicalists hold a meeting in Trafalgar Square.

November 21. A motion to abolish the presidency in the French Chamber of Deputies, is lost.

November 24. M. Grévy submits to M. Rouvier his resignation of the presidency of the French Republic.—The German Reichstag opens.

November 25. The Quebec Provincial Board of Health favors the establishing of uniform quarantine regulations by the United States and Canada.

November 28. Ninety-five cigar factories in Havana, Cuba, shut down, throwing 12,000 men out of employment.—Three hundred miners entombed by an explosion in a South Wales colliery.

November 29. Grand Unionist demonstration in Dublin.